HISTORY

OF

PROVENÇAL POETRY:

BY C. C. FAURIEL,

LATE MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

Translated from the French,

WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES AND REFERENCES TO THE AUTHORITIES CITED OR ALLUDED TO IN THE VOLUME,

SPECIMENS OF VERSES IN THE ORIGINAL,

AND AN INTRODUCTION ON THE LITERATURE OF THE HISTORY OF PROVENÇAL POETRY.

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PREFACE.

The preparation of the work here offered to the American reader in his vernacular English was undertaken some six years ago, and constituted the occupation, or rather the amusement, of a temporary interruption of my professional existence by the disorderly proceedings of certain parties in the city here.

It was a subject, into which some years before I had made some inquiries, in the country itself to which it more especially relates, and in which, during the last forty years, it has been treated with such distinguished ability and success.

I found, however, when I offered my manuscript for publication, an utter indifference to my undertaking, and the apprehension of too limited a sale for a work on a literature so little known, not only on the part of publishers, but even among certain professed judges in their confidence or employ, frustrated every attempt I made to get it into type for several years.

Although this indifference was not so surprising to me, when I recollected, that the subject of the book was never a popular one in the English language, as may be inferred from the fact, that nothing of any account has ever been written on it except in France, Germany, and Italy, yet I could not divest myself of the impression, that there was a sufficient number of educated men and women of the English idiom in this part of the world, to warrant the publication of a work, like the one I contemplated giving, connected as it is with one of the most curious and poetical periods of the history of our civilization.

It was under this conviction, that in the autumn of 1858, I announced in a circular my intention to publish it by subscription. This notice was at once responded to by several gentlemen of distinction in letters, chiefly from Massachusetts and this city, and the encouragement thus held out induced me to open a subscription-list, which through the aid of some of my friends here I kept increasing, until I found myself in possession of a sufficient guaranty for the production of a limited edition on my own account. I take pleasure to express, in this connection, my obligations to a number of my friends, and more particularly to Messrs. E. A. Duyckinck and Willard L. Felt, of this city, for a variety of favors extended to me in behalf of this subscription.

The occasional leisure, afforded me by the long delay of publication, enabled me to institute some additional examinations into the original authorities, from which the author derived the materials for the composition of his work, and the result of which I hoped might prove a source of pleasure and profit to the more earnest and inquisitive student of literary history. I have thus endeavored, in the notes at the foot of the page marked *Ed.*, to trace the references and allusions to other authors, either literary or historical, to the particular works or passages in which they may be found, in order to enable the student to consult them at his leisure, and I have moreover given many of the passages translated or alluded to, in the original Latin, Greek, German, Scandinavian, Provençal, or whatever else it may have been.

At the suggestion of Mr. W. C. Bryant, of this city, a gentleman who expressed himself very politely in favor of my undertaking, I have also added specimens of Provençal versification in the majority of places, where translations of poetical passages or of entire pieces are given in the text. In some instances, however, I was unable to do so, on account of the absence of the

manuscripts, from which the passages must have been taken by the author, as they do not occur in any of the printed collections, to which alone I could get access here on this side of the Atlantic.

I have, lastly, in an introduction of some length, undertaken to give a general outline of the literature of the history of Provençal poetry, by tracing the principal writers on the subject from the time of the decadence and final extinction of this poetry near the close of the thirteenth century to the present. At the end of this introduction, I have added a list of the most important works, general and special, relating to the topics discussed in the volume, which I hope may be a useful aid, and an incentive to further inquiry on the subject.

In regard to the merits of the work now for the first time offered in the English language, I have no room to add anything here to what I have briefly advanced, under the name of Fauriel, in my introduction; and of the rest I must ask the reader to judge for himself. It is a book, which some years before had been pointed out to me, by one of M. Fauriel's own associates in office and in honors, as the best upon the literature to which it relates, and I have had no occasion, as I hope my Readers may have none, to dissent from this opinion, since my personal acquaintance with its contents.

I have, in conclusion, to remind the Reader, that the volume now before him is not the whole of the original work, which is in three volumes. It contains only a little over one half of it, that is to say, the preliminary researches on the subject, historical and literary, and the history of the lyrical poetry of the Troubadours complete. The remaining half consists of an examination of the Provençal epopee, which in my prospectus I have reserved for another occasion.

G. J. Adler.

New York, May, 1860.

ERRATA.

Page 186, 15th line from below, read "assume," instead of "assumes."
" 193, 12th line from below, read "*Volsunga Saga*," instead of "*Vosunga Saga*."
" 194, 11th line, the same correction.
" 275, note, read "as the first," instead of "at the first."
" 285, note, last line, read "celare potes," instead of "celere potes."
" 286, note, read "bibentes adeo," instead of "bibentesadeo."
" 361, 25th line, "of falling short," instead of "in falling short."

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INTRODUCTION.

ON THE LITERATURE OF THE HISTORY OF PROVENÇAL POETRY.

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

I. The Troubadours and their Protectors.

In order to form a correct conception of the Literature of Provençal Poetry, it is necessary to premise a rapid sketch of the leading facts connected with its history, and then to follow the vestiges of its fate from the time of its origination to the present. It will consequently be necessary to anticipate in a measure its history; but this will be done in the most general manner, and merely for the purpose of showing the extent of its existence, at the time it flourished in the South of Europe.

The poets of the South of France during the Middle Age, called themselves *Trobadors*, that is to say, "inventers" or "finders;" and they adapted the *langue d'oc*, also called the Romansh of the South, or the Provençal, to the expression of poetical sentiments. It is probable that poets of this description existed as early as the formation of the idiom, in which they wrote. At any rate, we know that toward the year 1000, they already enjoyed considerable distinction, although there is scarcely anything now left us from the earliest period of their existence.

Their first productions were probably the hymns chanted in the temples, of which specimens are yet extant, and then too amatory songs composed and sung for the amusement of the people. And not only was this poetry in its infancy of a popular character in its tone and sentiments, but we have every reason to believe that it originated among the people, and not among the chevaliers, who originally were extremely ignorant, as far as letters were concerned, and who knew nothing but the barbarous trade of warfare.

But this state of things did not last long. The castellans and barons soon became subdued by the poetry of the vulgar tongue. The poets became the favorites of the great, who drew them into their society, flattered them and loaded them with favors, until at last the latter themselves became initiated

into the secrets of the nascent art, and after a while they even began to appear as the rivals of the minstrels, who had thus far only been employed to constitute one of the ornaments of their gallant festivities.

It is thus that we find Count William of Poitiers, King Richard of England, Alphonse of Arazza, the dauphin of Auvergne, the counts of Toulouse and of Provence, Frederic, prince of Orange, Pierre III, of Aragon, and others, proud of having their names recorded among those of the poets of their times. Nor are the names of women wanting on this list, some of which are likewise of distinguished rank either as writers or as patrons of the noble art, and the old collections offer us a variety of pieces from the pens of fair hands, of which some, however, are notorious for their licentious character.

William of Poitiers is commonly called the first of the Troubadours, but he can only be said to have been one of the earliest. Several of his productions became the models for subsequent efforts, and some have even traced the origin of the more modern *novella* to his invention. The most distinguished poetic talent of the Troubadours was displayed during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. At that epoch, the Provençal was to the educated and refined society of the courts and castles what the French was during and after the days of Louis the Fourteenth. The chief seats of that language and literary culture were the courts of the counts of Toulouse and Provence, but it was held in equal honor in other parts, as for example by the kings of Castile, Sicily and Aragon, by the dukes of Ferrara and others, all of whom vied in a noble emulation with those counts in paying homage to the representatives of the *gay saber*. The consequence was, that invitations of these poets to foreign courts became quite frequent, and perpetual literary and social communications were thus kept up for a long time throughout the South of Europe.

Although not ignorant of the Greeks and Romans, the Troubadonrs yet cannot be said to have adopted anything directly from them. They on the contrary created a purely national poetry for the society of their times, the exponent of the religious ideas, the chivalric manners, the political habits and even of the prejudices of the inhabitants of the South. They excelled in a great variety of poetic compositions, but more especially in that species of lyrical poetry, which aims at the expression of the tender sentiments of the human heart; and it is no exaggeration to assert, that in the expression of the sentiment of love in all its shades and hues, they exhibit a felicity, a naturalness and a charm, which cannot be said to have been surpassed by the productions of the best Roman elegists.

The varieties of poetic compositions cultivated by the Troubadours were principally:

1. The *canso* (*chant or chanso*) in which they most commonly celebrate the beauty or virtue of their ladies, and other sentiments connected with the cultus of chivalric love. It is particularly in this form, that these poets sometimes rise to the elevation of the ancient ode of the Greeks, and on

which they expended all the invention, ingenuity and talent, of which they were capable.

2. The *sirventes* or satire, in which, like Horace and Juvenal, they lash the individual, social and political vices of the day with a truthfulness and force rarely equalled, and sometimes greater even than that of the Ancients. It is in this form, that the poets of the South are not only great, but isolated and unique, the German and the French poets of the North having produced nothing of the sort worth the name of satire.

3. The *pastoreta or vaqueyra* (pastoral) a popular form, in which they remind us of the idyls of the Ancients.

4. The *epistle*, which approaches similar productions from the pen of Horace, and abounds in truly lyrical coloring and beauty. The subjects of these epistles were extremely varied. Their most common theme was love, friendship, acknowledgment for favors, solicitations or requests—but they were frequently also didactic, moral or religious. The *donaire*, *salutz*, *ensenhamen* and *conte* were subdivisions of this kind.

5. The *serenas* and *albas*, which were pieces destined to be sung by night or near the break of day, and are often extremely delicate and beautiful.

6. The *ballad* and the *round*, popular forms, were their invention, sung generally to the dance, sometimes serious, at other times voluptuous.

7. The *planh* was a sort of elegy, in which the poet was wont to express in the most enchanting manner the disappointments and sorrows of love, or to honor the memory of some fallen chevalier.

8. The *tenson*, a poetical dialogue or combat, in which two interlocutors defended, each in his turn and in couplets of the same measure and rhyme, opposite sides of different questions relative to love, chivalric gallantry, ethics, etc. This was a favorite form among the Troubadours, and one in which they often display all the subtilty and refinement, of which their art was capable. The *partimen joex-partitz* or *partia*, and the *torneyamen* were subdivisions or varieties of this form.

9. Historical pieces, generally with reference to the grand events of the times, as for example the crusades, on which there are quite a number of most interesting compositions, either from the pens of the crusaders themselves or from contemporary witnesses. This species includes the *prezicansa*, or poetical exhortation to enterprises of the sort.*

* The Troubadours employed a number of other terms, either to denote other varieties of poetic compositions, or as mere synonyms of those already enumerated. Thus the terms *son*, *mot*, *vers*, *sonet* are frequently extended to lyrical productions of every kind. The word *cobla* sometimes was equivolent to "our couplet or stanza," but it very frequently had the sense of a *canso* of the amatory kind. The *estampada* was a piece composed to a tune already made or in use. The *torney* and the *garlambey* turned on the chivalric sports of the tournaments. The *carros* was an allegorical composition of the gallant sort. The *retroensa* was a poem commonly of five couplets of different measures and rhymes, and terminating in a refrain. Other varieties were the *comjat* or lover's farewell, the *devinalh* or poetical enigma, the *escondig* or lover's defence against unjust accusations. For further particulars I must refer the reader to Raynouard's Choix de poésies des Troubadours, vol. ii. p. 155 seqq.

The epic or romantic compositions of the Troubadours exhibit another phase of the variety and versatility of their talent. Examples are:

1. The cansos of de San Gili, which celebrates the exploits of count Raymond of St. Gilles in the East; but a fragment of it is all that is left us.

2. Others of a similar character, such as the Gérard de Roussillon, Jaufre, fils de Davon, and Philomena, which, latter, although in prose, nevertheless belongs to the same class of literary compositions.

3. The romance in the proper sense of the term we find in Bernard de Treviez' La bella Maguelone, admired and reproduced by Petrarch at the time of his residence in Montpellier, and of which Tieck has given us a German version near the commencement of the present century.

I pass now to the examination of the principal protectors of Provençal poetry. The feudal seigniors, at whose courts the poets were received and encouraged were:

A. First of all the courts of Provence, which was the cradle of the *gay saber*, and especially:

1. Raimond Bérenger II., from 1167 to 1181.
2. Alphonse II., from 1196 to 1209.
3. Raimond Bérenger IV., from 1209 to 1245.

B. The second in rank and importance were the counts of Toulouse, of which the most prominent were:

1. Raimond de Saint-Gilles, who took the cross in the year 1096.
2. Raimond V., from 1148 to 1194.
3. Raimond VII., from 1222 to 1249.

C. The kings of Aragon, and more especially:

1. Alphonso II., from 1162 to 1196.
2. Pedro II., from 1196 to 1213.
3. Pedro III., from 1276 to 1285.

D. Several of the kings of Castile, such as:

1. Alphonso IX., from 1188 to 1229; and more especially
2. Alphonso X., surnamed the Wise, who died in 1284.

E. Other kings and princes, such as:

1. Richard Cœur-de-Lion of England, who was himself a Troubadour.
2. Eleanor, the wife of Louis VII., and subsequently of Henry II. of England.
3. Ermengard, the viscountess of Narbonne.

F. Italian princes, finally, such as:

1. Bonifacius, the marquis of Monferrat, who in 1204 became king of Thessalonica.
2. Azzo d'Este, from 1215 to 1265.
3. The courts of Verona and of Malaspina.

G. The German emperors Frederic I. and Frederic Barbarossa, who in their expeditions and during their residence in Sicily kept poets of the Provençal school in their retinue, and in fact first introduced them into Italy.

These indications furnish us the data for determining in the first place the period, during which the poetry in question was in vogue, and secondly the countries, in which it was cultivated.

The territorial limits, within which Provençal poetry flourished, extended to wherever the *langue d'oc* was the dominant one, either as a popular dialect or as the language of the courts. This was the case,

1. In the Provence proper.

2. In Toulouse, Poitou, the Dauphiné, in a word, in all the provinces of France south of the Loire.

3. In parts of Spain, especially in Catalonia, in the province of Valencia, and in a part of Aragon.

4. All over the north of Italy, especially in Verona, Montferrat, Este, and Malaspina.

In regard to the time, within which the poetry of the Troubadours was in vogue, M. Fauriel assumes only two periods. But it may perhaps be more conveniently divided into three, as follows :

1. The first commences with its origin, as a popular poetry, and extends to the time when it became an art and a profession, the poetry of the nobles and the courts, that is to say, from about 1090 to 1140.

2. The second is the period of its culmination, which extends from the year 1140 to 1250.

3. The third is the period of its decadence, from 1250 to 1290.

Of these three periods the first is characterized by a conscious tendency, a manifest struggle to rise from the primitive simplicity of nature to the finish of art. The second is the period of its highest perfection, of the complete realization of the ideals of chivalry and gallantry, and of the most perfect development of the poetic form. It also exhibits the honorable and happy position of the poet in the society, for which he wrote and sung. The third, lastly, manifests a tendency toward the grave and the didactic, a gradual corruption of the form into the insipid and affected, and a diminution of respect for the poets, as a consequence partly of their own venality and licentiousness, partly of the increasing barbarity around them. The poetry of the Provençals arose, flourished and disappeared in close connection with the polished chivalry, the refined manners, and the polite culture, of which in fact it constituted the very soul and most enduring offspring.

The destruction of the county of Toulouse, in the year 1271, was the death-blow to the existence of the Troubadours. From that time they experienced all the disadvantages of having imposed on them a foreign rule instead of a national one, and in connection with that rule a new language opposed to that of their art. The *langue d'oïl* of the North with its poets and its political power advanced on them with an annihilating force, and in place of their former munificent patrons, they had now only enemies to check and to control them. Is was thus, that while their rivals in Catolonia and Valencia still cultivated their art in peace and with success, the

poets of the cradle of the *gay saber* were obliged to contend against a tide of the most disheartening circumstances.

This distressing situation induced them after a while to associate themselves into a body, and this movement gave rise to the Academy of the Very Gay Company of the Seven Troubadours of Toulouse, which was founded in 1323. At the time of its establishment this academy issued a poetical circular, in which it invited all the members of the profession to an annual convention on the first of May.* During the sessions of this convention, literary exercises were held, and prizes distributed for the best productions in their art.

We are informed, that in 1244, Arnaud Vidal took this prize for the best poem, which usually consisted either of a silver eglantine or a violet of the same metal.

These annual celebrations were kept up at the expense of the city, the poets continued to be called Troubadours, and the Provençal remained the language of the proceedings and exercises, until the commencement of the sixteenth century, when the *langue d'oil*, or the French, was at length admitted to the same privilege with its southern rival, without however supplanting it at any time. The annual festival passed under the name of the *Jeux Floraux*, and in 1694 the prize-judges were regularly incorporated into a college, with a magnificent endowment from Clemence Isaure. It may, in fact, be asserted, that the literary exercises, instituted in 1323, were kept up with scarcely any interruption, until the time of the first French revolution, and we find even an attempt to resuscitate them as late as the year 1806.

But the proceedings of this association were but a faint reflection of the ancient splendor of the poetry which it undertook to perpetuate. And yet its transactions are not without considerable interest to the history of this literature: for the archives of the society, we are told, contain prize essays and poems, which are destined to make their appearance in type. But this is not all. Not satisfied with the "Donatus Provincialis," nor with the grammar composed by one of the earlier Troubadours, Raimond Vidal, the members of this Academy charged one of their chancellors, Molinier by name, to prepare for their use a new treatise on rhetoric, which he did with great ability and credit in his "Leys d'amors"—a work which is yet extant, and has recently been published for the first time. This manual contains the rules for poetical composition, while "Las flors del gay saber" by the same author,

* This circular is yet extant, and the reader may find it in Crescimbeni's "Istoria della volgar poesia," vol. ii., p. 210. It begins thus:

Als onorables, e als pros
Senhers, amics e companhos,
Als quals es donat lo sabers,
Don creis als bos gaug, e plazers,
Sens, e valors, e cortesia;
La Sobregaja Companhia
Dels VII. Trobadors de Tolosa,
Salut, e mais vida jolosa, etc., etc.

consists of an essay on grammar and philosophy, no less curious and valuable than the former, more especially in regard to the language of the Troubadours. The date of these compositions is supposed to be somewhere between 1324 and 1330.

The Provençal language still exists, more or less altered and modified, in the different dialects of Valencia, Catalonia, Roussillon, and in fact in all the districts of the south of France, as well as in those of Upper Italy. (Compare Raynouard's Choix, vol. vi. p. 395). It is even yet cultivated as a medium of poetic composition; and it has been said with great propriety, that there still are, as indeed there always have been, Troubadours under the charming sky of Provence and of Languedoc. Several of these recent poets have even acquired celebrity in our own day, and Jasmin of Agen has been ranked with the great writers of past centuries.

III. The Trouvères of the North.

In order to give the reader something like an adequate conception of the extent, to which the poetic taste and talent prevailed throughout the entire country of France during the period under consideration, it is necessary to take a rapid glance at the Trouvères of the North.

These poets made their appearance considerably later than the Troubadours, and are on that account commonly supposed to have caught the poetic spark from the example of the South. But it is certain, that this poetry, like every other, originated among the people, and was primitively of a popular character, and on that account the time and place of its earliest tentatives must remain open to dispute. All that we know positively is, that it began to be cultivated with success from the commencement of the twelfth century; but the period of its finished productions did not begin till toward the close of that century. We also know, that it developed itself almost simultaneously in several provinces of the North, as for example in Normandy, Picardy, Artois, Flanders, Champagne, and a portion of Armorica, without our being able to specify any one of these provinces as the cradle of the nascent art. The Anglo-Normans likewise had a share in it from the beginning.

The language of this poetry of the Trouvères was the Romansh of the North, the result of a mixture of the primitive dialects of that region with the corrupt Latin of the Gallo-Romans, and perhaps some of the Germanic idioms, and was at that time called the *langue d'oil.*

This poetry is in many respects, even more original than that of the South, owing to the fact of its adopting many of the primitive traditions of the Bretons, Gauls, and Saxons, and of deriving next to nothing from the Græco-Roman influences of the South. In proof of this it is customary to cite the romances of Brut, Horn, Haulaf, the Round Table, Saint Graal and others, all of which are referred to a primitive cycle of traditions.

Like the poets of the South, the Trouvères employed every variety of

rhyme and measure in their compositions, and they display a great deal of invention and imagination, partly in lyrical productions of a light and graceful nature, but more especially and preëminently in long epic romances, such as the Perceval, the Chevalier an Lion, Launcelot du Lac, and in William of England, which we owe to the distinguished Christian de Troyes. To these we must add many others, such as the Alexandriade, the Roman du Rou, Tristan, and a host of the so-called *Chansons de Gestes*, which are regular epopees, and some of them almost of oriental dimensions. Many of these were reproduced or imitated on the other side of the Rhine by the German Minne-singers, whose golden epoch runs nearly parallel with that of the French Trouvères.

To the poets of the North we are also indebted for a host of shorter compositions of the narrative sort, called *Fabliaux*, which were extremely popular for a long time, and subsequently imitated or translated by men like Boccaccio, Rabelais, Molière and Lafontaine. They have left us also sacred poems, legends in verse, and satires in abundance, as, for example, their Bible-Guiot, their Bible au seigneur de Berge, La complainte de Jernsalem, Le dit du Pape, and many others. The *Jeux* and *Miracles*, to which some trace the origin of the subsequent "mysteries," and of the French stage, are said to have been the invention of the Trouvères.

In the palmy days of their existence, the Trouvères lived in the sunshine of the great of the North, and were fostered by the courts and castles of their country, as had been their rivals of the South. They have been pronounced the equals of the latter in genius; but they are in many respects so much like them, that M. Fauriel with others has been inclined to assign to them the rank of mere imitators, and to consider their poetry an offshoot of the Provençal. And yet it cannot be contested, that they cultivated by way of preference different kinds of poetry, many of which they even invented, and that they excelled in things of which their rivals in the South had scarcely any, or at any rate but a very imperfect, conception. Many of these productions were extremely popular for a long time, and found imitators and translators in other languages, as for example, in their own day among the Germans, who adopted next to nothing directly from the Provençals, while they borrowed largely from the epic compositions of the Trouvères, and then at a later period among the Italians and the modern French.

In regard to its material organization, we find that the poetry of the North had quite a number of points in common with the South. The Trouvères, in the first place, had their *Ménestrels*, as the Troubadours had their *Jongleurs*, to assist them, and with the same difference. The Ménestrel was only the singer or reciter of the poetry composed by the master of the art, the Trouvère; and so fastidious was the North in the maintenance of this distinction, that the member of the subordinate grade of the profession, who undertook to transcend the limits of his sphere was nicknamed *Trover bastart*, as the plagiarist was called *contre rimorieur*. The general rule was,

that the poet only composed, and sometimes sung, by way of exception perhaps, to the music of the harp what he himself had written, while the ménestrel was expected only to sing or to recite the poetry of his superiors.

We find, moreover, that the *Cours d'amour* of the South had a rival institution in the North in the *Puys d'amour* and *Gieux sous l'ormel* of the Trouvères. Here, however, some of the *Puys d'amour* gradually assumed the name of *Cours de rhétorique*, and toward the close of the fifteenth century the former were entirely abandoned and supplanted by the *Palinods*, which, like the *Jeux Floraux* of the South, consisted of literary exercises only. These exercises became extremely popular in all the provinces of the North, where the poetry of the Trouvères had been in vogue, and especially in the cities, nearly all of which were proud to number them among the ornaments of their society. This was particularly the case with Caen, Rouen, Dieppe, Beauvais, Amiens, Arras, Valenciennes.

It has already been remarked that the poetry of the North was originally a popular one, like that of the South; that is to say, its earliest poets sprung from the people, and their compositions were addressed to the masses at large. But all this was entirely changed in time. The example of the Troubadours and the fashion of chivalric society gave rise to a lyrical poetry in the North, which was no less ingenious and artistic than that of the South, of which it appears to be an imitation; and in the production of this new poetry of art, kings and nobles strove for the honor of a place among the Trouvères of the age.

The first instance of the kind was Thibault of Champagne (1201–1253), and his example was soon imitated by Jean de Brienne († 1237), Charles of Anjou († 1284), Henry III, of Brabant († 1267), Pierre de Dreux, by the count of Dreux, and many other powerful seigniors of the North. But even at the time of its culmination, the poetry in question did not pass entirely into the hands of the nobles, any more than in the South, and Trouvères from the *Bourgeoisie* were not uncommon. Proficiency and distinction in the art were here too a passport into the society of the great, and a source of emolument and honor, as elsewhere.

Nor were the protectors of the poetry of the North any less distinguished than those of the South. It can boast of

1. The courts of the kings of France and England.

2. The dukes of Brabant, the counts of Flanders, Champagne, and of other districts of the North.

3. The kings of Naples of the house of Anjou, who transplanted the northern exotic into the south of Italy even.

4. Henry of Burgundy, who carried it with him into Portugal.

The number of rhymers in the *langue d'oil* was an immense one. The making of verses seems to have been everybody's business once in the districts of the North; and a business, in which the monks too seem to have dealt largely in their way. Everything, in fact, seems to have at one time been recorded in rhyme, which we encounter everywhere, on seals,

vases, church-windows, walls, tomb-stones, pavements, etc. As the fruit of a pious industry, there are still on record piles of moralities, prayers to the Virgin, proverbs, miracles, lives of the Saints, etc., all in the shape of poetry. It thus appears, that the poetry of the North was no less extensively cultivated than that of the South, and that its popular side was even a more luxuriant one. The number of the strictly artistical court poets must also have been a very large one, as we may infer from the fact, that at this day we are acquainted with the names and works of upward of one hundred and fifty Trouvères, and that the manuscripts of this poetry, yet extant in the libraries of France, amount to several thousand, while those of the southern poetry are comparatively few.

III.—Provençal Poetry in Italy until the time of Dante and Petrarch.

We have already seen, that the petty courts of Upper Italy were among the *foyers* of the chivalric culture connected with the poetry of the Troubadours. This phenomenon was the result of the long and intimate relations of a political and commercial nature, which had subsisted from a very early date between the provinces of the south of France and Italy—relations which were founded in a similarity of institutions, and more especially in the organization of the cities of both those countries, which was republican, and full of energy and vitality.

The emperors of Germany of the twelfth century were the intermediate agents of these relations between the nobles of the south of France and those of Italy. The two Frederics wanted to reign in Provence as kings of Arles, and this attempt of theirs to establish a kingdom of Arles, was attended with perpetual military expeditions in those quarters. It is on this account that Frederic Barbarossa held his court at Turin for a time.

It is therefore extremely probable, that the first Provençal poets were introduced into Italy in connection with Frederic I, and that they were among the number of those that followed this emperor in his expeditions. If this is admitted, then the date of that introduction would be about the year 1162. At any rate we are certain, that the first Provençal poet in Italy was Augier de Vienne, who makes allusion to the coronation of Frederic Barbarossa, which took place in 1154.

From the year 1180 to that of 1200 we find in the north of Italy at least four of the smaller feudal courts, into which the new poetry had found its way; and these courts were then habitually frequented by members of the gay profession from Provence, and became so many centres of the new culture. They were the courts of Montferrat, of Este, of Verona, and that of Malaspina, which at a later date became immortal through its hospitality to Dante.

But the poets that frequented these Italian courts were often among the most distinguished, as for example, Bernard de Ventadour at Este, Cadenet at Malaspina and at Montferrat, Rambaud de Vaqueiras at the same.

Pierre Vidal may also be included in the list. Of these poets Rambaud de Vaqueiras sometimes wrote in the dialects of Italy, and there is still extant from him a *descort* in which several of them are employed. But it must be borne in mind, that these Provençal poets in Italy were originally only visitors and guests. The exact number of them is not known. The years of these visits extended from 1150 to 1200.

When the crusade against the Albigenses shook the civilization of the south of France (1208–1219), the poets fled from their native soil, and sought refuge in Italy, Catalonia, Aragon, Castile, and in fact wherever they had been received as guests before. Some went even into the north of France for shelter against the storm. Subsequently to that event we find quite a number of them at the courts of Italy already mentioned, as for example, Elias Cairel, Elias de Barjols, Albert de Sisteron, Aimeric de Belenoi, Guillem de Figueiras, Gaucelm Faydit, Aimeric de Peguilhan and others, most of which figure in our collections of Provençal Poetry.

From the year 1265 till 1270 the Troubadours still continued to cross the Alps and to sing at the Italian courts and in the cities, but during the interval between 1270 and 1300 they all at once begin to disappear. The fact is, that subsequently to the year 1250 the poetry once so full of vitality and native vigor had gradually degenerated into a mere *métier*, a mechanical repetition of the customary forms, and nothing but mediocrities and platitudes were produced.

The presence of these Provençal poets in Italy, which had been an uninterrupted one for more than a century, gave rise to an Italian school of the *gay saber*, and the Italians themselves turned poets in imitation of the foreign masters of the art. They thus became in time the successors of the Troubadours at the courts of their feudal chiefs, and what is quite remarkable, they wrote not in the vernacular dialects of their country, but continued to employ the acquired language of the poetry they undertook to imitate and to perpetuate.

They probably began to do so as early as the year 1150, but none of them became conspicuous or even known, until Alberto de Malaspina made his appearance, who flourished between the years 1180 and 1204. He may therefore be considered as the first of any note. One of the last of this Italian school is Ferrari de Ferrara, who wrote toward the year 1300, or thereabout. During the long interval from 1180 to 1300, there must have been many others, most of whom, however, are now entirely forgotten, with the exception of a half a dozen of some celebrity. They are Sordello of Mantua, Lanfranco Cigala, Bonifaci Calvo of Genoa, Lambertino de Bualello of Bologna, Bartolomeo Zorgi of Venice, and Lanfranchi of Pisa. All these names are considered part and parcel of the old Provençal poetry, and their works are included in the manuscript collections of it, but scarcely any of them rise above the level of mediocrity. Sordello, mentioned by Dante, is perhaps the only exception.

The Provençal was thus the dominant language of the courts of Italy till

toward the close of the thirteenth century, and scarcely a line of Italian versification is known from any of its poets until toward the commencement of the fourteenth century. After the year 1300, however, the reverse came into vogue, and no Italian poet of that epoch is known to have written any Provençal verses, except perhaps incidentally and in connection with others in his own language, as did Dante in the famous passage on Arnaud Daniel. But even after this poetry had ceased to be a living one in Italy, it still continued to be an object of literary curiosity and of veneration even, and the memory of its leading representatives remained respected for a long time after its extinction.

This was the state of things in Italy, when Dante made his appearance, whose name commences a new era in the polite literary culture of his country, and in fact of entire Europe. This poet was born in 1265, and lived until the year 1321. That Dante was familiar with the Provençals is manifest not only from his lyrical productions, in which the ideal sentiment of love is celebrated, but from direct reference to them in other parts of his writings. In canto XXVI. of his Purgatorio he not only alludes expressly to several of those poets, but the eight concluding verses of that canto, which the poet puts into the mouth of Arnaud Daniel, are in the idiom of the Troubadours—a proof that he not only understood, but could even venture to write the language of his poetical ancestors.* Dante, however, confounds the Provençal with the Spanish. He says in his treatise "De Vulgari Eloquio," lib. I. c. 8, "The Spanish, i. e. the Provençal, may boast of having produced men, who cultivated the vernacular poetry in this as in a sweeter and more perfect language; among whom are Pierre d'Auvergne and others more ancient." In chapter 10th of the same treatise he also speaks of the French, or the language of the Trouvères, which he correctly asserts to be best adapted to prose narration, and mentions "books compiled in that idiom on the exploits of the Trojans and Romans, the adventures of King Arthur, and many other tales and histories, written for amusement and instruction." Dante very strangely considers Arnaud Daniel as the great patriarch of the Provençal muse,—a judgment, which is entirely at variance with the testimony of the contemporaries of the Troubadours, and against which modern criticism has again considered itself called upon to protest.

* The passage seems to have been a source of great embarrassment to the editors and commentators of Dante, who probably did not know exactly what to make of it. It is on that account very corrupt, and different in nearly every edition. The text of Lombardi is as follows:

Tan m'abbelis votre cortois deman,
Chi eu non puous, ne vueil a vos cobrire.
Ieu sui Arnaut, che plor e vai cantan
Con si tost vei la spassada folor,
Et vie giau sen le ior, che sper denan.
Ara vus preu pera chella valor,
Che vus ghida al som delle scalina,
Sovegna vus a temps de ma dolor:
Poi s'ascose nel fuoco, che lo affina.

Petrarch repeats the opinion of Dante in his "Triumfo d'Amore," when he says of Arnaud:

> Fra tutti il primo Arnaldo Daniello,
> Gran maestro d'amor ch'a la sua terra
> Ancor fa onor col suo dir nuovo e bello.

Petrarch flourished between the years 1304 and 1374, and whatever may be the value of the opinion here advanced, the passage at any rate proves, that in his day the works of the old poets were still read and appreciated. Boccaccio was the contemporary and friend of Petrarch, and one of the public expounders of Dante. His "Decamerone" was composed either after Provençal models now no longer extant, or perhaps rather in imitation of the fabliaux of the Trovères of the North.

Tasso and Pulci likewise mention the Provençals. The latter speaks of Arnaud as the author of a romance on Renaud (Morgant. Magg. canto XXVII. ott. 80). The former makes their language the same with the Castilian, and speaks of certain romances written in it. He also cites the passage of Dante on Arnaud:

> "Versi d'amore e prose di romanzi."

IV.—The MSS. Collections of Provençal Poetry.

We have already remarked, that with the decline of chivalry, its proudest ornament, the poetry of its gallant festivities gradually vanished before the advance of a new order of things, and that after the year 1300 no Provençal verses of any account were any longer written. But we have also seen, that this poetry did not on that account cease to be an object of literary interest, especially in Italy, where it merged itself into the indigenous literature of the country. We have every reason to believe, that at the period in question, that is to say from 1300 to 1400, a host of MSS. collections of various dimensions must have existed in private and in public hands, and freely circulated in the south of France, in Italy and in the north of Spain; and there were doubtless the manuscripts, from which the poets of the time derived, as we have seen, their knowledge of their artistic ancestors, and from which the writers of a later date, like Bembo, Nostre Dame and Bastero drew the materials for their works upon the subject. Many of these MSS., however, were unfortunately lost amid the political confusion of the times, as we may *inter alia* infer from the fate of an extensive collection known to have been in the hands of Nostre Dame prior to the composition of his work; and the comparatively few now left us, which no doubt gradually had found their way from private hands into the larger public libraries, where they are now preserved, must be the remains of a much larger number now no longer extant.

The places, to which some of the MSS. still existing are known to have formerly belonged, are Caumont, Toulouse, Fleury-sur-Loire, Urfé, La Vallière and Geneva; several of them are from the old library of the Medicis,

some from those of private individuals, as for example, one from Bennedetto Varchi (subsequently in the hands of Carolo Strozzi), and two of them, lastly, bear the name of Fulvio Orsini (No. 3204 of the Imperial library at Paris, and No. 3208 of the library of the Vatican). One of these last mentioned manuscripts appears to be a copy of an older one, likewise still extant and in the same library (No. 7225), and contains the curiosity of having several marginal notes from the hands of Petrarch and of Cardinal Bembo. Their indication gives us some idea of the age of some of these MSS., a number of which are doubtless from the golden period of Provençal literature.

These MSS. with nearly all the rest are now in the larger libraries of Paris, Rome, and Florence. Those of Paris alone (and chiefly the Imperial) contain eight original MSS. and copies of nearly all the rest. At Florence there are seven, of which six belong to the Laurenziana and one to the Riccardiana. At Rome there are six, viz., four in the library of the Vatican, one in that of Chigi, and one in that of Berberini. Milan has also one; and Modena one, which bears the date of 1254. Two of them have found their way into England even, and were, some forty years ago, in the hands of Messrs. Richard Heber and Francis Douce of London.

And fortunately the majority of these MSS. are not mere fragmentary codices of isolated poets, or otherwise imperfect or mutilated. They are mostly extensive collections, with several hundred specimens of poetry from a large number of authors, to which are sometimes added biographical sketches of the poets, with full indexes of the contents of the volume. Thus, for example, No. 7226, of the Imperial library, which is considered as the best and adopted as the standard of orthography, contains no less than three hundred and ninety-six folio leaves, with pieces from one hundred and fifty-five Troubadours, an additional number of anonymous specimens and two indexes. Biographical notices are found in No. 2701 and No. 7698 of the same library, and in several others.

These manuscripts constitute the principal sources, from which MSS. copies, the printed collections of this poetry, and other works relative to the language and literary history of the Troubadours have been made since the time of Sainte-Palaye. For additional particulars on this point, I must refer the reader to Raynouard's "Choix de Poés. d. Troub." vol. ii. page cliv.–clixix.

V.—Earlier Writers on Provençal Literature:—Bembo, Nostre Dame, Cresoimbeni, Sainte-Palaye.

Subsequently to the epoch of Dante and Petrarch, which extended from about the years 1290 to 1375, we find very little notice taken of the Provençals, until about a century after they became an object of historical inquiry. And among the writers, who in the sixteenth century thus interested themselves, historically or linguistically, in the poetry of the Troubadours, we

must first of all mention Cardinal Pietro Bembo, who lived between the years 1470 and 1547. But all that he has given us upon this subject are a few pages of his treatise "Della Volgar Poesia," in which he endeavors to link the earlier poets of his country to the Provençals, by indicating certain words and phrases borrowed or adopted by the former from the idiom of the latter.

But nearly at the same time with Bembo, there arose in the very cradle of Provençal poetry another man, who was destined to resuscitate the memory of the old poets much more effectually. This was Jean de Nostre Dame, a brother of the celebrated astrologer Michael Nostradamus, born in 1503 at St. Remi in Provence. This Nostre Dame was a zealous collector of manuscripts relative to the lives and works of the old poets of his country, and is said to have been in possession of a valuable collection of "books written by hand, in the Latin, as well as in the Provençal style." But in consequence of an unfortunate turn of events, he lost the greater part of these his treasures in 1562.

Not disheartened, however, by these reverses, Nostre Dame resolved to make the best of the resources still at his command, and composed his work on the lives and writings of the old Provençal poets from the documents rescued from destruction. His work was published at Lyons in 1575. An Italian translation of it (which was a French book) appeared in the same year and in the same city. Another and a much better translation into the same language was published at Rome in 1710, from the pen of Crescimbeni, the founder and first custos of the academy of the Arcadians of that city, who enriched the original work with many important additions, especially the second edition of 1722.

Nostre Dame contains a host of curious and interesting particulars relative to the manners and customs of the age of chivalry; and as he merely repeats the authorities of his time without many pragmatic reflections of his own, his statements are of much greater value to the literary historian, than the imperfect deductions or hasty generalizations of later writers, like Millot.

Within one generation after the time of Nostre Dame we have another work from the pen of César Nostre Dame, a nephew of the former, who in his "Histoire de Provence" undertakes to give an account of the ancient poets, with other illustrious personages and families that figured in the history of his country for six entire centuries before him. This work appeared in 1614. A similar history of Languedoc was published by Catel in 1633, and two new works on Provence by Papon in 1778–1787, all of which contain some facts of interest to the history of this literature. Nearly at the same time we have from the pen of another native of the South, from Antonio Bastero, a new work on the language of the Troubadours, which, as well as the book of Nostre Dame, constitutes one of the leading authorities on the subject, and is frequently quoted as such. It is entitled "Crusca Provenzale" and appears to be an attempt to continue what Bembo had undertaken some

time before. It appeared at Rome in 1724. Sundry other inquiries and notices relative to the Provençals begin to make their appearance toward and after the commencement of the second half of the last century, and several of the earlier volumes of the "Histoire littéraire de la France" (1733–1832) contain the outlines of a history of that special literature.

But an entirely new impulse was given to the study of Provençal poetry by the enthusiasm of Lacurne de Sainte-Palaye, who was born at Auxerre in 1697, member of the Academy of Inscriptions in 1724, of the Française in 1755, dead in 1781. The memoirs of the Academy are indebted to him for many curious and useful contributions on various subjects connected with the history of France. He is the first that undertook to resuscitate an interest in the peculiar institutions of the Middle Age, and with immense industry and zeal examined anew into the military and political characteristics of the long neglected system of chivalry, with reference to which he instituted the most laborious researches in nearly all the principal literary dépôts of France and Italy. So extensive were his collections of materials on this subject, that the manuscripts containing them are said to have amounted to more than one hundred volumes in folio, many of which are yet preserved in the libraries of Paris, and chiefly in that of the Arsenal.

But very little of all this was ever arranged or published by the collector himself, except what he has furnished us in his interesting work on chivalry, and his extensive papers on the poetry of the Troubadours were never turned to account by himself, who was too far advanced in life to digest them, after he was done collecting and transcribing. A work of considerable extent was, however, compiled from them by the Abbé Millot, and they have remained a store-house for the researches of others ever since his day.

When Sainte-Palaye commenced his labors, the Royal library at Paris contained but four MSS. collections of Provençal poetry. The rest lay yet buried in the libraries of the South, and principally in those of Italy. Sainte-Palaye's first move was to discover and inspect these curious remains of olden times, and he repaired in person to Italy for that purpose. An account of this literary expedition is given in the "Nouvelles Littéraires de Florence" of 1740. He there ransacked the libraries of the principal cities, arranged and collated all the MSS. discovered, of which he added no less than twenty to the list of those already known at Paris; so that the literary world now found itself in possession of twenty-four MSS. instead of four. And these were not mere fragments, but most of them collections of considerable extent and in excellent state of preservation. But he did not stop here: he had copies made of all the leading MSS. exhumed by him, and had them fitted out for the use of libraries. The result of all these efforts was nothing less than fifteen folios of collections, containing four thousand poetical compositions of various dimensions and twelve fragments. This *corpus poëtarum* is so complete, that we are told there is very little hope of any additional discoveries in that direction in the libraries of Italy

even, after these thorough and extensive explorations on the part of Sainte-Palaye.

To this enthusiast then belongs the merit of finding and arranging, with immense expenditure of time and labor, the monuments of the ancient poetry of the South, and of thus directing the attention of other inquirers to the subject. These monuments were now accessible to the researches of the historian or the critic, but the man was yet wanting to make them intelligible. For the glossary or lexicon undertaken by Sainte-Palaye was never completed, and the historical work prepared by Millot was so inadequate to the idea of the subject, as to provoke Schlegel to call it an *ouvrage très médiocre.*

VI.—Later Writers on Provençal Literature:—Raynouard, Fauriel, Schlegel, Diez, and others.

But such a man really soon arose in the person of M. Raynouard, another native of Provence (born 1761, died 1836), whose name commences a new epoch on the subject of Provençal literature. Up to the time of his publications, the language of the Troubadours was as yet but imperfectly understood. For although alive yet at this day in the south of France, and even employed for literary purposes, it is only so in dialects, and the old Provençal is in many respects a dead language. It was Raynouard, that undertook the arduous task of removing the obstacles in the way of a correct appreciation of the ancient literary monuments of the South, by his successful examinations into the character and structure of the old Provençal from the stand-point of philological criticism, as represented during the first decennia of the present century.

After a variety of literary efforts in other directions, and a political career of no mean distinction, Raynouard at last resolved to concentrate his richly endowed intellect upon the mediæval languages and literature of his country; and as the first result of this new effort, he gave us in 1816 his "Recherches sur l'ancienneté de la langue romane," and in the same volume an examination into the origin and formation of that language, together with a grammar of it. After having thus paved the way for a better comprehension of the poetic monuments of that idiom, he next proceeded to collect and publish the earliest vestiges of the literature in one volume; and this was soon followed by selections from the writings of the most distinguished Troubadours, in two volumes. To these he added another volume containing the lives of upward of three hundred and fifty Provençal poets, from original documents, with fragmentary extracts from their writings. All these researches are included in the first five volumes of his "Choix des poésies originales des Troubadours," which he completed in 1821 by the addition of a sixth volume, the result of immense industry, and this was nothing less than a "Grammaire comparée des langues de l'Europe latine."

But Raynouard's efforts did not stop here. There was as yet no lexicon

of the Romansh of the South; and the imperfect glossaries of the idiom were next to no guide to the student of his selections even. Raynouard resolved to remove this last impediment, and devoted nearly the whole of the remainder of his days to the preparation of a work, which was to be the keystone to his previous writings on the subject. But death called him from his labors, before the public could enjoy the benefit of their result; and his distinguished "Lexique Roman," though completed, did not appear till after his decease (1836–45). In the first volume of this work we have a new examination into the history and grammatical peculiarities of the language, a new selection of lyrical pieces from a variety of authors, and the text of nearly all the Provençal romances or epopees, either entire or in part.* The sixth volume contains a complete vocabulary of the idiom of the Troubadours, and the four intervening volumes constitute the lexicon proper, in which the signification and use of words is illustrated by perpetual citations and references to the classical writers of the language.

Although the anthologies given us by this philologian are very far from being a *corpus completum* of the poets in question, they are yet sufficiently copious, to enable us to form a tolerably correct conception of what that curious literature of Provence really was; and the remark is consequently a just one, that Raynouard is the first man that with the assistance of his excellent books, has enabled us to read with something like a critical accuracy the principal works of the old poets of the South, instead of being obliged, as we were before his day, to judge of their merits from mere hearsay authority, or to look for specimens of them in dingy and illegible manuscripts.

The service thus rendered to letters by the author of these books is of so distinguished a character, that it is scarcely extravagant, what a countryman of his has remarked respecting them: "It was the first time," he says, "that philology witnessed an undertaking like this, which was nothing less than an attempt, first, to reconstruct a language according to its principles, and to assign to it its place among the remaining languages descended from the Latin; secondly, to produce and to examine critically the numerous productions emanating from the literature of that language; thirdly, to determine the forms and the rules of these productions; and fourthly, to lay a solid foundation for an adequate knowledge of this literature, in a comprehensive critical lexicon of the language."

Nearly at the same time with Raynouard's first efforts on the subject, and perhaps even before them, France had on its literary list another name, destined to shed additional light on the poetry of the Middle Age, by linking this literary culture of a bygone epoch to the general history of our modern civilization. This name was that of Charles Claude Fauriel (born in 1772, † 1844).

* This he called his "Nouveau Choix," which he intended to make six volumes, but of which unfortunately only this one was completed.

Fauriel was educated at the College of Tournon, and subsequently at Lyons under the auspices of the brethren of the Oratoire. In 1792 we find him a soldier in the army of the Pyrenees, in which, however, he remained only a year. During the rule of the Directory he repaired to Paris, and there entered the service of Fouché, then minister of the police, and formerly of the Oratoire. After the establishment of the empire, Fauriel gave up all connection with administrative functions, and resolved to abandon the idea of public life forever.

About this time he became a member of the famous society of ideologists at Auteil, which then met in the salons of Madame de Condorcet and of Destutt de Tracy. It was in connection with this society, that Cabanais addressed his celebrated letter "Sur les causes premières" to Mr. Fauriel. The latter now began to apply himself with great assiduity to the study of languages, and in the course of these pursuits he undertook an examination into the Romansh idioms of France, for the purpose of getting at the original elements of our modern literature. But this is not all. He made collections of the vestiges of the Celtic and the Basque, and in order to extend the horizon of his investigations, he applied himself to the study of the Arabic and the Sanscrit.

But these first studies of his, though varied, patient and profound, scarcely passed beyond the limits of his closet, and remained for a long time without any result to the public. For his earliest publications were only translations, first of a poem of Baggeson (in 1810), who was one of his friends, and then in 1823 of two tragedies of Manzoni, one of which had been dedicated to him by the author.

During all this long interval we have nothing else from his pen, except occasional articles on archæology and linguistics, until in 1824–25 he published his "Chants populaires de la Grèce moderne," of which he gave the original text with a translation. Now as this work appeared at the very moment of the popular movement in favor of the liberation of Greece, and as it was admirably calculated to second the heroic struggle of that nation against the ascendency of the Crescent, the author's name was as it were identified with it, and Fauriel became at once known and distinguished throughout entire Europe.

The revolution of 1830 gave a new impulsion to his literary activity. It carried certain friends of his into power, who knew his industry and abilities, and they created a chair of modern literature for him in connection with the Faculty of Letters at Paris. This he filled with great distinction, and it was in this capacity of professor that he gave us his maturest and most finished productions.

Fauriel considered the south of France as the cradle of all our modern civilization; he linked the mediæval literature of the Provençals to the reminiscences of Greco-Roman culture, and the literature of Spain and Italy directly to that of the Provençals. So great an importance did he attach to the latter, that he considered the German Minnesingers even as the result of

its influence, which through the invasions of the Arabs had extended itself as far as the distant East. Under the impulse of this idea, he conceived the plan of writing a complete history of this civilization, to trace it through all the phases of its progressive development. As the first result of this vast undertaking, he published in 1836 his "Histoire de la Gaule méridionale sous la domination des conquérants germains," in four volumes; a work of immense research, and rare historical sagacity and judgment, which made him a member of the Academy of Belles-Lettres and Inscriptions. Soon after the completion of this elaborate history, we find Fauriel engaged as one of the editors of "Histoire Littéraire de la France," to which he contributed a variety of articles on literary history, among which there is one on the Trouvères of the north of France, that fills nearly an entire quarto of many hundred pages. The "Revue des deux Mondes" also boasts of several articles from his pen. As assistant conservateur of the MSS. of the royal library he edited for Guizot's collection the historical poem "La croisade contre les hérétiques albigeois," of which he gave the Provençal text, with a translation and an introduction. During all this time Fauriel continued to lecture from his chair, as professor, on the history of modern literature, and delivered extensive and elaborate courses, not only on the Provençal, but also on Italian and Spanish literature. But he was removed by death, before any of these discourses were published, and the present history did not appear in type until 1846, two years after his decease. It was edited by one of his associates—M. Mohl, of the Institute. The remaining courses were promised at the same time, and in 1854, the same editor gave us his "Dante et les origines de la langue et la littérature italiennes," a work equally full of original research and interest. A history of Spanish literature is yet to come.

And these courses of Fauriel are far from being mere repetitions of what had been written before him, or generalizations founded on other men's opinions or statements; they bear the imprint of original researches, extensive, unwearied and profound; they contain a multitude of new facts, new ideas, and new aspects of the subjects he discourses on. That this is really so, the reader may convince himself by observing the care with which the author traces the vestiges of Græco-Roman influences on the civilization of the south of Gaul in several chapters of this work, or the labor he expends on showing the close affinity subsisting between the literary traditions of all the nations of mediæval Europe in his examination of the Scandinavian songs, the Heldenbuch and the Nibelungen, with reference to the curious epos of Walter, for which he claims Provençal origin. His chapters on the language of the Troubadours are equally remarkable and clear, and on this point too he is so far from indolently acquiescing in the verdict of others, that he takes original ground against men like Raynouard even. His examination of the Provençal epopee, which fills nearly the whole of the latter half of this course, has been pronounced the first successful attempt of the kind. In fact, nothing connected with his subject remains unexplored or unarranged, nothing escapes the searching test of his keen intel-

lect, which bears every mark of having been trained in the best school of the nineteenth century, and not only familiar with, but oftener in advance of everything known in his day on linguistics, literary history, and criticism.

The new interest imparted to the study of the early literature of France by the labors of men like Raynouard and Fauriel, gave rise to numerous other attempts in the same direction, and not only in France, but also in Italy, and more especially in Germany. Among the Italians Galvani, Perticari, and the poet Monti have written on this subject. In Germany, Wilhelm Schlegel was among the first that took notice of the new literary movement in France, and has left us a classical essay in the shape of a review of one of Raynouard's publications. Diez devoted many years exclusively to this study, and has furnished us not only a very spirited history of Provençal literature, but also a comparative grammar of all the five languages derived from the Latin, and an etymological lexicon of the same. Fuchs has examined into the relation between the Provençal and the Latin, Mahn has published new editions of some of the writings of the Troubadours, and also the biographies of these poets in the original.

In France itself, these publications are still more numerous. The volumes of the "Histoire Littéraire de la France," the "Journal des Savants," and the "Mémoires" of the Academy of Belles-Lettres and Inscriptions, abound in articles and extracts relative to this particular literature. Sainte-Palaye had already commenced a glossary of the Romansh in 1788, but the revolution had interrupted the publication of it, and only a small part of it ever appeared in type. Roquefort gave us another in 1808. In 1819, Rochegude published an outline of a third, and in the same year his "Parnasse Occitanien," a new anthology of Provençal poetry in one volume. In 1840, Guessard collected and edited the MSS. grammars of the thirteenth century, and more recently Gatien-Arnoult published for the first time Chancellor Molinier's "Flors del gay saber," in four volumes. In the year 1846, two histories of Provençal literature appeared in Belgium, one from the pen of Van Bemmel, the other from that of de Laveleye. Other works on the same subject in the French language were written by Mandet, Lafon, and Bruce White. The curiosity of philological inquiry has extended even to the *patois* of France, and we have now several works upon the subject. Cabrié has given us a work on the modern Troubadour, Jacques Jasmin. We thus perceive, that the chivalry and the poetry of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are no longer a mere subject of empty declamation or indiscriminate eulogy. They are before us in living monuments, that claim our praise or censure according to their merit. And if a knowledge of the past is a lesson for the future, and a benefit to mankind, then the men who by their genius and industry have led us to a correcter appreciation of its history, must be ranked among the benefactors of our race.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL AUTHORITIES

AND OTHER WORKS

Relating to the Subjects Treated in this Volume.

I. Works on the Provençal Language.

1. MSS. Grammars.—*a*) The Donatus Provincialis, for an account of which see Raynouard's Choix des poésies, etc., vol. ii. p. cl. eqq. *b*) The Grammaire Provençale of the national library of France (ancien fonds latin, no. 7534,—*c*) Glossaire Provençal of the Laurentian library at Florence.
2. Grammaires romanes inédites du 13e siécle, par F. Guessard. Paris, 1840.
3. Las flors del gay saber estier dichas Las leys d' amors.—This is a long Provençal treatise on Grammar, Rhetoric, Prosody, etc., composed, between 1324 and 1330, by Guilliaume Molinier, chancellor of the academy of the *gay saber* at Toulouse, and recently published, for the first time, by Gatien-Arnoult, in his Monumens de la littérature romane depuis le 14e siècle. Paris et Toulouse (without date), 4 vols. 8vo.
4. Della Volgar Lingua, di M. Pietro Bembo Cardinale, (in the 10th, 11th and 12th volumes of the Opere del Cardinale Bembo). Milano, 1810. This work contains a notice of some of the Provençal ingredients of the Italian language, adopted by the poets of the nation.
5. La Crusca Provenzale, overo le voci, frasi, forme e maniere de dire, che la lingua toscana ha presa della provenzale, opera di Antonio Bastero. Roma, 1724, fol.—This is by a native of the parts of the South, in which the Provençal still exists as a popular dialect.
6. Recherches sur la langue romane.—Origine et formation de la langue romane.—Grammaire Romane, par M. Raynouard (in the 1st vol. of his Choix de poesies des Troubadours). Paris 1818.—Résumé de la Grammaire Romane, by the same, (in the 1st vol. of his Lexique Roman). Paris, 1838. These are the first attempts of a critical exposition of the forms and structure of the Provençal language, and are still the leading authority upon the subject, in the French language.
7. Grammatik der romanischen Sprachen, von Friedrich Diez. Bonn 1836–44, 3 vols. 8vo.—This is a grammatical exposition of *all* the languages derived from the old Roman, i. e., of the Provençal, the Italian, the Spanish, the Portuguese, the French, and the Wallachian.
8. Die romanische Sprache in ihrem Verhältniss zur lateinischen, von A. Fuchs. Halle, 1849.—On the connection between the Romansh languages and the Latin we have also learned researches from Pott in Höfer's Zeitschrift für die Wissenschaft der Sprache, vol. 3d; in Aufrecht u. Kühn's Zeitsch. für vergl. Sprachforschung, vol. 1st, and in the Zeitsch. für Alterthumswissenschaft, 1833.
9. Observations sur la langue et la littérature provençales, par W. A. Schlegel (in vol. 2d of his Œuvres écrites en Français). Leipzig, 1846.
10. Etymologische Forschungen auf dem Gebiete der romanischen Sprachen, von C. A. F. Mahn. Berlin, 1855.
11. Glossaire de l'ancienne langue française, depuis son origine jusqu'au siècle de Louis XIV., par la Curne de Sainte-Palaye. Paris, 1788, fol.
12. Glossaire de la langue romane, par B. de Roquefort. Paris, 1808.
13. Essai d'un glossaire occitanien, par Rochegude. Toulouse, 1819, 8vo.
14. Lexique Roman, ou dictionnaire de la langue des Troubadours, comparée avec les autres langues de l'Europe latine, précédé de nouvelles recherches historiques et philologiques, d'un résumé de la grammaire romane, d' un nouveau choix des poésies originales des Troubadours et d'extraits de poëmes divers, par M. Raynouard. Paris, 1838–44. 6 vols. 8vo.
15. Lexicon etymologicum linguarum romanarum, italicæ, hispanicæ, gallicæ. Par. Fred. Diez. Bonn, 1853. 8vo.
16. Histoire de la langue romane, par Francisque Mandet. Puy et Paris, 1840.
17. Histoire des langues romanes et de leur littérature, par Bruce-White. Paris, 1841. 8 vols. 8vo.
18. Altromanische Sprachdenkmale, nebst einer Abhandlung über den epischen Vers, von Friedr. Diez. Bonn, 1846.
19. Tableau historique et littéraire de la langue parlée dans le midi de la France et connue sous le nom de langue provençale, par Marie Lafon. Paris, 1842.
20. De elementis grammaticis potissimum linguæ francogallicæ scripsit Ludov. Schacht. Berlin, 1853.

21. Grammaire de la langue d'oïl, ou grammaire des dialectes français aux xiie et xiiie siècles par J. F. Burguy. Berlin, 1853–54.
22. Tableau des idiomes populaires de la France, par J. A. Schnakenburg. Berlin, 1840.
23. Histoire littéraire, philologique et bibliographique des patois, par Pierquin de Gembloux. Paris, 1841.
24. Articles on the Romansh languages in the Journal des Savants of the years 1855, 1856, 1857, etc., and in the Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions. Vols. xv. xvii. xxiii. and xxiv. (first series).
25. Glossarium ad scriptores mediæ et infirmæ latinitatis, cura ac studio C. Du Cange. Parisiis, 1738. 6 vols. fol.—*and* Supplementum ad auctiorem Cangiani editionem, auct. D. P. Carpentier. Parisiis, 1766.—New edition of both these works by Henschel. Paris, 1840–50. 7 vols. 4to.
26. Mithridates, oder Allgemeine Sprachenkunde, von Adelung u. Vater. Berlin, 1817. 4 vols. 8vo.
27. Das Wort in seiner organischen Verwandlung, von K. F. Becker. Frankfort, a. M., 1833.
28. Organism der deutschen Sprache, von K. F. Becker. Frankfort, 1841–42.
29. Parallèle des langues de l' Europe et de l'Inde, par F. G. Eichhoff. Paris, 1836. 4to.

II.—Works relating to Provençal Literature.

A. The oldest literary monuments of the Provençal language are certain law documents, from the year 960, consisting of a barbarous intermixture of Latin and Provençal terms and phrases, which the reader will find printed in the second volume of Raynouard's Choix de poës. des Troubadours, and also in Diez' work already mentioned (I., No. 18.)

B. The earliest work known to us, deserving the name of a literary composition in the Provençal language, is a poem on Boëthius, from the close of the 10th century, of which a fragment of 257 verses is still extant. This fragment, with some other compositions, chiefly poetical, of a somewhat later date, has been edited by Raynouard in his Choix d. poës, d. Troub., and also by Diez in his Altromanische Sprachdenkmale.

C. MSS. collections of Provençal poetry, from the golden age of its existence in the south of France, when the Provençal was the language *par excellence* of chivalry and of the courts (i. e., during the 12th and 13th centuries), made at different epochs and by various hands, are preserved in the different libraries of continental Europe. An account of those manuscripts is furnished us by M. Raynouard in his Choix de poës. des Troub., vol. ii. page cliv.–clxiv., vol. vi. Appendix, and in the Index to the 5th volume of his Lexique Roman. An extensive collection of copies of foreign MSS. prepared with great care and labor by M. de Sainte-Palaye, is deposited in the library of the Arsenal, at Paris.

D. Printed works relating to the subject of Provençal poetry and its history:

1. Les vies des plus célèbres et anciens poëtes provençaux, qui ont fleuri du temps des comtes de Provence, par Jean de Nostre Dame, procureur en la cour du parlement de Provence. Lyon, 1575. 8vo.
2. Istoria della volgar poesia, scritta da Giovan Mario Crescimbeni. Roma, 1698, and Venezia, 1730–31. 7 vols. 4to, of which the second volume contains a translation of the biographical sketches of Nostradamus, with some additions, and a number of specimens of Provençal poetry with an Italian translation opposite.
3. Histoire littéraire des Troubadours, contenant leurs vies, des extraits de leurs pièces, et plusieurs particularités sur les mœurs, les usages et l'histoire du 12e et du 13e siècles. Paris, 1774. 3 vols. 12mo. This work, which appeared without the name of the author, is from the pen of the Abbé Millot, and redacted from the papers of Sainte-Palaye.
4. The literary history of the Troubadours, containing their lives, extracts from their works, etc. By Mrs. Dobson. London, 1807. 12mo—A translation and abridgment of the work of Millot.
5. Choix des poësies originales des Troubadours, par M. Raynouard. Paris, 1816–20. 5 vols. 8vo. The first printed collection of Provençal poetry of any note, including a critical examination into the formation of the language, the earliest specimens of its literature, a grammar, and one volume of biographical notices from Provençal sources, with an indication of the number of pieces yet extant in MSS. from the respective poets, of which but a limited number could be admitted into the collection. This is still the most complete work on this branch of the subject.
6. Nouveau choix des poësies originales des Troubadours, et d'extraits des poëmes divers par M. Raynouard (in the 1st vol. of his Lexique Roman). Paris, 1838. This volume contains the principal poetical romances of the Provençals, either entire or in part, with a number of other pieces.
7. Le Parnasse Occitanien, ou choix des poësies originales des Troubadours, tirées des manuscrits nationaux (anonymous, but known to be by Rochegude). Toulouse, 1819. 8vo.
8. A general outline of the history of Provençal literature is contained in the "Histoire Littéraire de la France," vol. vii., p. xxx., and vol. xvi., p. 194, sqq. Essays on the different Troubadours, with extracts from their writings, chiefly from the pen of M. Emëric-David, in vols. xiii., xiv., xv., xvii., xviii., xix., and xx. The whole of vol. xxii. is devoted to an examination of the writings of the Troubadours and Trouvères, and is chiefly from the pen of C. Fauriel.
9. Die Werke der Troubadours in provençalischer Sprache, nach Raynouard, Rochegude, Diez u. nach den Handschriften, herausg. von C. A. F. Mahn. Berlin, 1846. And by the same editor: Gedichte der Troubadours, etc. Berlin, 1856.
10. Die Biographieen der Troubadours in prov. Sprache, herausg. von C. A. F. Mahn. Berlin, 1853.
11. Altfranzösische Lieder, bericht. u. erläut. mit Bezug auf die provençalische, altitalienische u. mittelhochdeutsche Liederdichtung. Von Ed. Märtzner. Berlin, 1853. 12mo.
12. Romanische Inedita, auf italienischen Bibliotheken gesammelt. Von Paul Heyse. Berlin, 1856. 8vo.
13. Pierre Vidal's Lieder, herausgegeben von C. Bartsch. Berlin, 1857. 12mo.
14. Der Roman von Ferabras provenzalisch herausgegeben von Immanuel Bekker. Berlin, 1839. 4to.

15. Die Poesie der Troubadours, von Friedrich Diez. Zwickau, 1827, and the same French by Roisin. Lille, 1845. This is a critical examination of the poetry of the Provençals, and a history of it.
16. Osservationi sulla poesia dei Trovatori, da G. Galvani. Modena, 1829. 8vo.
17. Fiore di storia letteraria e cavalleresca della Occitania, da G. Galvani. Milano, 1846. 8vo.
18. De la langue et de la poésie provençales, par le baron Eugène von Bemmel. Bruxelles et Paris, 1846. 8vo.
19. Histoire de la langue et littérature provençale, par Emile de Laveleye. Bruxelles et Paris, 1846. 8vo.
20. Histoire de l' épopée du moyen âge:—Romans provençaux, par C. Fauriel (in the Revue des deux Mondes of 1832.)
21. Mémoires sur l'ancienne chevallerie, par la Curne de Sainte-Palaye. Paris, 1781. 3 vols., 12mo., and 2d ed., avec une introduction et des notes historiques, par C. Nodier. Paris, 1826. 2 vols., 8vo. English: Memoirs of ancient chivalry, etc., by the translator of the Life of Petrarch. London, 1784. 8vo.
22. Documenti d'amore, del Francisco Barberino. Roma, 1640.
23. Erotica, seu Amatoria, Andreæ Capellani regii, vetustissimi scriptoris, ad venerandum suum amicum Gualterum scripta, etc., in publicum emissa a Dethmaro Mulhero. Dorpmundæ, 1610. 8vo. A notice of this book in Raynouard's choix, vol. 2d, and in the Hist. littér. de la France, vol. xxi., p. 320.
24. Aussprüche der Minnegerichte, aus alten Handschriften, herausg. u. mit. ein. hist. Abhandl. über d. Minnegerichte begleitet, von C. Freib. v. Aretin. München, 1808.
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25. Monuments de la littérature romane, depuis le 14e siècle, publiés par M. Gatien—Arnoult. Paris et Toulouse (without date), 4 vols., 8vo. (of which the 4th vol. contains the prize poems of the academy of the *gay saber* at Toulouse.)
26. Notices et extraits de quelques ouvrages écrits en patois du midi de la France. Paris, 1840.
27. Le Troubadour modern (i. e., Jacques Jasmin), par M. Cabrié. Paris, 1840.

III. Works Relating to the Literature of the Trouvères and to that of the Middle Age in General.

1. Fabliaux et contes des poètes francais de xie, xiie, xiiie, xive et xve. siècles, par Barbazan. Paris, 1756. 3 vols. 8vo.—New edtition by Méon. Paris, 1808. 4 vols. 8vo.
2. Fabliaux et contes, etc., du xiie, et du xiiie siècle, par Legrand d' Aussy. Paris, 1829. 5 vols. 8vo.
3. Nouveau recueil de fabliaux et contes inédits, publiés par M. Méon. Paris, 1823. 2 vols. 8vo. —Tbis is also the editor of the Roman de la Rose, du Renart and of several others.
4. De la chanson de Roland, du roman de Tristan, de la Violette, de comte de Poitiers, de Horn, etc., par Francisque Michel. Paris, 1830–37 (in separate volumes).
5. Lais inédits des xiie et xiiie siècles, d'apres les MSS. de France et d' Angleterre, publiés par Francisque Michel. Paris, 1836.
6. Jongleurs et Trouvères, ou choix des saluts, épitres, etc., des xiiie et xive siècles, par Achille Jubinal. Paris, 1835. 8vo.
7. Nouveau recueil des contes, dits, fabliaux et autres pièces inédites des xiiie, xive, et xve siècles, par A. Jubinal. Paris, 1839–42. 8 vols 8vo.
8. Essais historiques sur les bardes, les jongleurs et les trouvères normands, et anglo-normands, par l'Abbé G. Delarue. Paris, 1834. 3 vols. 8vo.
9. Trouvères, jongleurs et ménestrels du nord de la France et du midi de la Belgique, par Arthur Dinaux. Valenciennes et Paris, 1837–43. 3 vols. 8vo.
10. Les romans en prose des cycles de la table ronde et de Charlemagne, par J. W. Schmidt.
11. Poëmes des bardes bretons du vie. siècle, par Villemarqué. Paris, 1850.
12. Histoire des lettres au moyen-âge, par Amédée Duquesnel. Paris, 1842. 4 vols. 8vo.
13. Des fêtes du moyen âge, civiles, militaires et religieuses, par A. de Matronne.
14. Poésies populaires latines antérieures au xiie siècle.—And: Poésies populaires latines au moyen âge, par E. du Méril. Paris, 1849. 8vo.
15. Poésies inédites du moyen âge, par E. du Méril. Paris, 1854. 8vo.
16. Exempla poeseos latinæ medii ævi, edita a M. Hauptio lusato. Vindobonæ, 1834.
17. Latina quæ mædium per ævum in triviis, necnon in monasteriis vulgabantur, carmina sedulo iterum collegit E. du Meril. Paris, 1847.
18. Hymni latini medii ævi, e codd. MSS. edidit et annotationibus illustravit F. J. Mone. Friburgi Brisgoviæ, 1855. 3 vols. 8vo.
19. Specimens of Latin poetry, secular and religious, from every century of the middle age will be found in Migne's Patrologiæ Cursus Completus, in Bolland's and in Mabillon's Acta Sanctorum, in Bouquet, Pertz and other historical collections, indicated in No. V. of this list.
20. Études sur les mystères, par Onesime Le Roy. Paris, 1887. 8vo.
21. Mystères inédits du xve siècle, par A. Jubinal. Paris, 1837. 2 vols. 8vo.
22. Les MSS. français de la bibliothèque du Roi, par Paulin Paris. Paris, 1842. 4 vols. 8vo.

IV.—Works on Scandinavian and Germanic Literature, Examined or Referred to in this Volume.

1. Edda Sæmundar hins Froda, sive Edda rhythmica seu antiquior, vulgo Sæmundina dicta. Hafniæ, 1787–1828. 3 parts, 4to. The same from the text of Rask, edited by Afzelius. Holmiæ, 1818. 8vo.

2. Edda Islandorum per Snorronem Sturlæ conscripta. Ed. P. J. Resenius. Haunlæ, 1665. 4to. (The original text of the younger Edda, with a Danish and Latin translation).
3. Snorra-Edda asamt Skaldu, etc., utgefin af R. K. Rask. Stockholmi, 1818. 8vo. (Younger Edda, critical text).
4. Die Lieder der älteren Edda erklärt durch die Brüder Grimm. Berlin, 1815. 2 vols. 8vo.
5. Die Edda, nebst einer Einleitung über nord. Poesie u. Mythologie, von Friedr. Rühs. Berlin, 1812. 8vo.
6. Die ältere u. jüngere Edda, nebst den mythischen Erzählungen der Skalda, übersetzt von Karl Simrock. Stuttgart, 1855. 8vo.
7. Lieder der Edda von den Nibelungen, übersetzt von E. M. L. Ettmüller. Zürich, 1837. 8vo.
8. Mallet's Northern Antiquities, translated from the French by Bishop Percy. New edition edited by Blackwell. London, 1847. 12mo. (This contains an account of both Eddas, with some extracts from them).
9. Manual of Scandinavian Mythology, by G. Pigott. London.
10. Fornaldar Sögur Nortlanda eptir Gömlin handritum utgefnar af C. C. Rafn. Kaufmannahöfn, 1829. 3 vols. 8vo.—(Text of the Vösunga-Saga in vol. 1st, p. 114–134).
11. Wilkina-Saga: sive Historiæ Wilkinensium, Theodorici Veronensis, ac Niflungorum, etc., opera Joh. Peringskiold. Stockholmis, 1715. (Original, with a Swedish and a Latin translation).
12. Saga-Bibliothek, by P. S. Müller. Copenhagen, 1816. 3 vols. 8vo. (An account of the different sagas, with a sort of commentary upon them).
13. Nordische Heldenromane, übersetzt von F. H. v. d. Hagen. Berlin, 1814–28. 5 vols. 12mo. (These volumes contain a German version of the Volsunga and Wilkina Sagas).
14. Ulfilas: veteris et novi testamenti gothice fragmenta, quæ supersunt, ed. H. G. de Gabelentz et J. Lœbe. Lipsiæ, 1843–46. 2 vols. 4to.
15. Die beiden ältesten Gedichte aus dem 8ten Tahrh. i. e. Das Lied von Hildebrand u. das Wessebrunner Gebet, herausg. von Jac. Grimm. Cassel, 1812. 4to.
16. The Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf, edited by J. M. Kemble. London, 1835. 2 vols. 12mo.—The same, edited by B. Thorpe, Oxford, 1855; and by Ettmüller, Zürich, 1840.
17. Altdänische Heldenlieder, Balladen u. Märchen, übersetzt von W. K. Grimm. Heiderberg, 1811.
18. Das Heldenbuch in der Ursprache, herausgegeben von F. H. v. d. Hagen u. Anton Primisser. Berlin, 1820. 2 theile, 4to.
19. Deutsche Heldensage, von Wilhelm Grimm. Göttingen. 1829. 8vo.
20. Heldenbilder aus den Sagenkreisen Karl's des Grossen, Artus, der Tafelrunde u. des Grals, Attila's, der Amelungen u. Nibelungen, von F. H. v. d. Hagen. Breslau, 1813. 2 vols. 12mo.
21. De prima expeditione Attilæ regis Hunnorum in Gallias, ac de rebus gestis Waltharii, Aquitanorum principis, ed. F. K. I. Fischer. Lipsiæ, 1780.
22. Lateinsche Gedichte aus dem 10ten Jahrhundert, herausg. von Jacob Grimm u. Schmeller, Göttingen, 1838, 8vo. (This volume contains the text of the poem of Walter, the Aquitanian hero, with a critical examination of its contents and history).
23. Walter, Prinz von Aquitanien; ein Heldengedicht aus dem 6ten Jahrhundert, aus dem lateinischen Codex übersetzt von F. Molter. Karlsruhe, 1818.
24. Das Nibelungen Lied in der ältesten Gestalt, berausg. von F. H. v. d. Hagen. Breslau, 1810, 2d ed., 1816.
25. Der Nibelungen Noth mit der Klage, herausg. von Carl Lachmann. Berlin, 1826. 4to.
26. Der Nibelungen Lied, Abdruck der Handsch. des Freih. v. Lassberg. Leipzig, 1840. 4to. Modern German versions or translations of this epos by Pfitzer, Büsching, Simrock, Marbach, Hinsberg, Zeune, etc.
27. The Lay of the last Nibelungers, translated into English verse, by Jonathan Birch. Berlin, 1848. 8vo.
28. Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, from the earliest Teutonic and Scandinavian romances. by H. Weber and R. Jamieson. Edinburgh, 1814. 4to. This volume contains an abstract of the Nibelungen Lied, by Weber, with occasional metrical versions of passages. In it the reader will also find an account of the Hildebrandslied and of the Heldenbuch, with a number of other valuable notices relative to the subject of Northern and Germanic literature. An elaborate and spirited examination of the great Teutonic epos of the middle age is furnished us by Thomas Carlyle, in his Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. Boston, 1838–39.
29. Über die ursprüngliche Gestalt des Gedichtes von der Nibelungen Notb, von Carl Lachmann. Berlin, 1816. 8vo.
30 Des Nibelungen, saga mérovingienne de la Néerlande, par Louis de Baecker. Paris et Cambrai, 1853. 8vo.
31. Minnesinger, oder Deutsche Liederdichter des xiiten, xiiiten u. xivten Jahrhunderts, aus den Handschriften u. früheren Drucken gesammelt, etc., von F. H. v. d. Hagen. Leipzig, 1838. 3 vols., 4to. Earlier edition of the same, by Bodmer, in 2 vols., 4to.
32 Lays of the Minnesingers or German Troubadours, by Edgar Taylor, London.
33. Minnelieder aus dem Schwäbischen Zeitalter, von Ludwig Tieck. Berlin, 1808. 8vo.
34. Tableau de la littérature du Nord au moyen âge en Allemagne et en Angleterre, en Scandinavie et en Slavonie, par F. G. Eichhoff. Lyon et Paris, 1853. 8vo.

V.—Classical and Historical Works, Collections of Mediæval Chronicles, etc., referred to in this volume.

1. Valpy's edition of the Delphin Classics of the Latin language. London, 1821–28. 141 vols., 8vo. Ausonius, Cæsar, Cicero, Julius Florus, Justinus, Livius, Lucanus, Plinius, Suetonius, Tacitus, Valerius Maximus.

2. Lemaire's Collection of Latin Classics. Paris. 1819–26. 140 vols., 8vo. Juvenal, Quintilianus, Seneca, etc.
3. Juliani imperatoris opera quae supersunt omnia et St. Cyrilli libri ▲. Lipsiæ, 1796. 2 vols., fol.
4. Plutarchi Vitae, secundum codd. Parisinos recognovit Theod. Doehner. Parisiis, 1847. 2 vols., 8vo.
5. Strabonis geographicarum rerum libri xvii. Ed. J. P. Siebenkees. Lipsiæ, 1746. 6 vols., 8vo.
6. Æliani de varia historia libri xiv. Venetiis 1550, fol. and ed. Coray. Paris, 1805, 8vo.
7. Scriptorum historiæ Byzantinorum corpus, ed. G. Niebuhr (continued by the Academy at Berlin.) Bonn, 1828–53. 48 vols., 8vo. Cedrenus, Ephorus, etc.
8. Isagoge in notitiam scriptorum historiæ Gallicæ, etc. Studio J. Fabricii. Hamburgæ, 1708. 12mo.
9. Bibliotheca Latina mediæ et infimæ aetatis, ed. J. Fabricius. Hamburgæ, 1734–46. 6 vols., 12mo., and new ed., by Ernestl, Leipzig. 8 vols., 8vo.
10. Historiæ Francorum Scriptores coëtanei ab ipsius gentis origine ad regis Philippi IV. tempora, opera ac studio Andreæ et Francisci Du Chesne. Lutetiæ Paris. 1639–49. 5 vols., fol.
11. Rerum Gallicarum et Francicarum Scriptores: seu Recueil des historiens des Gaules et de la France, par D. Bouquet et autres bénédictins (and from the 13th vol. by M. Brial and other members of the Institute of France.) Paris, 1738–1841. 20 vols. folio.—Eginhard, Nigellus, Chionicon Gaufredi prioris Vosiensis, Oderic Vitalis, Rigord, William of Malmesbury, etc.
12. Monumenta Germaniæ historica, inde ab anno D. usque ad annum MD., etc. Ed. G. H. Pertz. Hannoveræ, 1826–52. 12 vols. fol.—Eginhard, Charlemagne's capitularies, Carlovingian and other chronicles, Fabulæ de Caroli M Expeditione Hispanica, Nigellus, Ekkard's Casus Sancti Galli, Chronicon Novaliciense, etc., etc.
13. Nova bibliotheca manuscriptorum, ed. Philippus Labbeus. Parisiis, 1657. Ganfredi prioris Vos. chronicon, etc., etc.
14. Rerum Italicarum Scriptores, ed. L. A. Muratori. Mediolani, 1723–51. 29 vols. fol. Chronicon Novalicience, etc.
15. Rerum Italicarum Scriptores, ex Florentinarum bibliothecarum codicibus. Florent. 1748. 2 vols. fol. Gauthier Vinisauf's Itinerarium, etc.
16. Germanicarum rerum iv. celebres vetustioresque chronographi. Francofurti, 1566, fol. Joannis Turpini chronicon.
17. Rerum Sileciacarum Scriptores, ed. F. W. Sommersberg. Lipsiæ, 1730. 6 vols. fol. Boguphali chronicon Poloniæ.
18. De Getarum sive Gothorum origine et rebus gestis, scrips. Jornandes. Hamburgi, 1611. 4to.
19. Capitularia regum Francorum et pactus legis Salicæ, ed. E. Baluze. Parisiis, 1780. 2 vols. fol.
20. Recueil des anciennes lois françaises, depuis l'an 420 jusqu' à la révolution de 1789, par MM. Jourdan, Decrusy, Isambert et Taillandier. Paris. 29 vols. 8vo.
21. Collection des Mémoires relatifs a l'histoire de France, depuis la fondation de la monarchie Française jusqu'au 18e Siècle, etc., par M. Guizot. Paris, 1823–35. 31 vols. 8vo.

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22. Patrologiæ Cursus Completus, sive Bibliotheca universalis omnium SS. patrum, doctorum, scriptorumque ecclesiasticorum, qui ab ævo apostolico ad Innocentii tempora floruerunt, etc. Accurante J. P. Migne. Parisiis, 1839–54. 217 vols. 8vo. The works of Gregorius Turonensis, Sidonius Apollinaris, St. Augustinus, Cassiodorus, St. Cæsarius, St. Fortunatus, St. Hieronymus, St. Carolus M., Mamertus Claudianus, etc., etc.
23. Bibliotheca veterum patrum antiquorumque scriptorum ecclesiasticorum, ed. A. Gallandius. Venetiis, 1765–81. 14 vols. fol. St. Agobard, Sulpicius Severus, Sidonius Apollinaris, Salvianus, Lactantius, Mamertus Claudianus, etc.
24. Sacrosancta Concilia, edita studio Philippi Labbei et Gabrielis Cassartii. Parisiis, 1672. 18 vols. fol. Canons of the Councils of Arles, Maintz, Narbonne, Orleans, Rome, Toledo, Tours, etc.
25. Acta Sanctorum omnium, collecta et illustrata, cura Joannis Bollandi et aliorum. Antwerpiæ, Tongarloæ et Bruxellis, 1643–1845. 54 vols. fol. Account of St. Fides of Agen, etc.
26. Acta Sanctorum ordinis sancti Benedicti, in sæculorum classes distributa, cura D. J. Mabillon. Parisiis, 1668–1702. 9 vols. fol. And by the same: Annales ordinis sancti Benedicti. Parisiis, 1703–39. 6 vols. fol. Account of St. William the Pious.
27. Gallia Christiana. Parisiis, 1716.

VI.—General and Miscellaneous Works relating to the subject of this Volume.

1. Dell' origine, de' progressi et dello stato attuale di ogni letteratura, del Abbate Giov. Andres. Prato, 1806–21. 20 vols. 8vo., and Pisa, 1829. 8 vols. 8vo.
2. Storia della letteratura Italiana, del Cav. Abate Tiraboschi. Firenze, 1806. 16 vols. 8vo.
3. De la littérature du midi de l'Europe, par J. C. D. S. de Sismondi. Paris, 1840. 4 vols. 8vo. English by Roscoe. London. 2 vols. 12mo.
4. History of Spanish Literature, by George Ticknor. Boston, 1849. 8 vols. 8vo.
5. Histoire littéraire de la France, commencée par des Bénédictins de la congrégation de Saint-Maur, continuée par des membres de l'Institut. Paris, 1733–1852. 22 vols. 4to.
6. Geschichte der Poesie u. Beredsamkeit seit dem Ende des 13ten Jahrhunderts, von F. Bouterweck. Göttingen, 1801–12. 9 vols. 8vo.
7. Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung, von G. G. Gervinus. Leipzig, 1853. 5 vols. 8vo.
8. History of English poetry, from the 11th to the 18th century, by T. Warton. London, 1775. 4 vols. 4to.—New edition, London, 1824, 4 vols. 8vo.
9. Geschichte der römischen Litteratur, von J. C. F. Bæhr. Carlsruhe, 1828. 8vo.

10. History of the literature of ancient Greece, by O. Müller. London, 1840. 8vo.
11. Litteraturgeschichte der Araber, von dem Beginne bis zu dem Ende des 12ten Jahrh. der Hidschrets, von Hammer-Purgstall. Wien, 1850–56. 7 vols. 8vo.
12. Geschichte der alten u. neuen Litteratur, von Friedr. Schlegel. Wien, 1846. 8vo.
13. La France littéraire, etc., par de Laport et Guiot. Paris, 1778–84. 6 vols. 8vo.
14. Mélanges de critique et de philologie, par Chardon de la Rochette.
15. Dante et les origines de la langue et la littérature italiennes, par C. Fauriel. Paris, 1854.
16. Journal Asiatique, par la société asiatique. (1ère Série). Paris, 1822–37. 10 vols. 8vo.
17. Ancient English metrical romances, edited by Price and Ritson. London, 1802.
18. Vite ed elogi d' illustri Italiani, da Galeani Napione. Pisa, 1818. 3 vols. 12mo.
19. Critical and miscellaneous essays, by Thomas Carlyle. Boston, 1838–39. 4 vols. 12mo.
20. Fueros y observancias del reyno de Aragon. Saragossa, 1628. 4to.
21. Las siete partidas del rey Don Alfonso el Sabio, por la real Academia de la historia. Madrid, 1807. 3 vols. 4to.
22. Histoire littéraire d' Italie, par P. L. Ginguené. Paris, 1811–23. 10 vols. 8vo.
23. Histoire des croisades, par M. Michaud. Paris, 1831–32. 5 vols. 8vo.—Bibliographie des croisades, contenant l'analyse de toutes les chroniques d'orient et d'occident, qui parlent des croisades, par M. Michaud. Paris, 1822. 2 vols. 8vo.
24. Extraits des historiens arabes relatifs aux guerres des croisades, par J. T. Reinaud. Paris 1829.
25. Invasions des Sarrazins en France, Savoie, la Suisse, etc., par J. T. Reinaud. Paris, 1836. 8vo.
26. Histories of the crusades, by contemporary Christian writers, in the 9th, 10th and, in 16–24th volumes of Guizot's Collection of Memoirs (v. No. 21).
27. Histoire des républiques italiennes du moyen âge, par J. C. D. S. de Sismondi. Paris, 1840. 10 vols. 8vo.
28. Historie des François, par J. C. D. S. de Sismondi. Paris, 1832–43. 31 vols. 8vo.
29. Histoire des Gaulois, depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu' à l'entière soumission de la Gaule à la domination romaine, par Amédée Thierry. Paris, 1835. 3 vols. 8vo.
30. Histoire de la Gaule méridionale sous la domination des conquérants germains, par C. Fauriel. Paris, 1836. 4 vols. 8vo.
31. Mémoires de l' histoire de Languedoc, recueillis de divers auteurs, etc., par Guill. de Catel. Tolose, 1633, fol.
32. Histoire généalogique de la maison d'Auvergne, par Baluze. Paris, 1807. 2 vols. fol.
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HISTORY OF PROVENÇAL POETRY.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL OUTLINE OF PROVENÇAL LITERATURE.

The history of Provençal literature divides itself naturally into two parts: the first comprising the revolutions of this literature within the limits of the country itself, in which it originated and flourished; the second treating of its influence on the literatures of the foreign nations, among which it was introduced. In this chapter I shall confine myself to contemplating it on its native soil, and independently of its popularity in other quarters.

The history of Provençal literature, restricted as it ordinarily is, to the poetry of the Troubadours, would only embrace a period of about two hundred and fifty years; from the end of the eleventh to the middle of the fourteenth centuries. But I think I can trace the origin and the first tentatives of this literature to a much remoter antiquity. I date its birth from the eighth century—from the epoch at which I suppose (as I shall endeavor to prove) the Romansh idioms of the South to have been substituted for the Latin.

I shall therefore divide the history of Provençal literature into two great epochs, of which the one extends from the second half of the eighth century to the year 1080, and the other from 1080 to 1350.

Of these two epochs the first is, as we can easily presume, by far the most obscure, the one from which the smallest number of monuments are left us, and concerning which history furnishes us the scantiest information. It still however offers us many curious and interesting facts—facts, by which the literature of the South is linked, on the one hand to the culture of

the ancient Greeks and Romans, and on the other to the glorious epochs of the Middle Age.

The fundamental fact, to be examined in this first epoch of Provençal literature, is the origin and formation of the idiom which was destined to become its organ. The creation of every language presents to us certain obscure and mysterious phases which will not admit of an absolute explanation. But this being granted, there is perhaps no idiom in the world which furnishes us so many data for the construction of its history, as does the ancient Provençal; and from this circumstance alone, it is entitled to a particular attention. A careful and critical examination of it enables us to distinguish the various ingredients, which have successively entered into its composition, and the different languages to which these ingredients respectively belong. In the Latin substratum, which constitutes its basis, we find still enough of Greek to attest the long residence of a Grecian population in the countries in which it originated. We also discover considerable traces of the three most ancient languages of Gaul, all of which are still alive in barbarous or remote countries, which have served them as places of refuge. One of these languages is spoken in France by the inhabitants of Lower Brittany, and in England by the Welsh; the other in the mountains of Scotland, and in the interior of Ireland; the last in the Pyrenees by the Basques.

Thus, then, the Provençal, independently of the interest which it claims of itself alone, as a literary idiom of great refinement, and one which contributed largely to the formation of the French, is moreover possessed of a veritable historical importance from the fact of its including various authentic indications respecting the different races of men, which in the course of centuries occupied successively or simultaneously the soil of Gaul.

The first attempt to polish the Romano-Provençal, and to render it capable of expressing objects and ideas above the wants and sentiments of ordinary life, was made by the priests and by the monks. During the ninth and tenth centuries, and even much later, the inhabitants of the south of Gaul still clung to usages which they had derived from the paganism of the Greeks or Romans, to gross reminiscences of the antique arts, and their ancient public amusements. Hankering after emotions, enjoyments and occasions for common reunions and mutual exaltations, these people preserved a very lively relish for certain diversions, for certain dramatic farces—degenerate remnants of the theatrical representations of former times. They were passionately addicted to certain dances, which had been transferred from the temples to the churches, from the

pagan cultus to the Christian. They still continued to celebrate their funeral rites with an admixture of profane formalities and ceremonies; their popular poetry, their songs of love still breathed that pagan freedom, from which the austere purity of Christianity revolted.

The church had already repeatedly but vainly attempted to abolish directly these onerous remnants of the ancient cultus, when the ecclesiastics of the South resolved upon attempting the same reform in a manner more indirect and popular. Without flattering themselves with being able to eradicate those inveterate pagan habits which had survived the system, they imagined that they were sanctifying them by adapting them to the ceremonies of the Christian cultus. They fitted pious subjects into pantomimes and dramas, which were represented in the churches. They permitted or tolerated in honor of their saints, the dances and choruses which formerly had been instituted in honor of the pagan divinities. Among the songs consecrated by the church, they admitted popular songs in the Romansh idiom or in a Latin but little superior to the Romansh, which the people were yet able to comprehend. Finally, they composed or translated into the vulgar tongue pious legends more marvellous and more touching than the ancient fables of which some traditions might yet be left.

There is yet extant a great number of these monastic pieces, composed between the ninth and the eleventh centuries, in the Romano-Provençal or in a corrupted Latin, and composed with the intention of humoring the people, and of imposing them as an equivalent for its pagan reminiscences.* It is my purpose to produce some specimens of them; they will aid us in comprehending to what extent, and in what manner, the ecclesiastics of the South contributed to the origination of a popular literature. By thus admitting the Romano-Provençal into the Christian liturgy, by converting certain popular spectacles into ceremonies of the church, by paganizing, if I may so express myself, the cultus of Christianity, the clergy of the South cannot be said to have attained its purpose; but it rendered a service which it had neither desired to render, nor even foreseen. By bringing religious motives to bear on the development of the Romansh idiom of the South, which was as yet unsettled and uncouth, it contributed to fix it and to polish it.

But this monkish poetry, these pious songs in vulgar Latin, authorized to be chanted in the churches, were far from satisfying the imagination of the inhabitants of the South; and as their language became more supple, it was not long before they them-

* On these pieces, and on monastic literature in general, see chapter vii.—*Ed.*

selves began to apply it to compositions of a less austere description.

The South had been the theatre of grand events during the eighth and ninth centuries. The inhabitants of Aquitania and of Provence had shaken off the yoke of the Merovingian conquest. Assailed anew by the Carlovingians, they had fought long and bravely before being subjected anew. This animated contest between the Franks and the Gallo-Romans of the South had become still more complicated by the more terrible struggle of both these nations against the Arab conquerors of Spain. One of the results of this war had been to exalt the imagination, the vanity, the bravery and the religious spirit of the inhabitants of the South. These nations then began to feel the want of a poetry, by which they might celebrate the heroïc events, which had left so powerful an imprint on their memory. The monuments of this primitive poetry of the southern parts mediæval Gaul are rare; they are, however, not entirely wanting, and those of them which remain are deserving of our particular notice.

There is one of them especially of which I shall have to speak with considerable detail, and in behalf of which I shall endeavor to enlist the curiosity and the attention of the reader. This is a poem of which we have but one version, made by a monk in very bad Latin verses, and in which a prince of Aquitania, by the name of Walter, figures as the hero.*

The work is full of poetical beauties, but these are perhaps not its most remarkable feature. This consists in the fact of its being linked, both by its subject and by its many familiar allusions, to the ancient poetic traditions of Germany. In the absence of precise data with reference to the real origin of this work, the German scholars have connected it with their ancient national poetry. It will, however, be easy for me to prove, when I shall have arrived at that part of my subject, that the poem in question, the moment we wish to seek a historical motive for it, must be considered as an inspiration of the Aquitanian spirit of the eighth or ninth century, and as a poetical indication of the national opposition of the inhabitants of Gaul, south of the Loire, to the dominion of the Franks. There was nothing, however, which contributed so largely to awaken the poetic instinct of the populations of the South, as their wars and their relations with the Arabs of Spain. Those valiant Saracens, those terrible Moors, who passed the defiles of the Pyrenees on so many occasions, soon took a much stronger hold on the imagination of the inhabitants of Narbonne, of Toulouse and

* On this poem of Walter, the Aquitanian, see chaps. ix., xi., xii., and xiii.—*Ed.*

of Bordeaux than did the barren chronicles of their monks. They figured at an early date in the fabulous legends and in the historical songs, which served as the nucleus for the romantic epopees of a subsequent period.

These songs and legends are mostly lost; nevertheless we still find, and I have collected, here and there, a fragment, a specimen, a notice which suffices to establish their ancient existence. I shall give an extract from a curious fiction, a real romance, from the commencement of the eleventh century, the hero of which is a seignior from the vicinity of Toulouse. This seignior suffered shipwreck on his voyage to the Holy Land. Thrown into the midst of the Arabs of Spain and Africa, he wanders about among them for a long time, encountering a series of perpetual adventures. It is a singular feature of these narratives that some of them have reference to clearly established facts from the contemporary history of the Arabs of Spain, while the rest are evidently borrowed from the Odyssey of Homer. This strange composition, of which, unfortunately, but one rapid and ill-selected extract remains, seems to indicate in a tangible manner the point in history, at which the antique poetry of the Greeks and Romans, and the romantic poetry of the Middle Age, approximated each other once more for a moment in order to separate again forever.

This rapid glance at the origin and the first epoch of Provençal literature will suffice, I hope, to justify the more extended development which I propose to institute in regard to it. The condition of Provençal literature at the end of this epoch may be briefly represented as follows:

1st. The idiom of this literature, the Romansh of the South, was a language grammatically determined, and already capable of adapting itself to the movements of thought with a certain degree of suppleness.

2d. This language contained poetical compositions of various kinds. Some of these were based upon the more or less distorted reminiscences of certain popular forms of poetry, which had descended from the ancient Greeks and Romans. Others were the more or less uncouth, but original and spontaneous expression of whatever there was most remarkable or striking in the religious beliefs or in the historical traditions of the age.

3d. The word *trobar*, to find or invent, was already sanctioned by usage to denote the particular act or effort of the mind of which poetry was the result. This word may be said to be the first monument of this poetry; the first authentic evidence of its originality.

4th. There had already been invented, for the behoof of this same poetry, a system of versification, founded on a combina-

tion of the rhyme with the syllabic accent—a system which has since been adopted by all the nations of Europe.

5th. The poets had probably already commenced to be designated by the name of Troubadours. There is indeed no indication that at that time they constituted a particular class of society, which was exclusively devoted to the cultivation of poetry, and organized with reference to this end. But it is certain that the Jongleurs, a class of men concerning which I shall have many things to say hereafter, were then already exercising the profession of itinerant reciters and singers of poetic compositions.

Such are, reduced to their most general terms, the results of the first epoch of Provençal literature; or, in other words, such are the antecedents of the poetry of the Troubadours.

Considered in its most original and most brilliant phases, the poetry of the Troubadours might be defined to be the expression of the ideas, the sentiments and the acts of chivalry. Its history is therefore essentially connected with that of chivalry, from which it receives, and on which, in return, it sheds a great deal of light. A cursory survey of the institution, the character, the motives and the object of chivalry will, therefore, be the indispensable preliminary to all our researches concerning the poetry, which constituted the more or less naive, the more or less ideal expression of it.

The origin of that singular assemblage of institutions and customs, which is generally designated by the name of chivalry, is one of the most curious problems in the history of the Middle Age. I shall not expressly search after its solution; my object does not require it; but I shall perhaps find it in the course of my route.

This system of chivalry I shall have to consider principally as it existed in the south of France, and in some countries bordering on Spain—in Catalonia and Aragon. Now, it is precisely in these countries that those chivalric institutions present themselves the earliest, and with the most consistency—that they have the appearance of having grown out of the very foundation of society itself, and that they afford the largest number of historical data for the explanation of their origin; it is also there that chivalry and Provençal poetry exhibit the most intimate union and mutual interpenetration; and all these considerations will, perhaps, induce us to presume that both of them originated simultaneously in those countries.

It was in the various kinds of lyrical composition that Provençal poetry first delineated the sentiments peculiar to chivalry. The songs, in which the Troubadours celebrated their ladies, are the most numerous of their productions, and the best

known; and they were those in which they prided themselves the most on exhibiting proofs of skill and talent. In the system of gallantry, of which these songs are a faithful picture, love is a sort of cultus. It is the principle of all honor and of all merit, the motive for every noble action; its desires and its enjoyments are only legitimate so far as they constitute an incentive to the arduous duties and to the virtues of chivalry.

This system was founded, in a great measure, on certain definitely established, and, at the same time, very subtle conventions. Everything was subjected to a rigid and fixed ceremonial. The individualities of character and passion could, therefore, have but very little room or free play in the amatory songs inspired by chivalry. These songs could differ but little among themselves, except by the various degrees of eloquence in their accessories and their details; and a monotony of subject was the inevitable consequence. Indeed, a very small number of the amatory poems of the Troubadours will enable one to form an adequate conception of them all. But reduced with critical judgment and taste to a slender volume, the amatory poetry of the Troubadours will perhaps appear as one of the most original and most curious poetic monuments of modern times.

It is a law of our nature, that every sentiment, when pushed beyond certain limits, provokes, by a sort of reaction, an opposite sentiment, which appears as its corrective or its contradiction. There were connected with this chivalric love certain exaggerated subtleties and pretensions, which naturally challenged irony and parody, and which gave rise to a class of poetic compositions very different from those in which the ladies were treated like divinities. There are specimens of one kind still extant. There are some in which the irony is too gross and too bold to admit of being quoted here. But there are others in which it does not transgress the limits of propriety, and which are nothing more than a tart expression of reality; and these deserve to be made known.

The satire of the Provençals, like all their other kinds of poetry, was wholly conceived in the spirit of chivalry. For it was from the idea that had been formed of the duties of a knight, that the more general idea of virtue and of vice was derived. Now, as the principles of chivalry were very frequently violated in practice, the Troubadours were never in want of subjects for satire, nor were they ever disposed to suffer such opportunities to escape. This is, in fact, one of the finest phases of Provençal poetry; and I shall have occasion to point out many an example of the courage and the talent with which the Troubadours were accustomed to lash the ambition, the

avarice, the violence and the vices of the feudal chiefs and of the clergy.

As it was one of the duties of the chevalier to fight for the defence of the Christian faith, so it was one of the functions of the poet to urge him to the fulfillment of that duty. Several of the Provençal songs on the crusades against the Mussulmans, and especially against those of Africa and Spain, are pervaded by the most genuine enthusiasm for religion and for war. The struggle against the latter was the one, in which the Troubadours took the liveliest and the most direct interest, and to which were linked their most poetic reminiscences. As late as the twelfth century this struggle had still its critical moments, full of peril to the Christian kingdoms of Spain; and on these occasions Troubadours of great celebrity gave utterance to noble accents, which we have reason to believe were not without their effect on the cause of Christianity.

Independently of those pieces, in which they celebrated the union of martial prowess and of faith, the Provençal poets often sung of war simply, in the abstract and apart from every particular locality or motive. They lauded, with a sort of bacchic transport, its tumults, its alarms, its dangers, as the true enjoyments of the knight. There were distinguished Troubadours, who became so solely through the zeal, with which they inspired the warlike propensities of their seigniors. Such was, among others, the famous Bertrand de Born, nearly all of whose pieces were a sort of martial dithyrambs, full of ardor, of high-mindedness and of a certain savage impetuosity, which admirably characterizes the undisciplined and adventuresome spirit of chivalry, as it exhibited itself among the lower orders of the feudal chiefs.

Among these various kinds of lyric compositions, the Troubadours made a singular but a characteristic distinction, which divided them into two classes. Love alone appeared to them to be essentially poetical, expressly made to be sung and to inspire the desire of singing. All other themes, such as morality, war, religion even, seemed to them to be less natural, less elevated subjects for poetic inspiration. Every composition which had not love for its motive, and particularly those of a satiric or sportive type, were comprised under the common denomination of *Sirventesc.* This term was derived from the word *Sirvent*, by which they designated the men-at-arms, who were no chevaliers, and which the latter took along with them in their wars. *Sirventesc*, therefore, signified a piece of sirvent —that is to say, one of an inferior order, compared with the songs of love, which were, properly speaking, the songs of chivalry, though they were not ordinarily called so.

The lyrical pieces of the Troubadours, however, whether they were chivalric or sirventesque, did not differ in any way with reference to their form. They were all divided into symmetrical strophes; they were all alike destined to be sung to a music which was composed by the poet himself. But in a general survey like this I cannot explain the mechanism of Provençal versification. All that I can say of it here in advance is, that in point of refinement, and in point of intricate difficulties, it surpasses that of any and of every other modern poetry of Europe. No other nation, except the Arabs, has carried the taste for rhyme to such an extent as the Provençals have done. It might be said of their poetry, that is preëminently the poetry of rhyme, the one in which this means of producing an effect on the ear has been used and abused the most.

Another characteristic, common to all the lyrical productions which we have thus far considered, is that they were written in the purest Provençal, and with all the resources, with all the elaborate refinements of which the art of the Troubadours was susceptible. Considered as a whole, they constituted a refined and subtle poetry, which required and presupposed experienced and skillful judges to appreciate it. It was a poetry of courts and castles, and not one of public places or of the streets—a poetry which contained a multitude of things which the people could not comprehend, or in which they could hardly take any interest, even if they did comprehend it. There was, therefore, either no popular poetry at all, in the proper sense of the term, in the south of France, or else this poetry was different from the ordinary poetry of the Troubadours. The first of these suppositions is not very probable; it is contrary to all we know concerning the character and the imagination of the people which spoke the Provençal tongue, and contrary to all I have said concerning the commencement of their literature. In fact, those pious legends, those hymns in vulgar Latin, which from an early date were sung in the churches and in the streets, those romantic histories of Christian knights in search of adventures among the Saracens—all these were incontestably popular, both in regard to form and contents. Finally, it was among the people and in popular sentiments, that the poetry of these countries had originated; and there is no evidence that while polishing and ennobling itself in the castles, this poetry had entirely vanished from the towns.

But laying aside the arguments derived from probability, we may directly affirm that in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there existed in the south of France a poetry which was essentially popular. This is a fact which will appear more obvious in the

sequel, but concerning which at present I may give a few hints. Some of these are furnished us by the history and by the works of the Troubadours themselves.

Weary of the effort which they were obliged to make, in order to excel in the artificial poetry of the castles, these Troubadours, by a sort of instinct which was intimately connected with their very talent, and which, in fact, constituted a proof of it, would sometimes return to nature, and in these occasional visitations of simplicity, they sung for the people of the towns and country. The collections of the best Troubadours offer us some pieces of this kind, which are easily distinguished from all the rest. In the poetic whole of which they constituted a part, they form a particular class, which will deserve a special examination.

According to a generally prevalent and strongly accredited opinion, all the poetry of the Provençals would be included in the classes I have just enumerated; it would be essentially and exclusively lyrical. It would contain nothing of the epic kind, either great or small, and the countries of the Provençal tongue would have remained entire strangers to the invention and the culture of the romantic or chivalric epopee, which, in fact, was the characteristic product of the poetry of the Middle Age.

This fact, if it were true, would have something strange about it; and it should have been a matter of greater astonishment than it has been. A poetry entirely lyrical—that is to say, entirely consecrated to the expression of the personal sentiments or ideas of the poet—would, in my opinion, be a phenomenon without example in the history of poetry; and the phenomenon would be a matter of still greater surprise in a country which has had great wars of independence and of religion, among a people which was constantly in motion, and more disposed to be carried away by its impressions from without than to reflect its thoughts and sentiments for any length of time upon itself.

The hypothesis has not a shadow of probability in its favor; and the fact is that the Provençals not only had epic compositions, but that they had a surprising quantity of them, of every dimension and of every kind. More than this: if we wish to attribute the invention of the romantic epopee to any one of the nations of Europe exclusively, the honor must be given to the Provençals.

I think I can adduce conclusive proofs of this assertion, some of which, however, require researches and discussions out of proportion with a summary survey like this. I shall, for the present, limit myself to offering a very few general considerations on the history of the Provençal epopee, on which I propose to bestow all the necessary developments in the sequel.

In this species of poetic compositions, as in all the others, the taste of the Provençals had its epochs and its revolutions, marked by the diversity of the subjects, which successively prevailed. The most ancient epic compositions of a certain length were based either on the ensemble or on the most memorable episodes of the first crusade. The siege of Antioch, for example, a stupendous event, and remarkable for the strange variety of its incidents, was celebrated apart in a poetic narrative, probably intermingled with fictions, and which was still popular toward the close of the thirteenth century.

The system of chivalry existed already at the epoch of the first crusade; but none of the compositions to which it gave rise have come down to us, and we are unable to say under what colors, or in what measure, the spirit of chivalry manifested itself in them. It is, however, very probable that it manifested itself, such as it then still was, that is to say, in a purely religious and martial form, and that the truth of the recent events, well known and marvellous in themselves, was not subjected to any very serious alterations.

Soon after—that is to say from the commencement of the twelfth century—the Provençal poets began to exaggerate and to adorn, to the best of their ability, the historical songs, the legends, and the traditions, which had grown out of the wars of the Christians against the Saracens of Spain, and out of the rebellions of the different feudal chieftains of the South against the Carlovingian monarchs. They converted them into truly epic romances. In these romances the spirit of chivalric gallantry begins to make its appearance; love begins to play a prominent part in them, and to exhibit itself with all those niceties and refinements which already constituted its character.*

Nevertheless, the prevailing element of these romances is a certain crudity and a certain savage vigor of the imagination. Everything is there painted with the boldest dashes, without details, without any shades, without the slightest appearance of elegance or study. The marvellous does not yet occupy any very conspicuous place in them; everything is undertaken, everything is achieved, by the force and energy of the characters alone.

The so-called romances of the *Round Table* commence another epoch of the romantic epopee.† They furnish us a

* Specimens of these romances are given by Raynouard, in his "Lexique Roman," vol. 1st. An examination of them by M. Fauriel, in the 2d and 3d volume of this work, and also in the "Revue des deux Mondes," of 1832.—*Ed.*

† Compare Schmidt: Les Romans en prose des cycles de la table ronde et de Charlemagne.—*Ed.*

picture of chivalry after it had arrived at the utmost limit of its exaggeration and extravagance—in other words, of knight-errantry, in which the quest of dangers, of adventures, of wrongs to redressed, constitute the beau-ideal of the institutions, and the highest glory of the knight. Here the characters are more polished and better shaded, the events more varied and complex, the expenditure of art is more ingenious, and the pretensions more manifest; but it is also true that here the imagination, free from every restraint, and divorced from every historical reminiscence, has already lost itself in the mazes of the marvellous and capricious.

The romances, which succeeded those of the Round Table, have the history or the mythology of the Greek and Romans for their subject. They will not occupy any of our attention here. They are a caricature of antiquity which indicated the poetic exhaustion of the Middle Age.

I must now say a word on the deficiencies of Provençal poetry; for this poetry, rich as it is on some subjects, is nevertheless far from being a complete one. It has no dramatic compositions; and it is perhaps so much the more astonishing not to find at least attempts of this kind in the thirteenth century, when we already meet with them in the eleventh. The earliest of these crude dramas, which have since been denominated *mysteries*, can in fact be traced back as far as this latter epoch of Provençal literature. According to certain documents of equivocal authority, there were Provençal works entitled *comedies* and *tragedies* in the fifteenth century and before. But as none of these works have come down to us, we are unable to decide to what extent or with what propriety they could lay claim to such an appellation.

It is certain, and we shall see hereafter, that in the Middle Age there existed throughout the whole of the South of Europe certain fêtes, which consisted of a sort of allegorical pantomimes, dramatizations of certain ideas of gallantry or of chivalric courtesy. It is possible that language and the dialogue sometimes came to the assistance of the gestures and of the pantomime employed in these representations. This is a point which deserves some investigation, and I shall return to it again.

To conclude this rapid glance at the history of Provençal literature, it only remains for me now to mention the existence of certain productions of a peculiar order, curious as indications of the transition from the purely poetical epochs to the commencement of serious curiosity and of science.

To these productions belong certain collections of pieces, composed at the close of the thirteenth century, which were designated by the name of *Treasuries*. This title is undoubtedly a

somewhat ostentatious one, but it shows what an importance began, at that time, to be attached to knowledge. These were the encyclopedias of the age, the repertories of everything that was then known of physical science, of natural history, of astronomy or of astrology, of philosophy, moral or speculative, etc., etc.

These works are still allied to poetry not only by their form, they being composed in verse, but also by their numerous ingredients of popular fictions of every kind. Nevertheless, they properly belong to the history of the sciences, to which they might perhaps furnish some particulars worth collecting. The most curious work of this description in the Provençal language was composed in the year 1298 by a monk of Beziers, whose name was Matfred or Mainfroi.* It contains frequent quotations from the learned Arabs, particularly from the astronomers or astrologers.

Among the Provençal works, which mark the transition from poetry to science, must also be numbered histories or chronicles both in verse and in prose. Among these chronicles there is one in verse, which deserves to be spoken of in detail and on which I propose to bestow some consideration, when I shall have arrived at that point of the history of Provençal literature. The chronicle relates to the war against the Albigenses;† it is strictly historical in substance, and its style sometimes rises to an elevation, a liveliness and a metaphorical elegance and power, which are quite homeric.

Considering the degree of culture to which the Troubadours had attained, it would be a matter of astonishment, if they had not formed some theory of their art. It is an established fact that they had such a theory, and it would be worth while to know what it was. Its exposition will be the natural complement to the history of their poetry. Unfortunately, nothing is left us of these literary doctrines of the Provençals except a few scattered hints, to be found here and there in short biographical or historical notices, written in the thirteenth century. But isolated and scattered as they are, these hints are nevertheless extremely valuable. I shall collect them carefully and the occasion for making them known will present itself most naturally in connection with my discussions on the poets or the particular forms of poetry to which they relate.

We shall then be able to convince ourselves that the public

* On this Matfre Ermengaud, see Raynouard's Choix des poésies des Troubadours, vol. v., p. 259.—For a specimen of his *Bréviaire d'amour* see 1st vol. of Raynouard's Lexique Roman, p. 515, sqq. An account of another one by Brunetto Latini is given by Paulin Paris in the 2d vol. of "Les MSS. Français de la Bibliothèque du Roi."—*Ed.*

† This chronicle is printed in Raynouard's Lexique Roman, vol. 1st, p. 225–289.—*Ed.*

to which the Troubadours addressed themselves, was possessed of a correcter taste and a more delicate discrimination than we might be disposed to give them credit for. We shall see that they were accustomed to make grave and marked distinctions between pieces, which appear to us modern critics to resemble each other even to monotony.

It is this same public that had proclaimed the Troubadour Giraud de Borneil the greatest master in his art. Dante appealed from this decision; he invalidated it, and he transferred the palm of Provençal poetry from its acknowledged chief to Arnaut Daniel. These two Troubadours are of the number of those which will occupy our attention hereafter; it will then be easy for us to satisfy ourselves, that the ancient Provençal opinion was the correct and true one. I have thus far presented the poetry of the Provençals only in its purely intellectual relations, as an *ensemble* of more or less ingenious compositions, fulfilling with more or less completeness certain conditions of the poetic art. But I shall have to exhibit it under other aspects, which are no less interesting in regard to the history of civilization.

In the Provence, as formerly in Greece, every poetic production, of whatever kind it may have been, was destined to be sung with an instrumental accompaniment, and sometimes with mimic gesticulations. Now it was the poet himself who composed the music for his verses. The musical invention was the necessary complement of the poetical; the two arts were united into one. There is also reason to believe, that the earliest Troubadours sung their pieces themselves and that at every epoch of their art, there were those who continued to sing them.

But since the music and the mimic action contributed greatly to the effect of the poetry, there soon sprung up a particular class of men, whose profession it was to set off these poetical productions by their vocal and instrumental execution. These men were called *Jongleurs.*

Of these Jongleurs some were free and lead an itinerant life, reciting the poems, which they knew by heart, in the streets and in public places. Others were attached to the personal service of distinguished Troubadours, whom they accompanied everywhere to the castles and the courts for the purpose of singing their verses.

It is thus that regular poetical professions were formed in society, and clearly defined and intimate relations established between these classes and those of the feudal nobles;—relations which exerted a double influence: on the one hand on the social condition, and on the other on the literature of the country.

The accessories, the method and the variety of these poetic recitations in the châteaux as well as in the public places, are a subject of curious and interesting research, not only in regard to the history of Provençal poetry, but of poetry in general.

This poetry, so original and so brilliant, was not destined to last very long. It declined rapidly amid the horrors of that war against the Albigenses, which subverted the whole of the south of France and annihilated the higher classes of its society. The teaching of the Justinian code having become more and more important and general in the country, and the establishment of a university at Toulouse* rendered the study of the Latin more and more necessary, and the Provençal was consequently more and more neglected.

The clergy detested this language, in which so many audacious reproaches had been heaped upon them. In a bull of 1245, Pope Innocent IV. qualifies it as the language of the heretics and interdicts its usage to the students.† From the second half of the thirteenth century, the decadence of Provençal poetry is irreparable, and it is only by way of exception, that one then still finds here and there some Troubadour of genius, who has preserved the traditions of his art. In the fourteenth century, there is nothing more in the whole of the South, that can be said to have any resemblance to poetry. It is true, that in 1323, or perhaps earlier, there was founded, at Toulouse, a Provençal Academy of the *gai savoir* (i.e., of the gay science), and which adopted regulations, which it entitled the *laws of love*. But I believe that these two designations, which were a mere isolated tradition of the civilization already extinct, are all that there was of poetry or of the poetic science in this academy.‡

Such are the principal facts which I propose to develop in the order in which, in my opinion, they will shed most light upon each other. But, after all these facts shall have been established in their detail, and in proportion to their importance or their novelty, there will yet remain another to be discussed, and this will not be the least interesting one.

In all that I have thus far advanced or indicated concerning the literature of the Provençals, and the system of civilization, of which it constituted a part, I have made no allowance for any foreign influences. I have considered this civilization and

* This institution was founded in 1229.—*Ed.*

† See the life and letters of Innocent IV., in Labbeus' Sacros. Council. vol. iv., p. 1-36.—*Ed.*

‡ For an account of this Academy see La France Littéraire, vol. 1st., p. 133, sqq.—"En 1323, elle n'était composée que de sept Académiciens, qu'on appelait *les Sept Trobadors*. Ils ne distribuaient qu'un prix, qui était une violette d'or, dont le premier fut adjugé à Arnaud Vidal."—*Ed.*

this literature as the result of causes, all of which preëxisted in the places where both of them originated. But perhaps this view of the subject has to be modified in some respects, in order to become the correct and true one, otherwise it will conflict against a strongly accredited opinion, which attributes the origin of the poetry of the Provençals, and of their culture in general, to the influence of the Arabs of Spain.

It is true that this opinion has thus far remained a mere supposition; but I believe that there are facts to be adduced in its favor, and I regard it as certain that the Arabs did exercise a certain influence on the civilization of the Provençals. The essential and the difficult part of the question is, to produce some specific proof of this effect, to indicate some points on which the supposed influence was brought to bear. I shall endeavor to solve this problem; I shall enter into some considerations on the civilization of the Arabs in general, and on that of the Arabs of the Spanish Peninsula in particular; and we shall see that in more than one respect it presents striking analogies to that of the Provençals.

Thus we shall find, for example, among the Arabs of Andalusia, that same ingenious exaltation of honor, of prowess and of humanity, which constitutes the fundamental characteristic of chivalry. We shall find there a religious order of knights, devoted to the defence of Islamism against the Christians, more than a century before the institution of the Templars in the south of France. We shall find a poetry entirely consecrated, as was that of the Provençals, to the object of celebrating the sentiment of love and military courage, having the same social importance and the same material organization, its poets of the court and its poets of the people, its *Raoui* and its Jongleurs.

It is in the refined and accomplished courts of Cordova and of Seville, that we find the first examples of those pantomimes, those half scenic representations, by means of which the Provençals imparted a dramatic effect to their ideas of chivalric gallantry. Finally we shall see, that a number of the usages and several of the most characteristic traits of chivalric etiquette were, in the south of France, designated by names which are derived from the Arabic.

These points of resemblance, and others, which it would be superfluous to indicate in advance, will appear so much the more real and striking, the more completely they shall have been exposed to view. We will come to the conclusion, that they could only have been the result of frequent communications between the inhabitants of the south of France and the Arabs of Spain. Now, in these communications it was necessarily the latter that gave the example, and the former that followed it.

We shall, however, see that this influence of the Arabs on the culture of the Provençals, incontestable as it may be, was nevertheless restricted to certain clearly-defined and rather narrow limits; that it was rather indirect and general than special and immediate; that it affected rather their manners than their tastes and their ideas; and it will be curious to observe, even in the most accidental comparisons between the genius of the Arabs and that of the West, the struggle and the inherent antagonism of the two.

CHAPTER II.

INFLUENCE OF PROVENÇAL POETRY ON THE SEVERAL COUNTRIES OF EUROPE.

The rapidity with which the taste for Provençal literature spread through the rest of Europe, constitutes one of the phenomena of that literature, and an important fact in the history of European civilization.

From the moment the countries of the Provençal tongue had detached themselves from the Carlovingian monarchy, in order to form independent seigniories, they had ceased to maintain any connection with that monarchy. But the title of King of the Franks having passed to the descendants of Hugh Capet, the chiefs of the larger seigniories of the South gradually entered again into communication with a monarchy, which, feeble and decrepit as it was, could not be the cause of any apprehension. From that time we see the counts of Toulouse, of Barcelona, of Provence and of Poitiers, successively contracting family alliances with the different sovereigns, which again brought the south of France into contact with the rest of Europe.

Toward the year 1000, the King of France, Robert, married Constance, the daughter of William Taillefer, the count of Provence, a princess who had been educated alternately at Toulouse and in the county of Arles. In 1043, the emperor of Germany, Henry III., married Agnes, the daughter of William VIII., the count of Poitiers. In 1080, Raymond Berenger, count of Provence, gave his daughter Matilda in marriage to Roger, the count of Sicily. Other alliances of the same kind were contracted in the course of the same century.

We shall see, in the sequel, that before the end of that century there already existed Troubadours and a Provençal poetry: compositions in verse, in which the expression of love was already strongly tinged with chivalric gallantry, and men whose profession it was to sing those pieces in the cultivated society of the country. One of the princesses which I have just enumerated, Agnes of Poitou, was the sister of the famous

William IX., count of Poitiers, who is reputed, though improperly, to have been the most ancient of the Provençal poets. The supposition would therefore not be an absurd one, that the countries and the courts, where the above-named princesses established themselves, must necessarily have acquired on those occasions some general acquaintance with this Provençal poetry, which at a somewhat later date was destined to become the subject of universal interest and admiration. It is true that history says nothing of the sort; but the facts of this kind are among those to which historians, like those of the Middle Age, paid the least attention, and which they were the readiest to neglect.

It is, however, no mere supposition, that in consequence of the above mentioned alliances the nobles of Aquitania and of Provence gave the tone, and we may say a new code of etiquette to the courts where they made their appearance. They did so especially at the court of King Robert. Rigord, the historian of these epochs, gives a curious portrait of the men of Arles and of Toulouse, who accompanied Constance, the daughter of their seignior, and he briefly describes the effect of their presence in France.

He represents them as excessively vain and frivolous men, extremely particular and showy in their dress, in their arms and in the ornaments of their horses, in the cut of their hair, and in their mode of shaving the beard, and as odd in their appearance as they were corrupt in their morals, as they were destitute of probity and fealty.

"They are men," he finally exclaims, disconsolate—"they are men who have so far seduced the nation of the Burgundians, and that of the Franks, which heretofore was the most regular of all, that it has become entirely like them in perversity and turpitude; and if some pious soul were to attempt to oppose the corrupt men who set such examples, he would be treated like a man of unsound mind." *

Rigord was a monk and a man of very limited ideas; he appeared to have been of Frankish origin, and a zealous partisan of their primitive austerity. His words therefore stand in need of some explanation. They simply mean, that the Provençal nobles were already distinguished for a certain elegance of manners, for certain habits of social refinement, for gaiety of

* "Quorum itaque nefanda exemplaria, heu! proh dolor! tota gens Francorum, nuper omnium honestissima, ac Burgundiorum sitibunda rapuit, donec omnis foret nequitiæ et turpitudinis illorum conformis. Si quislibet vero religiosus ac timens Deum talia gerentes compescere tentavisset, ab eisdem insania notabatur." This passage, however, is not from Rigord's life of Philip Augustus, but from Glabri Rodulphi Historiarum sui temporis libri v., of which the 1st book is printed in Bouquet's Recueil, vol. x., p. 1, sqq., and this passage on p. 42.—*Ed.*

life, for a certain intermixture of civil and military luxury. They were undoubtedly also already remarkable for that general and disinterested alacrity to please the fair sex, which always presupposes a certain degree of culture and of moral authority in the latter.

We perceive from this, that if the communications, which from the eleventh century had commenced to exist between the south of France and the other countries of Europe, did not then go so far as to impart to the latter a knowledge of Provençal literature, they at any rate disposed them to relish it by spreading in advance the sentiments and manners of which it was the portraiture.

Before the end of the twelfth century there was scarcely a country in Europe, into which the fame of the Troubadours had not penetrated, where their productions were not admired, and where to imitate them was not the highest pretension of art. The poetry of the Provençals had become the poetry of France, of Italy, and of a part of Spain. It had entered through several avenues into England and into Germany. It was known in Bohemia, in Hungary and in Greece. Even in the northern countries, as far as Iceland, it shared the popularity of the Scandinavian traditions, the sagas, the songs of the Eddas, and those of the Skalds.

I shall not endeavor to trace its progress in all those countries; I shall confine myself to examining its effect on the literatures which have a stronger claim on our interest, and which will occupy our attention in the sequel. They are the literatures of Spain, of England, of Germany, and of Italy. The literature of the north of France is excluded from my researches; nevertheless it is by its origin so closely linked to that of the South, that it will be impossible for me not to say something about it in the course of my remarks. I shall commence with Spain.

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the Christian part of the Peninsula contained three distinct countries; each of which had its little states, its peculiar dialect and its literature. They were Catalonia and Aragon in the east; Castile in the interior, and Galicia and Portugal in the west. In each of these countries the literature of the Provençals had its particular destiny, and was productive of different effects.

The court of the kings of Castile was one of those which the Troubadours frequented the most, and were they met with the best reception. They there sung their poetical productions of every kind, which were all more or less applauded, and which thence spread into the smaller courts of the country or among the people. The first Castilian writers who have investigated

the origin of their own poetry have not hesitated to pronounce it an offshoot of the Provençal, or, as they term it, of the poetry of Limousin. But this is a general assertion which teaches us nothing, unless it is somewhat specified and examined in detail.

The various kinds of Provençal poetry were not in equal favor among the Castilians, nor were they productive of the same effect on their imagination. Among the ancient monuments of their literature we cannot find anything, which might be regarded as even a vague or distant imitation of the amatory poetry of the Troubadours. One might be tempted to believe that the noble Castilians, grave as they naturally were, and always at war with the Arabs, could have but little taste for those subtle conventions, with which the Provençals had overburdened their gallantry. Whatever may have been the cause, whether it was their national character or the particular circumstances of their political and social condition, their chivalry did not generally develop itself into the systematic gallantry of the south of France. It there remained what it had been originally, faithful to its purely religious and martial principle. The songs of love, therefore, were not the portion of Provençal poetry which it adopted or imitated, but the heroic narratives, the legends, the romantic epopees, in which this poetry had celebrated the wars of the Christians against the infidels, or the voluntary quests of perilous adventures. Moreover, the Castilian imagination did not even adopt these narratives in their original form or entire. It cut them up, it parcelled them out, and disengaged their most salient parts, in order to convert them into popular songs, which were generally short enough to be sung at one time; in fine, it changed them into historical ballads or *romanzas*, as they were then called, and as we still term them in our day.*

The majority of these romanzas do not go as far back as the earliest epochs. But in the extremely varied and unequal ensemble, which they now form, there are some, who through their various successive modifications of language as well as of composition, may doubtless be traced as far back as the first half of the thirteenth century. Now these are mostly based on Provençal romances of every age and of every kind.

Some of them turn on the incidents of the first crusade, others on the expeditions of the Paladins of Charlemagne in Spain, several on the heroes of the Round Table, and some, which it is curious to observe among the rest, are derived from

* A history and characterization of these Spanish *romanzas* (more properly *romances*), or popular ballads, is furnished by Mr. Ticknor, in his Hist. of Spanish Lit., vol, i., chaps. 5th and 6th.—*Ed.*

unknown or lost romances, which however were likewise Provençal, as their subject indicates.

The Castilian imagination did not rest content with merely borrowing the subjects for its romanzas from these different branches of the Provençal epopee. Some of these poetic narratives contained pretensions which were repugnant to the national pride of the Castilians; as for example, the one which had reference to the conquest of a part of Spain by Charlemagne. The Spaniards composed a multitude of romanzas, expressly for the purpose of contradicting the Troubadours and the Trouvères of France on this point of their history. They created national heroes, by whom they made Roland and his companions vanquished. They represented Charlemagne as defeated on the banks of the Ebro, and as repassing with great difficulty the defiles of the Pyrenees for the purpose of returning to his own states. Some of the pieces which they composed on these events are very beautiful, and have also the additional merit of coming much nearer to the truth of history than the Provençal romances. They are a more faithful echo of the ancient traditions, relative to that famous expedition of the Franks, which terminated in the disaster at Roncevaux.

So long as the attention of the Castilians was occupied with the Arabs, the Provençal romances had no other circulation in Spain, except in the form of these popular rhapsodies. And after the Arabs had been vanquished, and society had become established on a firmer basis, the people continued to sing its romanzas; it made new ones like them, and without any design or even a suspicion of the kind, it may be said to have gradually changed, re-touched and re-created the old ones. The nobles, who were then at leisure, had also their literature by themselves; they translated entire romances from the Provençal or from the French; they imitated them, they exaggerated and subtilized the primitive facts still further, and they became so extravagant in this respect, as to provoke the sublime irony of the Don Quixotte.

These observations will suffice, I presume, to prove in a general manner the influence of Provençal poetry on the first developments of the poetry of the Castilians. It belongs to the special history of the latter to show how it employed, transformed and varied the fictions and the traditions, which it had adopted from the former, and from what causes and by what degrees this primitive poetry became altered, modified and extinct, in order to make room for a learned and polished poetry, which had neither its genius nor its grace.

Portugal and Galicia are the parts of the Spanish Peninsula concerning whose relations with the south of France, during

the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, we know the least. The Provençal documents mention but a single Troubadour, who frequented the courts of Portugal, and I presume that the Portuguese documents have not much more to say about the Provençal poets.

Nevertheless, it is impossible to question the influence of Provençal poetry on the ancient poetry of Portugal. The library of the advocates at Lisbon contains considerable fragments of a precious manuscript from the fourteenth century, which has recently been printed in an edition of twenty-five copies only. This manuscript has pieces of poetry, which are manifestly anterior to the age of the manuscript, and which for the most part belong to the thirteenth century. These pieces, to the number of about two hundred and fifty, are all without exception songs of love, composed in the style and tone of those of the Provençals. To say that they are an imitation of the latter is not enough; we must add that they are a perpetual imitation, and often a mere translation. Their authors, like those of the second, style themselves *Trovadòrs;* among the one, as among the others, the composition of such works was called "finding or inventing." The only difference to be observed, is, that the system of gallantry, as expressed in the Portuguese songs, is but a mutilated copy, a sort of an abstract of that which is contained in the amatory songs of the Troubadours proper.

As to the epic romances of the Provençals, we are ignorant of the epoch at which they began to be known in Portugal. The fact is, that we do not find any trace of them there in the thirteenth century, either in entire translations or cut up into romanzas, as among the Castilians. It appears, indeed, that the Portuguese, as well as the latter, had their historical romanzas at an early date. But scarcely any of these romanzas have come down to us; and judging from these of those which are lost, they would all have been of a less epic and less elevated tone than the Castilian romanzas; they would imply less aptitude to decompose and to concentrate poetically a long romantic narrative into a small number of detached rhapsodies or songs.

Catalonia and Aragon were in more intimate relations with the south of France than the other parts of the Peninsula, and this intimacy made itself particularly conspicuous in its literature. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the Catalonians had no other literary idiom but the Provençal, and their literature at the epochs in question cannot be distinguished from that of the Provençals; it constitutes an indivisible part of it. Several of the kings of Aragon and many Catalonian nobles

figure in the general list of the Troubadours, and in the Provençal collections their poetry is found mixed up with that of the national Troubadours. Some of these poems deserve even to be distinguished from the mass of those, of which they constitute a part, and are among the number of those compositions which I shall have occasion to speak of hereafter. The identity of the poetic system of the Catalonians and the Provençals is an evidence that the civilization of both these nations was fundamentally the same, and that the institution of chivalry had developed itself in the same manner among both.*

This literary union survived the poetry of the Provençals for a considerable length of time. In 1388, the academy of the *gay science*, which I have mentioned before as having been instituted or reorganized at Toulouse in 1323, still enjoyed a certain degree of distinction. John of Aragon, ambitious of the glory of establishing a similar academy in his own States, sent a solemn deputation to France, for the purpose of inducing two academicians of Toulouse to found poetic colonies of the *gay saber* in Catalonia. The first academy of the kind was established at Barcelona, and some time afterward a body of deputies from that city went to Tortosa, to found a second academy after the model of the first. The works of several of these Catalonian academicians are yet extant, some of them in a printed form, and the majority in manuscript. They are written in the dialect of the country, and are, I believe, the first poetic essays in this dialect. This new poetry, which pretended to be a revival of the Provençal, is linked to it only by feeble reminiscences; the Troubadours of the preceding centuries are everywhere lauded and quoted, but Dante and Petrarch are still more so, and better imitated. Love speaks no longer any other than a sombre and a mystic language, which ill accords with the name of the gay science. This new poetry of Catalonia is however remarkable in an artistic point of view, and in respect to its diction. It will in the sequel appear to us still more remarkable, as the first in Europe, in which we see the influence of Provençal poetry disappear entirely before that of the Italian.

The Christian inhabitants of Spain were separated from the countries of the Provençal tongue by the Pyrenees. But between the latter and the north of France, properly so called, there was nothing which deserved the name of a barrier. The inhabitants of the two countries belonged mostly to the same race; they spoke dialects which were closely related to each

* On the connection of the Provençals with Catalonia and Aragon, compare Ticknor's Hist. of Spanish Lit. vol. i. p. 281–284.—*Ed.*

other; they had on several occasions been united by the same political ties, and were naturally destined to become so again; mutual communications had already existed between them for a long time. In fine, the respective situations of the two countries were of such a nature, that the one could scarcely make any considerable progress in civilization without affording the other a speedy opportunity for participating in it more or less.

From the commencement of the twelfth century, the Romansh idiom of the North, which had already become the French, began to be cultivated with consistency and with success. Several more or less remarkable works were composed in this idiom, or translated into it, among which the *Chronicles of Wace* were by far the most important.* Nearly all these works were composed in verse; but they had none of the essential requisites of a poem. It is not till toward the end of the twelfth century, that we see the French language exhibit works which were conceived in a poetic spirit and for a poetic end, and which, considered as a whole, constitute a system of poetry.

A mere glance at this poetry of the north of France is enough to strike any one with its resemblance to, and I had almost said its identity with, that of the South. Both in the one and in the other the same poetic forms are employed to give expression to the same subjects. In the epopee we find the same traditions, the same adventures, and the same heroes. The general tone and the character of the narration are the same.

In the lyrical forms, the system of chivalric gallantry is the same; love speaks the same language, produces itself in the same costume, proceeds with the same armory.

In the poetry of both nations, the metrical forms and the mechanism are the same. The same things are designated by the same names. At the North as in the South, the whole of the poetic art is summed up in the word *trouver* (to find, invent), and the poets are *Trouvères* or finders, having as their associates or servants the Jongleurs, who sing their verses from city to city, from court to court.† In both countries this art of *finding* is cultivated alike, not only by those who are Trouvères by profession, but by all the classes of the feudal order. In a word, between these two poetries there appears at first sight to

* An account of this chronicle, and of other works of Robert Wace, is furnished by the editors of the "Hist. Litt. de la France," vol. xvii. p. 615–635, and vol. xiii. p. 518–530.—*Ed.*

† For an account of these Trouvères, see Sismondi's "Lit. of the South of Europe," vol. 1st. Special examinations of their writings in "Hist. Litt. de la France," vols. xv.–xxii. Compare also works of De la Rue, Dinaux, Jubinal, Barbazan, Michel, Legrand d'Aussy and others indicated at the beginning of this volume.—*Ed.*

be scarcely any other difference than that of the dialect which they employed, and this difference even is not a very considerable one; but there is no doubt but that one of these dialects, in so far as it constitutes a literary idiom, was modelled after, and, as it were, copied, from the other.

But in spite of all these resemblances, a more attentive examination will soon disclose to us important differences. In the poetry of the South, the ideas of chivalric gallantry form a much completer system than in that of the North. The first includes a truer idea of society than the second; in a word, the common elements of both these poetries are more prominent, more clearly developed and more coherent, in that of the South than in the other; and this fact, demonstrated and established, as it is susceptible of being, would suffice to prove, if there were any need of it, that the first is an original type and an invention, while the second is but an imitation and a copy.

But there are simpler and more direct means for establishing the truth of this assertion. The mere approximation of dates is enough. At the epoch of the appearance of Christian of Troyes, who is the first Trouvère to whom we can with certainty attribute lyrical pieces in the style of the Troubadours, the latter had already flourished for nearly a century, and had already carried their art to its highest perfection.

In regard to the romantic epopees, there is no doubt but that the majority of those of the north and of the south of France are translations, imitations and variations of each other. But it is more difficult to determine which of them are the originals and which the copies. This is a literary question of great importance and of extreme complexity. All that I can do here is simply to state it. I shall, however, endeavor to solve it hereafter, and I shall reclaim for the Provençals more than one famous production, which has habitually been produced to enhance the glory of other literatures.

I now pass on to England, which will occupy our attention but for a short time.

After the Normans had introduced the Romansh idiom of the north of France into that island, there sprung up an Anglo-Norman literature, which may be considered as a branch of the literature of the French.

This Anglo-Norman literature had two points of contact with the literature of the Provençals, one of which was furnished by its general and indirect relations to France, the other directly through the kings of England, who had becomes dukes of Guienne, and who kept up habitual communications with several of the provinces of the South. The literature of the Provençals had thus two avenues open, by which to penetrate

into Great Britain. Henry II. and his sons distinguished themselves by their zeal for the encouragement of the Troubadours. His queen, Eleanor of Guienne, drew several of them after her, and among others one of the most distinguished—Bernard de Ventadour.

But in spite of these favorable circumstances, the poetry of the Provençals exercised but a very limited influence on the poetry of the Anglo-Normans. The latter can show nothing which might be compared with the lyrical productions of the first. As to poetical romances, the Anglo-Normans composed some of them, they translated others, and they were acquainted with several more through French translations; but there are writers who have wished to attribute to them the invention of nearly all. This is an assertion which it will not even be necessary for me to refute expressly; it will vanish of itself before the facts, as they will be announced.

By the side of this Anglo-Norman literature, which was properly that of the court and of the conquerors, there arose another in the language of the country, and this was the literature of the people. The Provençal influence is more apparent in the latter than in the former. It contains several imitations or translations of epic romances from the Provençal, of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.*

I now proceed to broach a question of great interest in the literary history of the Middle Age, and for the solution of which we have principally to look to Great Britain.

It is a generally admitted opinion, that the original authors of the romances of the Round Table have borrowed the subject from British (or rather *Breton*) traditions. Now, there are two countries which are regarded as the primitive centres of these traditions—Armorican Brittany in France, and the principality of Wales in England.

As far as Armorican Brittany is concerned, there is nothing to be found there, either orally or in writing, which has any resemblance to the traditions in question, nothing that could have served as the basis for such fictions. All that has been advanced or conjectured on this subject is a pure chimera, a hypothesis which could not be refuted, since it is not sustained by any argument, not even by a bad one.

In regard to the country of Wales, it is another matter. This country has preserved its ancient language and its national traditions much more carefully and completely than Armorica. It has written documents; and these ought to contain the

* On the old English metrical romances, the reader may consult Warton's "Hist. of English Poetry," vol. 1st.—*Ed.*

proofs of the opinion advanced, if any such exist—and, in fact, these documents do make mention of King Arthur, of Merlin the Enchanter, of Tristran, of Queen Iseult, and of other romantic personages of the Round Table. But can the statements of these Welsh monuments in regard to those personages be regarded as the basis or the germ of the romances in question? This problem is a precise one, and it is not difficult to solve it. We shall see, that the original authors of these romances, whoever they may be, have borrowed nothing from the traditions of the primitive Britons, except it be some proper names and a few vague facts. We shall see, that all the developments of these romances, and whatever relates to their character and poetical merit, was either derived entirely from the imagination of the inventors themselves, or else from monuments which have no longer any existence anywhere.*

Germany, like England, had a double point of contact with the countries of the Provençal tongue—an indirect one in the north of France, and an immediate and direct one in the kingdom of Arles, which included the whole of the Provence of the Middle Age—that is to say, all the country from the Isère to the sea, and from the Rhine to the Alps. Several emperors of the house of Hohenstaufen attempted to establish their authority in this kingdom. Frederic Barbarossa had himself crowned king of it in 1133; Otho IV. kept a sort of lieutenant there with the title of marshal; Frederic II. made various attempts to get up a party in his favor within its limits. The literary communications naturally followed the political, and we can point out quite a large number of Troubadours, who frequented the camps and the courts of these emperors in Italy.†

The effects of all these direct and indirect communications soon began to manifest themselves in the literature of the Germans. This literature, which had hitherto been confined to ideas of Christian origin and to its ancient national traditions, assumed now, all at once, a wider expansion and a new appearance. It had a lyric poetry, the various forms of which were more or less constructed after the models of the Provençals, and among them, as well as among the latter, the noblest form was consecrated to the apotheosis of chivalric love. The writers who cultivated this new poetry, assumed a name which indicated the prominent character and object of their pro-

* On this subject compare Schmidt's "Les romans en prose des cycles de la table ronde." An account of the poems of this cycle in the different languages of Europe and the East, is given by Von der Hagen, in the 2d vol. of his "Minnesinger," *sub voce* Meister Konrad von Strassburgh.—*Ed.*

† An account of the Italian wars of these emperors is given by Von Raumer, in his "Geschichte der Hohenstaufen," q. v. On the kingdom of Arles, see vol. v. p. 76.—*Ed.*

fession. They called themselves *Minnesænger*, or, in other words, singers of love. These Minnesænger began to flourish nearly simultaneously with the Trouvères of the north of France —that is to say, toward the close of the twelfth century—and they likewise continued to sing until the thirteenth. There is, perhaps, not a single one of them, in whom we do not distinguish traces of Provençal influence, and that even in the minutest details of thought and style, and yet we shall find the expression of chivalric gallantry even less complete among them than it was among the Trouvères of France*. The more it receded from its proper centre, and the further it advanced from the South toward the North, the more the poetry of the Provençals lost of its peculiar spirit, and of its character as a whole.

The revolution, which was brought about in the literature of Germany by the introduction of the ideas and sentiments of chivalry, is perhaps still more remarkable in the epopee than it is in the lyric forms. All the ancient national traditions which this poetry had thus far preserved, were then, as it were, cast in a new mold. The uncouth heroism of the barbarous times was tempered by some traits of the kindlier and more generous heroism of chivalry. It was in the thirteenth century that an unknown Minnesænger redacted, in the form in which we now possess it, the poem of the Nibelungen—a poem of vast celebrity, concerning which I shall have to speak more than once hereafter, and in which we shall see the strangest association of the ancient pagan barbarity with the beliefs and sentiments of Christianity and the manners of chivalry.

The same motive, which induced the Germans of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to modify their ancient heroic poetry according to the ideas and manners of chivalry, prevailed on them to translate the majority of the Provençal and French romances. German literature furnishes us on this point many valuable facts relative to the history of the Provençal. There exist, in fact, in the German long poems, which are nothing more than translations, and, according to the confession of the writers themselves, translations from the Provençal. These

* Gervinus makes the Tronbadours two generations anterior to the Minnesingers, and concedes to them a decided superiority over the latter, not only on account of the greater variety of their lyrical compositions, but more particularly on account of the manly independence of character exhibited by them, both in their writings and in their political relations (Gesch. d. deutschen Dichtung, vol. i. p. 291). But a direct imitation of the poets of the Romansh idioms can be shown only in *a very few* of the Minnesingers, i. e. in four or five, who lived on the confines of France, either in Switzerland or Belgium (Cf. V. d. Hagen's Minnesinger, vol. ii. p. 50); the rest wrote portions of an original national poetry, which in point of delicacy, intensity and ideality of sentiment, is not surpassed by any of the epoch. But they scarcely wrote any *sirventes* or *tensons*, and only number about one hundred and sixty, while the Provençal list shows over three hundred and fifty poets.—*Ed.*

versions, therefore, represent, if not by their form and in their details, at least in their general arrangement and in the fundamental conception, the Provençal works, from which they were originally taken, and which are now lost.

There are also poems in the German language, which furnish us no indication whatever respecting their authors, but which contain in themselves, and in their very substance, incontestable marks of their Provençal origin. These are not only curious vestiges of the influence of the literature of southern France, but they are constituent and interesting parts of that literature itself, which we are sure of finding reproduced in the German literature of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

It remains now to investigate the traces of Provençal poetry in Italy. This is the country, to which I confess I shall follow it with most curiosity. It is there, where I think I see its influence manifesting itself in its totality and with the greatest effect, and blending in the most intimate and in the most striking manner with the spirit and the tendencies of the country.

From the end of the eleventh century, new relations of every kind began to spring up between the south of France and Italy. The principal cities of the two countries gave themselves constitutions nearly equally liberal, and constructed after nearly the same model.

These cities allied themselves to each other by treaties of amity and of commerce; they formed a coalition in order to carry on mutually the war against the Arabs of Spain, the common enemy of their faith and of their industry; they drove them from several islands of the Mediterranean, and they even took several of their most important cities in Spain itself. These political and commercial relations gave rise to others of a social character, so that each of the two nations could adopt from the other whatever it found for its advantage.

It was during the second half of the twelfth century, that the institutions and manners of chivalry were introduced from the south of France into Italy. They were from the outset adopted with avidity by the nobles of the country, and along with them the whole poetic system, which constituted part and parcel of them. The Provençal then became the literary language of all the smaller courts of Italy, which prided themselves on their chivalric etiquette. The Provençal Troubadours visited these courts; they there gave lessons in their art, and poets sprang up among the Italians themselves, who sung in the Provençal idiom of love and courtesy. History makes mention of no less than thirty of them, and among that number there are some who were distinguished for their rank and talent.

During this first epoch of the Provençal-Italian poetry—that is, during the interval between 1150 and 1220, or thereabouts —Italy cannot be said to have as yet had any poetry of its own; at least no poetry which was cultivated as an art, and constructed on some artistic principle. The Italian scholars have instituted many researches, and have taken a great deal of pains, in order to discover in their language verses anterior to the thirteenth century. But all that they have found are two inscriptions of such a character, that thousands of pieces like them would not constitute the first word of a poem.

The fact is, that before the thirteenth century, there was no other poetry in Italy but that which exists everywhere, and which is never written: the poetry of nature and of the people; and surely, beneath a sky like that of Italy, and among a people of so happy an organization, this poetry of nature ought at all times to have produced things more worthy of being collected and prized than all the mediocrities of art.

In regard to the written Italian poetry, it is generally agreed, that the first attempts of the kind were made in Sicily and by Sicilians, at the court and under the auspices of Frederic II. But no satisfactory reason has as yet been assigned, why the authors of these essays employed, instead of the Sicilian, the Tuscan idiom of the country, which at this epoch exhibits as yet no vestige of any literary supremacy. However that may be, the attempts in question are all of them imitations of the amatory songs of the Provençals, and these imitations even are uncouth, insipid and servile, little calculated to supplant in Italy the foreign poetry from which they are derived.

This was the state of affairs, when, toward the commencement of the thirteenth century, the ideas and usages of chivalry, which had heretofore been confined to the smaller courts of Italy, were introduced into its republics. The moment of this introduction is one of great interest in the history of Italian civilization.

By the end of the eleventh century, the majority of the cities of Lombardy, of Romagna and of Tuscany made themselves independent of their feudal sovereigns, and they continued their struggles against the feudal order generally, against the nobles who had remained within their walls, and against the seigniors of the boroughs and the castles, until the fourteenth century. It was in the course of these wars, and in order to become triumphant in them, that these Italian republics exerted all the energy and heroism of which they were capable, and that they gave themselves a military organization which was quite peculiar, and which, in the cities of Tuscany,

and particularly at Florence, attained its highest development toward the middle of the thirteenth century.*

Nothing can be more curious than this organization and the customs and manners which it exhibits or implies. It breathes a generosity which borders on ostentation, an enthusiasm of honor and of loyalty, which is very frequently superior to party interests—strong and impassioned, as these interests were at the time. I will mention a single instance, because it can be done in a few words. It would have been considered disgraceful to take an enemy by surprise. They consequently kept an alarm-bell, which they called Martinella, and which was rung day and night for a whole month, in order that every enemy of the republic might prepare to defend himself. Everything else was conceived in the same spirit. Everything was based upon the principles and usages of chivalry. It was a chivalric democracy to the whole extent, and in the full sense of the term.

Institutions and manners like these are sufficient evidence of the effect which Provençal poetry, and more especially the epic romances—those of Charlemagne, as well as those of the Round Table—produced on the imagination of the inhabitants of Italy. These romances had been introduced into Italy since the close of the twelfth century; they had rapidly become popular; they were publicly sung in the theatres; there were Italian translations of them in verse, and fragments of these versions were sung by the people as a sort of romanzas.

The popular imagination transferred the scene of several of the events celebrated in these romances into Italy. There is a cave at Fiesole, three miles from Florence, which is called the Cave of the Fairies. It is there where Roland was said to have been *fairied*, that is to say, rendered invulnerable, and where the enchanter Maugis, the cousin of Renaud de Montauban, had learnt the art of necromancy. It was pretended that the sword of Tristan had been found in Lombardy. Mount Ætna was converted into one of the seats of King Artus, who, according to the romances written about him, was not dead, but had miraculously disappeared from Britain, where he was expected to reappear, and to reign again at some future day. Everywhere we meet with personages who, instead of the names of the saints, assumed the names of the heroes of knight-errantry, as for example, those of Merlin, Tristan, Meliadus, of Launcelot and Gauvain. In short, there was nothing in the romances of chivalry, which the Italians did not attempt to translate into actual life.

A poetry, which influenced the manners of the Italians so

* On the organization, manners and customs of these Italian cities, compare Von Raumer's "Geschichte der Hohenstaufen," vol. v. p. 83, sqq.—*Ed.*

forcibly, might be expected to have been imitated in their national language. It was so in Tuscany. Besides the romances translated from the Provençal, the Florentines had original romances, in which they reproduced, and embellished with a sort of chivalric costume, their ancient national traditions concerning the founding of Florence, and concerning the destruction of the ancient Etruscan city Fesules, or Fiesole. The history of these fictions may, at some future day, become a new and curious subject of research for us.

As the chivalry of the courts had its lyric poetry at Palermo, so the chivalry of democracy had its own in the cities of Tuscany, at the head of which we must put Florence. A laborious and timid imitation of the Provençal, this new Tuscan poetry was wholly devoted to the expression of the tender sentiment, like the former; and still it differed from it by various peculiar characteristics. In the republics of Tuscany, the manners and usages of chivalry were simple, grave, austere, and their gallantry naturally assumed the tinge of these manners. Their love was still more ideal, more disinterested, and more like a religious cultus than that of the courts of Provence.*

Poets arose in every part of Tuscany to celebrate this new sentiment of love. At least fifty of them are known to have flourished between the years 1220 and 1265, the epoch at which Dante was born. Their poetry exhibits many fine characteristics, but also much that is as yet uncouth and monotonous. It was Dante who converted this early Tuscan poetry, which was still more than half Provençal, into an independent, a vigorous, an Italian poetry. Dante is scarcely ever mentioned as a lyric poet. This is a proof that he is not yet sufficiently known. To be properly appreciated, he must be considered in connection with all that preceded, and in the midst of that which surrounded him—as the poetic representative of Italy, at one of the most brilliant and most remarkable epochs in the history of that country.

Without surpassing, perhaps without equalling Dante, Petrarch did even more than the former had done for the advancement of Tuscan poetry. He elevated the poetry of love, according to the ideas of the Middle Age, to the highest degree of elegance and sweetness, of charm and purity; he added to it all that art and taste could add. Under this general point of view, the works of Petrarch may be regarded as the complement and consummation of the amatory poetry of the Provençals. By considering them in this point of view, and by comparing them

* On the details of this subject the reader may consult the works of Andres, Crescimbeni, Tiraboschi, Ginguené, de Sismondi, Bouterweck, and more especially Fauriel's learned work: "Dante, et les origines de la littérature italienne." Paris, 1854.—*Ed.*

with those of the better Troubadours, we shall find a new occasion to convince ourselves of the influence and of the genius of the latter.

At the epoch when Dante and Petrarch wrote, Provençal poetry was already extinct, and there were no longer any Troubadours; but their fame was still alive. Their productions were constantly studied and imitated.* The heroic romances on the exploits of Charlemagne, and of his Paladins, and those on the adventures of the Knights of the Round Table, still circulated under various forms among the people and in the castles, as the monuments of an age and of manners which had passed away, but the fresh and vivid reminiscence of which still exerted a powerful influence on their imaginations.

The great literary revolution occasioned by the taking of Constantinople, consigned the remains of Provençal poetry everywhere to oblivion. No one now thought any longer of the amatory songs of the Troubadours, and the ancient romances of chivalry were abandoned to the people, which preserved, but at the same time altered and mutilated them. No other epopees, but those whose subjects and whose forms were of the antique type, were now demanded. All the taste and elegance which the study of the Greek and Latin models had been able to impart, were now employed in re-producing from the Greek and Latin.

Still Italy persevered in its noble destiny of purifying and perfecting all the branches of the poetry of the Middle Age. What Dante and Petrarch had done for the lyric forms, other men of a cultivated but of an independent genius, and faithful to the spirit of the Middle Age, did for the romantic epopee. They took up the rough poetic sketches, which the Provençal romancists had drawn, of the long struggle between Christianity and Islamism on the frontiers of the Pyrenees, and they converted them into epopees, which with the merit of an ingenious composition, combined all the elegance and graces of a finished style. The "Orlando Amoroso" of Boiardo and of Berni, the "Morgante" of Pulci, the "Orlando Furioso" of Ariosto, replaced as living epopees and classics of a European fame, those old romances on the exploits of Charlemagne, which could no longer satisfy the taste of any one. I think, however, that at the present time we may assume a sufficiently elevated point of vision to compare those primitive epopees with the masterworks by which they were supplanted, or we shall perhaps discover, in some of them, beauties which are destined to live again.

* Dante, on encountering Arnaud Daniel, whom he regarded as the patriarch of the Provençal muse, expresses the prayer, addressed to him by the latter, in eight Provençal verses—(Purgatory, xxvi.)—a proof, that he himself not only read, but could even write, the language of his poetic ancestors. Crescimbeni, in his translation of Notre Dame's work, called the Provençals the *padri della detta poesia volgare.—Ed.*

CHAPTER III.

INFLUENCE OF GRECIAN CIVILIZATION ON THE SOUTH OF GAUL.

The rapid survey, which I have just taken of the history of Provençal literature, involves as one of its results a general fact of great importance, to which I now return, in order to set it forth more explicitly and completely than I have thus far been able to do.

The poesy of the Troubadours, that brilliant phenomenon of the Middle Age in the south of France, was by no means an isolated phenomenon in that country. It was but one of the results of a general and an energetic movement in favor of social restoration—of an intense enthusiasm of humanity, reacting on every side against the oppression and the barbarity of the epoch.

The same sentiment, the same want, that had prompted the men of these times to seek and to find a new poetry, impelled them to seek and to find a new type and new effects in the other arts, particularly in architecture. Side by side, and in conjunction with the poetic monuments, there arose churches and palaces, which were only another manifestation of the same sentiment of vigor and of moral exaltation, which had inspired the former.

We have already learnt that the development of chivalric heroism, which was for some time regarded as the first and almost the only human virtue, coincided with the epochs of these new inspirations of art. It was at the same time that the inhabitants of the cities, while struggling for their liberty under the name of franchises, organized themselves into communities, for the purpose of self-defence, and that in these efforts they, consciously or unconsciously, acted a part which was chivalric in every sense of the term. Finally, all these social revolutions were acompanied by corresponding religious revolutions, still bolder and more venturesome than all the others.

Now, were these changes, whether actually accomplished or only attempted, from the middle of the eleventh to the middle of the twelfth century—were they a mere modification of the

previous state of things, the direct and simple product of preëxisting causes, more or less ancient? or, were they rather the accidental result of the unexpected intervention of some external influence in the course of the ideas and the events of the time?

These are important questions, which I, however, cannot think of solving, or even of seriously propounding at present. If their solution is possible, it must proceed from data which are yet to be established, and from facts which are yet to be explained. But these questions are closely related to a remarkable fact, to which I think I can now give the attention which it deserves.

From whatever point of view we may consider the revolutions of which I have spoken, to whatever cause or influence we may attribute them, the most immediate, the most positive and the best established antecedents of these revolutions appear to have been nothing more than alterations, regrets and reminiscences of the state of things anterior to the German conquest, or, in other words, of the Gallo-Roman civilization.

Thus it is very probable, as I have already intimated, and as I hope to show more clearly in the sequel, that several kinds of the poetry of the Troubadours were nothing more than a refinement, or a chivalric modification of certain popular forms of the antique poetry, the motive and idea of which had probably been preserved by tradition.

The language of this new poetry, the Provençal—that idiom, so polished and so original in some of its accessories—is at bottom but a new form, and, as it were, a new phase of the Latin. That fantastically sublime and bold taste for architecture, which led to the invention and adoption of the style called the Gothic, was at first directed to the extension and the embellishment of the Roman type, which had thus far been more or less followed. This taste, however, did not confine itself to the Gothic; it sometimes aimed at elegance, variety and grace, and then returned to the genius and the traditions of the architecture of the Greeks. The municipal government of the principal cities of the South—that government so energetic and so enterprising, that achieved so many heroic deeds which history has unfortunately not yet attempted to bring to light—appears to have been merely a reorganization of the Roman curia or municipality, which had survived the wreck of ancient civilization, and which, modified more or less, according to the variations of time and places, had maintained itself up to that time. As to the new religious ideas which sprung up in the South, they were nothing more than the reproduction, in the costume of the age and country, of some of the primitive heresies of Christianity.

It is more difficult to discover anything in the system of civilization, prior to the Germanic conquest, which might be said to be like the manners, the ideas and pretensions of chivalry; and I do not flatter myself to have made any such discovery. Nevertheless, the accounts which history furnishes us concerning the character and the usages of the Gallic chiefs, and of the Gallo-Romans of the South in general, toward the latter days of the empire, contain certain traits which have a striking resemblance to the salient traits of the chivalric character.

I shall not pursue these indications any further, this being neither the occasion nor the place for doing so. From all that I have thus far said on this point, I wish for the present to draw but one conclusion, and it is this: it is impossible to give an adequate and just conception of the civilization (whether general or literary) of the south of France during the Middle Age, without first considering in what manner and to what extent it is linked to the civilization which preceded it. In order to appreciate properly whatever original or spontaneous elements the former may contain, we must have first become acquainted with those which were derived from the second. I am, therefore, obliged to link the Middle Age of southern France to its antiquity.

This obligation being established, there are two ways of fulfilling it. I might have, in the first place, investigated the beginnings of Provençal literature, I might have given an idea of its first attempts, and thence ascended to its antecedents, which would have seemed to me to explain and to determine its origin and character.

But, on the other hand, it appeared to me, that in setting out from the classical antecedents of Provençal literature, my course would be an easier one, and I should be more at liberty to dwell on such of these antecedents as have the greatest interest for us; and for this reason I have decided to adopt this latter method.

I propose, therefore, to give, as an introduction to the history of Provençal literature, a sketch of that which already existed at the anterior epochs of Gallic culture, and I shall begin with the moment when the Gauls were first subjected to the influence of other nations of a different and a superior civilization. The interval is a great one, but I shall run over it rapidly.

Every one knows, that at the epoch of the Germanic invasions, Gaul was the most civilized and the most Roman of all the provinces of the Western Empire. Every one also knows, that long before the subjugation of that country by the Romans, a Greek tribe, the Phocæans, had there founded the celebrated colony of Massilia, or of the modern Marseilles. It was by the

action of these two people, which at first was isolated and distinct, and afterward combined or blended, that the primitive condition of the Gauls was changed in every point. The part which the Romans took in this great revolution, having been by far the most conspicuous, is also, on that account, the best known; and I shall, therefore, be able to be briefer in my exposition of it. That of the Phocæans, or of the early settlers of Marseilles, real and interesting as it is, has as yet scarcely been estimated.. I shall, therefore, endeavor to examine its details with more minuteness, in order to give a correcter idea of it.

All that can at present be known concerning the history of the Massilians, concerning their laws, their culture and their manners, is reduced to a few isolated notices, scattered through a large number of Greek and Latin works. To collect these notices, to discuss and to arrange them, would be a task which would too far transcend the limits of my design. I shall, therefore, confine myself to a mere statement of their results, as far they relate to my subject.

From the year 600, before our era, which is the epoch of the foundation of Massilia, to about the time when this city disappeared from history as an independent Greek municipality, there is an interval of eight or nine hundred years, which I divide into three principal epochs.* During the first of these epochs the Massilians, having once established themselves on the coast of Gaul, maintained and extended their power by their own resources, by their own energy, and without any foreign support. During the second, they contracted intimate relations with the Romans, by whose favor, and under whose auspices, they raised themselves to the maximum of their power and prosperity. The third, which commences with the taking of Massilia by Cæsar, is that of their sudden decline.

The first extends to the second Punic war; it is the one, concerning which we have the least information, and yet it is the most interesting of the three. It was during this interval of three hundred and eighty years, that the Massilians had the most frequent opportunities for exhibiting the activity and the constancy of their character, that they repelled the many attacks of the semi-barbarous tribes in their vicinity: those of

* Massilia was founded by a Phocæan colony of merchants, Olymp. XLV., A. Ch. 598, according to Eusebius' Chronol. p. 124. Symnus of Chios, vs. 210 aqq. and Solinus, ii. 52, do not differ much from this statement. Plutarch, Solon, c. iii. asserts Protis, a merchant, to have been the leader of the colony and the founder of the city, and to have been extremely popular and honored among the Celts about the Rhone. Justin makes Simos and Protis the joint founders. Livy, v. 34, gives us the same fact, without the name of any leader. An excellent account of the early growth of the colony, and of its influence on the surrounding Barbarians, is given by Justin, Lib. xliii. c. 3, 4, 5. See also Strab. Geograph. lib. iv. c. 5.—*Ed.*

the Carthaginians and of the Etruscans, who were jealous of their settlement; that they founded their principal colonies, and extended their commerce to the limits of the then known world. It was, moreover, during this same period, that after many revolutions their political constitution assumed the definite form, in which it afterward continued with a fixedness of purpose, which attracted the admiration of antiquity.

Toward the year 218 before our era, Massilia was destined to commence a new career. This republic, though from its very origin an ally of Rome, had never yet sustained any other than transient and general relations toward the latter. But at the commencement of the second Punic war, it entered with ardor and at its own risk into the cause of the Romans, to whom it rendered distinguished services.

Half a century after this event, the Massilians were assailed by the Oxybii and the Deciates, Ligurian tribes from the neighborhood of Nicæa and Antibes, and they applied to Rome for assistance. This war led to others, in which the victorious Romans, conquered this portion of Gaul, to which they thenceforth gave the name of *Gallia Narbonensis*, or of the *Provincia*. The rebellion of Sertorius involved that of the Narbonensian Gauls; and it was necessary to subject them anew. Cæsar came shortly afterward and completed the conquest of Gaul.

In all these wars, which they had in a measure provoked and determined by their first appeal to the Romans against the populations of Gaul, the Massilians were the zealous and disinterested auxiliaries of the conquerors, who rewarded them most munificently for their services. It was a part of the policy and the usage of the Romans, to surrender a portion of their conquests to those who had aided them in making them, and they pursued this conduct toward the Massilians.

After the war against the Deciates and the Oxybii had been brought to a close, the Roman Senate ceded to Massilia the two principal cities of those tribes, together with a portion of the adjacent territory. Some time after, it relinquished to the same city the long and narrow strip of land, which extends along in a meandering course between the sea and the mountains, from Genoa as far as the mouth of the Var. After the death of Sertorius and the defeat of his party, Rome again transferred to the Massilians its rights of conquest over the Helvians and the Volcæ Arecomici, who had been among the number of those that had revolted. Finally, Cæsar gave them advantages over the portion of Gaul conquered by him, which were superior to all those they had heretofore obtained from Rome. The picture I propose to draw of the power and the civilization of the Massilians appertains to this epoch of their highest

prosperity. After having thus established what they could accomplish, it will be easier to convince ourselves of what they actually did accomplish.

From the preceding facts it follows that their territorial domain was composed of two distinct portions; of that which they had received from the Romans, and of that which they had acquired themselves. This latter portion extended principally along the sea-coasts, from the rock of Monaco, formerly celebrated for its temple of Hercules, to the mouth of the Segura, near the middle of the eastern coast of Spain. Within this area, which comprised five degrees of latitude, Massilia ruled, either by right of conquest, or as the metropolis and colony-mother, over twenty-four or twenty-five different cities. Some of these cities still exist under their ancient names, more or less altered; as, for example, Monaco, Nice, Antibes, Agde, Ampurias, Denia. But the majority of them have disappeared without leaving us any vestige of their former existence, as Trœzen, Olbia, Athenopolis, Tauroentium, and several others.

We are not acquainted with any purely Grecian or Phocæan city in the interior of these countries, or even at a short distance from the coast. But the Massilian population extended itself into the Ligurian and Celtic cities which were nearest to the sea, where it gradually increased in number and in power to such an extent, that the historians and geographers of antiquity designated these cities by the name of Massilian colonies. Avignon and Cavaillon were of that number. The small town of Saint-Remi, which was anciently called Glanum, likewise belonged to the domain of the Massilians. This fact is authenticated by a precious medal, recently found in the territory of Saint-Remi, with the type of those of Massilia.

In every part of Provence monuments have been discovered, and are still discovered daily, which go to show that this country was once inhabited and governed by the Massilians. But their dominion or their influence in this country was certainly not the result of a military conquest. There is every indication that they introduced themselves there gradually, and, as it were, by stealth, in the capacity of merchants, of cultivators, or of ingenious innovators in matters appertaining to the wants or the luxuries of life.

The country of the Helvii, and that of the Volcæ Arecomici, the sovereign power over which Rome had ceded to the Massilians, were both conjointly about equal in extent to the Provincia, from which they were only separated by the Rhone. That of the Helvians, which was afterward called Vivarais, and which now constitutes the department of Ardèche, is mostly a mountainous and wild country; and it appears that

the Massilians did not attach any very great value to its possession. At any rate, there is no monument or historical evidence of any kind in proof either of their sojourn or their dominion in that country.

This is not the case with the territory of the Volcæ Arecomici, which was richer, more fertile and more accessible to these settlements; it contained, moreover, several cities, the three most important of which were Arles, Nîmes and Béziers. The Massilians eagerly embraced the opportunity for establishing themselves in these cities. This is a fact which is sustained by incontestable proofs. We still have coins from Béziers, which resemble those of Massilia. The Celtic name of Arles was changed into Thelini, by which the Massilians intended to indicate the fertility of its territory; and the use of the Greek language became so general in that city, that it continued to be spoken there until it fell into the hands of the Barbarians. Nîmes became likewise almost a Greek city. From inscriptions, which were found among its ruins, we learn that it had a Greek theatre under the Romans, and that it made use of the Greek on monuments erected in honor of the emperors.

Whether the different countries belonging to the domain of the Massilians were ever comprised under one common designation or not I am unable to determine. But the primitive portion of this domain, which is situated between the Rhone and the Alps, and which corresponds to the modern Provence, is frequently called Massaliotis, or Massilia, by the historians and geographers of the Greeks, and these ancient authors expressly remark that the latter of these names, Massilia, was not only that of a city, but of a country.

This summary account of the ancient geography of Massilia would admit of many developments of great importance and interest in a historical point of view, which, however, I am obliged to dismiss as irrelevant to my subject. What I have said will be sufficient to establish the fact, that none of the Greek republics had a territory of wider extent than that of Massilia. If, therefore, anything was wanting to this republic, in order to exercise an influence on Gaul, it certainly was neither authority nor space.

The Greeks did not always civilize the barbarous tribes, among which they settled. It, on the contrary, happened more than once, that they became as barbarous as those by whom they were surrounded. History has recorded a striking instance of the kind. The Greeks, who had established themselves in the mountainous districts of lower Italy, had lost, in that isolated situation, the manners and the culture of their native country. A vague and confused recollection was all

that they had preserved of them. They are said to have met together once a year, for the purpose of lamenting that they were no longer Greeks.

It was not so with the Phocæans, who had been transplanted into Gaul. They there preserved the genius, the manners, the laws and the arts of their native land in all their purity. The testimony of antiquity on this point is unanimous and solemn; and it will not be useless to adduce some instances. The following, in the first place, is a passage from a discourse which Livy puts into the mouth of Rhodian deputies, pleading in the presence of the Roman Senate, for the liberty of the Greek cities of Asia, against the usurpations of King Eumenes, who claimed sovereignty over them. "These cities," says the Roman orator, "are not so much colonies from Greece, as they are purely Grecian cities.* The change of country has affected neither the manners and customs, nor the genius of the nation. Each of these cities, animated by a glorious emulation, has dared to vie in point of talent and virtue with its founders. The majority of you have seen the cities of Greece; they have seen those of Asia. The latter are further away from you; and in this consists the whole of their disadvantage. Surely, if the inherent endowments of nature could be conquered by soil and climate, the Massilians would have become Barbarians long ago, surrounded as they are on every side by nations of ferocious savages. But they have preserved not only their language, not only the costume and the usages, but what is better still than all this, they have preserved the laws, the manners and the genius of Greece in all their purity and free from every defilement from their neighbors; and you have good reason for bestowing on them the same honor and the same regard, as if they inhabited the very heart of Greece."

Whether the orator, who uses language of this description, be Livy himself or the deputy from Rhodes, whether he be a Roman or a Greek, is a matter of very little importance; the historical conclusion to be derived from this testimony in favor of the Massilians remains about the same in either case. Twenty passages might be quoted from Cicero in support of my assertion; I will give but one, which I derive from the orator's defence of Flaccus. "I shall invoke," says he, "in favor of

* "Non, quæ in solo modo antiquo sunt, Græcæ magis urbes sunt, quam coloniæ earum, illinc quondam profectæ in Asiam. Nec terra mutata mutavit genus aut mores. Certare pio certamine cujuslibet bonæ artis ac virtutis ausi sumus cum parentibus quæque civitas et conditoribus suis. Adistis Græciæ, adistis Asiæ urbes plerique. Nisi quod longius a vobis absumus, nulla vincimur alia re. Massilienses, quos, si natura insita velut ingenio terræ vinci posset, jam pridem effersssent tot indomitæ circumfusæ gentes, in eo honore, in ea merito dignitate audimus apud vos esse, ac si medium umbilicum Græciæ incolerent."—Liv. Hist. lib. xxxvii. c. 54.—*Ed.*

Flaccus, a city which has seen him in the capacity of a soldier and of a quæstor;* it is Massilia—a city which, in consideration of its discipline and the gravity of its manners, I am inclined to prefer not only to Greece, but to every other nation—the city which, though far removed from the countries in which the language and the arts of Greece are cultivated, surrounded on every side by the tribes of Gaul and assailed by floods of barbarity, is nevertheless governed by the best of its fellow-citizens and in such a manner, that it is easier to admire than to imitate its example." It is impossible to produce proofs more convincing than these, that the Massilians remained Greeks in the midst of the Gauls.

The fact, however, though a remarkable one, contains nothing extraordinary and would not require any further explanation. But as the reasons, which account for it, are interesting in themselves, relating as they do to the very foundation of the history of Massilia, I think it incumbent on me to take a rapid glance at some of them.

The first of these, and perhaps the most important, relates to the origin of the Massilians. The city of Phocæa, from which they originally came, was, as every one knows, one of the twelve cities which constituted the Ionian confederation on the coast of Asia Minor. It was one of the least powerful of them; but it had always been distinguished among the other states of the same league for an austerity of manners and for an energy of character, which formed a strong contrast to the commonplaces of the historians in regard to the effeminacy of the Ionians. The Phocæans figure in all the great revolutions of Asiatic Greece, and they always figure in a heroic manner. This is perhaps the only tribe of the Greeks, concerning which history recounts none but magnanimous actions, none but daring enterprises; the only one, in which we find the energy and gravity of the Dorians united with the polish and the vivacity of the Ionians. A colony sprung from such a people, and at the finest period of its history, must evidently have had the best possible chances for remaining Greek, wherever it might establish itself.

In the second place, the same necessity which made merchants and navigators of the Massilians, permitted them also to keep up habitual communication of every description with Greece and with the countries occupied by the Greeks.

* "Neque vero te, Massilia, prætereo, quæ L. Flaccum militem quæstoremque cognosti; cujus ego civitatis disciplinam atque gravitatem non solum Græciæ, sed haud scio an cunctis gentibus anteponendam dicam; quæ tum procul a Græcorum omnium regionibus, disciplinis linguaque divisa, cum in ultimis terris cincta Gallorum gentibus, barbariæ fluctibus alluatur, sic optimatum consilio gubernatur, ut omnes ejus instituta laudare facilius possint quam emulari."—Cicero pro Flacco, c. 26.—*Ed.*

The Greeks had, as we know, conceived the happy idea of making their coins symbolical monuments destined to perpetuate the memory of their domestic life, and of their public transactions with foreign countries. The coins of the Massilians are particularly interesting in this historical point of view. They bear numerous and certain indications of the relations and alliances with a multitude of Greek cities—all of which were more or less celebrated—and particularly with Rhodes and Athens, with Velia and with the majority of the other cities of Magna Græcia.

The religion of the Massilians furnished them another motive for keeping up such connections with Greece, as were favorable to the maintenance of their national genius. Their cultus was a double and as it were a complex one, like that of all the Ionians, who, besides their properly Grecian divinities, worshipped Cybele and the Diana of Ephesus, Asiatic divinities which they had found in honor among the inhabitants of Ionia, and which they had adopted among their own. In the Asiatic part of their cultus, the Massilians were dependent on Ephesus, which was the chief seat of it. It was to this city that they went to look for the chief priestess of their Ephesion, a name by which they designated the temples of their Asiatic Diana. They likewise kept up an obligatory connection of a religious nature with the mother city. Still existing inscriptions prove that almost down to the time of our own era, they received the priests and priestesses for some of their temples from Phocæa. But the most solemn religious rendezvous of the Massilians was Delphi. They went there for the purpose of depositing in the temple of Apollo their *spolia opima*, or the first fruits of the spoils which they had gained in war, and they there erected monuments in commemoration of their victories. When Pausanias visited the temple at Delphi in the first century of our era, he still found several statues which they had there consecrated to Apollo from the earliest time of their existence. These relations of the Massilians with the principal religious and political centres of Greece undoubtedly contributed to keep alive in them the sentiment and the love of whatever was of Greek origin.

Now the knowledge, which we have thus far acquired respecting the character of the Massilians, already tends to the presumption, that the sojourn of such a people among the Gauls could not be without its effect upon the latter. And this is another point in regard to which history does them ample justice.

In the second century of our era, at an epoch when Rome had already become the mistress of the world, and when Greece was no longer an independent country, the tradition of what

the Phocæans had done for the civilization of the barbarians had not yet ceased to be a living, and to some extent a popular, tradition among the Greeks. The rhetoricians, who undertook to celebrate the ancient glory of Athens, the cradle of the Ionians, did not hesitate to enumerate among the services it had rendered to the cause of humanity, that of its having civilized the entire coast of the Mediterranean, from Cadiz to Massilia. But the most classical testimony on this subject is that of Justin. "The Gauls," says this writer, "laying aside their barbarity, learnt the usages of civil life from the Massilians; they learnt the art of cultivating their fields and of surrounding their cities with walls. They then began to be governed no longer by the force of arms, but by laws; to cultivate the vine and to plant the olive. So great was the lustre shed on men and things, that one might have said that Gaul had been transplanted into Greece, rather than that Greece had been transplanted into Gaul." *

It is very probable that Justin, in abridging this passage from Trogus Pompeius, has made of it what it really is, a somewhat declamatory passage of rhetoric, that can teach us but a vague and general fact, which it is indispensable to illustrate in detail. History and the monuments fortunately furnish us some means for doing so. It was particularly by their commerce, by their religion and their arts, that the Massilians acted upon the inhabitants of Gaul; it is therefore with reference to these, that we must examine and ascertain their means of influence.

No point in ancient history is better established than the celebrity of the Massilians as navigators and as merchants. They are, perhaps, the only Greeks, who in this respect might be compared to the Carthaginians. Their vessels pushed their way beyond the Propontis, and probably as far as the Black Sea. They frequented, or at any rate had acquired a knowledge of, the western coast of Africa, as far as, and even beyond, the mouths of the Senegal. Those of their coins which contain the impress of the giraffe and of the hippopotamus, are perhaps the monuments, which were intended to perpetuate the memory of their discoveries along these coasts, and of the great river which there discharges itself into the ocean. Toward the north they had passed far beyond the known limits of the Phœnician navigators. They had advanced at least as high as Norway. The first geographical notice of the Germanic nations, some of

* "Ab his igitur Galli et usum vitæ cultioris, deposita et mansuefacta barbaria, et agrorum cultus, et urbes mœnibus cingere didicerunt. Tunc et legibus, non armis vivere; tunc et vitem putare, tunc olivam serere consueverunt: adeoque magnus et hominibus et rebus impositus est nitor, ut non Græcia in Galliam emigrasse, sed Gallia in Græciam translata videretur."—Justin, Hist. Philipp. lib. xliii. c. 4.—*Ed.*

which were scattered along the shores of the Baltic, is based on certain notions in regard to the famous voyage of Pytheas along these coasts.

But while they were thus devoting themselves to distant explorations, the Massilians had not neglected the interior of Gaul; they had traversed it in every direction. They had opened a road along the Rhone and the Loire, as far as the coast of Armorica. It was there where they obtained their tin and other productions from Great Britain, which they transported by the same way to the shores of the Mediterranean. They had also communications with the northeast of Gaul, and to all appearances with Germany. But it was especially with the tribes of their immediate vicinity, and with those of the valley of the Rhone, that they kept up habitual commercial relations. The direct effect of these relations on the culture and the social condition of these tribes is not of a nature to be appreciated or measured. But with this general effect there were connected others of a more specific nature, which are more susceptible of a precise historical enumeration.

No regular communications between the Phocæans and the aboriginal Gallic tribes could ever take place, except with the aid of a common language. Now in this particular case, as in the majority of similar cases, the most intelligent and the most polished were the men, who gave their idiom to those that were less so. Strabo, speaking of the population in the vicinity of Massilia, informs us that they had adopted the use of the Greek in their contracts, that is to say, in all their voluntary transactions between one individual and another.* This fact attests, as expressly as possible, the social ascendant of the Massilians over the aboriginal tribes of their vicinity.

The introduction of alphabetic writing into the central parts of Gaul was another result of the communications between these countries and the city of Massilia. The system of Druidical doctrines was transmitted orally, and was preserved through the memory alone. Cæsar says expressly, that the only writing in use among the Druids, both for the purposes of personal and of public affairs, was the Greek. When he came into Helvetia, in order to check the population which was already on its way of emigration to the west of Gaul, he there found tablets of a census in Greek characters.

I am unable to say whether these Gallic tribes had money, coined by themselves and for their own use, previously to the arrival of the Phocæans. I should be inclined to doubt it, and

* Strabon. Geograph. lib. iv. c. 5: "Καὶ φιλέλληνας κατεσκεύασε (ἡ πόλις) τοὺς Γαλάτας, ὥστε καὶ τὰ συμβόλαια Ἑλληνιστὶ γράφειν."—*Ed.*

to believe that the branch of industry in question was one of those which they had learned from the Greeks. But what is beyond a doubt, is, that the inscriptions on their most ancient coins are in the Greek characters. Now, from whom could these Gauls have learnt the use of those characters, unless it was from the Massilians? These facts are among those which have their weight in the history of civilization.

There is something more complex and more singular in certain circumstances connected with the religious influence of the Massilians on the Gallic tribes in the immediate proximity of the Mediterranean. I have already spoken of the religion of the Massilians, but I must here return to the same subject for a moment, in order to account, if possible, for the facility with which this religion of theirs appears to have spread at an early date throughout the southern parts of Gaul.

Besides Cybele and the Ephesian Diana, the Massilians worshipped most of the divinities and deified heroes of Greece. The divinities, for which they appear to have had a peculiar veneration, were Apollo, Minerva, the Diana of the chase, Bacchus and Venus; and among the heroes, Hercules. The cultus of the latter was one of the first of those introduced into several Gallic cities, where the Massilians were in power. The tradition, which attributes the founding of Nîmes to a son of Hercules, appeared to be an indication of the existence of that cultus in this city. Avignon had likewise adopted Hercules as one of its tutelary deities, and had built him a temple, as is proved from an inscription which was found among the ruins of that temple. But the Massilian divinity, whose cultus was most generally adopted by the aboriginal tribes, which had submitted to the power or the influence of the Massilians, was the Diana of Ephesus. Strabo states expressly, that the inhabitants of the southern coast of Spain learnt from them the art of sacrificing, after the manner of the Greeks, in honor of this favorite divinity.* The traditions of the south of Gaul, which attribute to Diana the majority of the pagan temples, of which the ruins still exist, appear to be an indication of the ancient popularity, which the cultus of this deity enjoyed among the Gauls in the vicinity of Phocæan towns. Other Greek divinities were worshiped in places quite remote from any of the possessions of the Massilians, and between which and the latter we cannot suppose any other relations to have existed than those of commerce and of amity.

There is a curious medal, which has thus far been found only

* Strabon. Geograph. lib. iv. c. 5.: "Τοῖς Ἰβηρσιν, οἷς καὶ τὰ ἱερὰ τῆς Ἐφεσίας Ἀρτέμιδος παρέδοσαν τὰ πάτρια, ὥστε Ἑλληνιστὶ θύειν."—*Ed.*

in the environs of Toulouse, where it is even common. These circumstances seem to indicate that it belongs to that locality. This medal, the inscription of which is in the Greek character and language, bears on one of its faces a tripod, the ordinary symbol of the cultus of Apollo, and could only have been struck by a people, among whom this cultus was established. That this was not a Greek people is evident, both from the name and from the barbarous fabric of the medal.

Now, in order to explain the facility with which the inhabitants of the south of Gaul adopted the objects and the ceremonial of the Grecian cultus, it is indispensable to enter into some general considerations with reference to the nature and the formalities of this cultus.

The religion of the Greeks, taken as a whole, was but a succession of riant festivities, which vied with each other in point of animation and poetic beauty. The finest productions of their national poetry, from the drama to the epic or lyric hymn, were composed with reference to the celebration of these fêtes. Some hymn in honor of the deity, to which the festival was dedicated, constituted, ordinarily, an essential and a characteristic part of it. But it is impossible to form any conception of the spectacle and the effect produced by these hymns, unless we have previously acquired at least some vague notion of the general nature of the poetic execution among the Greeks.

The poetry of the Greeks was not, like that of modern nations, an isolated art, independent of every other, and producing its effect by being merely read or recited. It required the indispensable concurrence of two other arts, distinct from and yet intimately and necessarily connected with it. These arts were in the first place music, and then what the Greeks called orchesis (ὄρχησις) and the Latins *saltatio*—terms for which our word "dancing" would be but a very imperfect equivalent. This saltation (if we may be permitted to retain its Latin name), was a sort of gesticulation, a characteristic pantomime, by which it was intended to represent to some extent, to the eye, that which the words of the poetry conveyed to the mind. It is thus that every poem was sung, and sung not only with an appropriate accompaniment of instrumental music, but with the additional accompaniment of imitative and descriptive gestures. The invention of these gestures, as well as that of the music, constituted a necessary part of the talent of the poet, and the poetic execution was thus composed of three distinct arts, or perhaps rather of three indivisible branches of one and the same art, aspiring in concert after one and the same effect.

The character of this execution and of each one of the several concurrent arts, varied ad infinitum. But all these differences

and varieties were reduced to three fundamental types or forms: a noble, calm and grave form, called the tragic; a humorous, burlesque and familiar form, called the comic; and finally, an agitated, impassioned and enthusiastic form, or the dithyrambic.

The religious hymns partook of all these forms. They were executed by a more or less numerous body of performers, composed either of men or of women exclusively, or of a mixture of men and women both. These companies were called choruses; and the organization of these choruses varied according to a multitude of circumstances, of which I can only indicate a few of the most general. There were instances, in which the choruses acted under the direction of the priest. But often, and even most generally, they were composed of personages elected by the magistrates for this special purpose, and directed by a leader called a choragus (Χορηγός). In that event, it was the civil authority which intervened in the exercise of the cultus.

It would take up too much of our time here, to give even an imperfect conception of all the varieties of religious hymns in use among the Greeks. I shall only distinguish two principal classes of them. The theme or argument of one of these consisted of a particular action or determinate trait from the life of some divinity. In these the mimic accompaniment of the words must have been a special pantomime, appropriate to the action expressed by the poem. The hymn was then a sort of drama acted by the chorus. The hymns of the second class were only general praises of the gods, or the more or less detailed expression of their attributes. The mimic accompaniment, with which they were executed, was limited to a simple dance, of a character analogous to that of the words and of the music, and without any pretension to a dramatic imitation in the strict sense of the term. It was most generally a circular dance, which had many points in common with that of the theatrical chorus on the stage. This vague and imperfect sort of choral pantomime was to all appearances the most frequent and the most popular of them all. It did not require, like the others, an especial apprenticeship on the part of the choragus, and the public in general could take part in it. However, all the choral performances of any and of every kind, were regarded by the people as a spectacle, and as one of its most animated and most agreeable diversions. It is therefore not to be wondered at, if the inhabitants of the south of Gaul, especially those who professed Druidism, abandoned the sombre and barbarous rites of that religion, in order to adopt the more cheerful cultus of the Greeks. In attributing to these people that passionate thirst for pleasure, that vivacity of imagination, and that promptitude of enthusiasm, for which they were distinguished at a later date

and for which they are still remarkable, we can easily conceive, that they must have been very sensible to the attractions and the magnificence of those religious festivals of Greece, to which the most charming and the most potent of the arts contributed their choicest gifts.

It remains now to give some idea of the culture, the arts and the literature of the Massilians, and to see what influence they could have exercised by means of them on the Gauls of their neighborhood.

The Massilians were in the habit of sending statues to Delphi; they made them for their temples and for their monuments. A large number of those which have been discovered, or which history mentions as having existed in different parts of Gaul, were in all probability the works of their artists. But by a sort of fatality, none of those that have come down to us bear any certain mark of having been produced by them. A few bass-reliefs, a few small figures in bronze, and their coins or medals, are the only monuments of art, that can be attributed to them with certainty. Several of these monuments are remarkable for their beauty and the exquisite finish of their workmanship. If we were to infer from them the general character of the arts of design at Massilia, we should have to say, that their characteristics were rather grace and elegance than boldness and vigor.

Some monuments of another kind, if they may also be regarded as the works of the Massilians, would likewise go to sustain this conclusion, and they would prove that the Phocæans had preserved the riant imagination of Ionia on the coasts of Liguria even. The learned Peiresc has left us a description of a cameo, found in his time near Fréjus, among the ruins of a small Massilian temple. The subject of the cameo is a sort of parody—and a parody of the most graceful description—of the gathering of olives, which is a subject quite frequently represented by the Greeks. A company of young maidens, whom Peiresc (for reasons which I am at a loss to explain) calls the nymphs of Homer, are assembled under a tree, and by means of long poles knocking down, by way of fruit, some little amourettes, perched here and there upon the branches.

The literary and poetical remains of the Massilians are still scarcer than their graven or sculptured monuments, and there is less to be said about them. They are reduced to inscriptions and epitaphs, which merely confirm what has already been attested by history, to wit, that the dialect of the Massilians was closely related to the general dialect of Ionia. Several of these inscriptions, and particularly the epitaphs, still breathe all

the purity and the simplicity of the Hellenic taste. I cannot refrain from the pleasure of quoting two of them. One of them was engraven on the tomb of an unknown couple, and is remarkable for its sentimental conciseness: "There are here two bodies and one soul." But perhaps this touching inscription was not made expressly for the Massilian tomb from which it was copied; it was perhaps rather a sort of sepulchral formula in general use among the Greeks. This, however, is not the case with the following one, which was engraven on a sort of cippus. The monument to which it belongs is undoubtedly a local one. Independently of its poetic interest, it is curious for certain allusions to neo-Pythagorean ideas, which were undoubtedly in vogue among the Massilians at the unknown epoch to which it belongs. It is the epitaph of a mariner, who is supposed to address himself to the passers-by in the following terms: "Along the shore which echoes the booming of the waves, I address myself to thee, O traveller—I, a young man and a stranger to hymen, beloved of God, no longer now a mortal, and by my age like the young gods of Amyclæ, the guardians of mariners. Myself a mariner, I led a wandering life on the floods of the sea, and now within this tomb, which I have obtained from the piety of my masters, I am forever exempt from sickness and from toil, from sorrow and fatigue—miseries to which my body was subject among the living. The dead are divided into two classes. Some return to wander over the earth; but others join in the dances of the stars of heaven. I am one of the latter army, having taken God for my guide."*

It is perhaps the most striking feature of this little piece, so elevated in its tone, so graceful and so pure, that it was made for the monument of a simple sailor who had worked for wages.

It has often been remarked, and it is even commonly believed, that the Massilians had no theatre, and that they were unacquainted with dramatic representations. The fact would be a surprising one; for the theatre and the drama, from the time of

* The original of this inscription, with a disquisition on its contents, may be found in Chardon de la Rochette's *Mélanges de Critique et de Philologie*, vol. i. p. 121–143. The first verse of it is restored by Rochette. It is also reprinted in the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, vol. xxi. p. xxvi. It is as follows:

Μὴ ταχίνοισι παρέρχευ ἰχνεσι τύμβον, ὁδῖτα,
Κοῦρος ἐγὼ καλέω σε, Θεῷ φίλος, οὐκέτι θνητὸς,
Ἤθεος, κούροισιν ὁμηλικίη πανόμοιος,
Πλωτήρων σωτῆρσιν, Ἀμυκλαίουσι θεοῖσιν.
Πλωτὴρ καὐτὸς ἐὼν, πόντου γ' ἐνὶ κύμασι νάσθην·
Εὐσεβίη τροφέων δὲ λαχὼν τόδε σῆμα, πέπαυμαι
Νούσων καὶ καμάτοιο καὶ ἀχθεος ἠδὲ πόνοιο·
Ταῦτα γὰρ ἐν ζωοῖσιν ἀμείλιχα σάρκες ἔχουσιν.
Ἐν δέ τε τεθνειῶσιν ὁμηγύριές γε πέλουσιν
Δοιαί, τῶν ἑτέρη μὲν ἐπιχθονίη πεφόρηται,
Ἡ δ' ἑτέρη τείρεσσι σὺν αἰθερίοισι χορεύει·
Ἧς στρατιῆς εἰς εἰμὶ, λαχὼν θεὸν ἡγεμονῆα.—*Ed.*

their invention, were one of the characteristic passions of the Greeks. Moreover, their tragedy, which had originated in the cultus of Bacchus, always constituted a part of it; and this cultus was one of those which were honored in Massilia. Finally, there existed, as we shall see, theatres in several of the cities which were subject to the Massilians; and we cannot see why the latter should have tolerated in their colonies, what they did not allow in their metropolis.

But it would be superfluous to combat any longer an assertion which is without any foundation, based as it is on a single misapprehended passage from a Roman author. This author is Valerius Maximus, who, in eulogizing the characteristic gravity of the Massilians, simply says: "that they did not allow mimic representations on the stage." * The mimics were, as I propose to show with more detail hereafter, a species of short dramas, peculiar to the Romans rather than to the Greeks, and the argument and execution of which gradually degenerated into a revolting indecency. Now, to say that the Massilians did not permit this particular kind of scenic representations, is simply saying that they had a theatre, and that in that theatre they acted pieces of a character that had been consecrated by the usage and the genius of the Greeks.

One of the most interesting and the best authenticated facts in the history of the ancient Massilians, is the zeal with which they devoted themselves to the preservation and the study of the poems of Homer. This zeal was the natural consequence of their Phocæan origin. Phocæa was one of the Grecian cities of Asia, which claimed the honor of having given birth to the author of those poems. At any rate, the most ancient traditions assert that he had resided there for a long time, and that he had composed several of his works there. Besides, when the legislators of Greece had recognized Homer as the poet and the historian of Greece, Phocæa was one of the cities in which his memory and his works became the object of a particular veneration; and this veneration must naturally have transmitted itself to the Massilians, together with the traditions on which it was based.

Solon was the first Greek legislator who conceived the idea of purifying and establishing the text of the Iliad and of the Odyssey, and who enjoined their solemn rehearsal at the public festivals. The most enlightened of the Greek cities, following his example, had editions of these poems made, the authorized

* "Eadem civitas severitatis custos acerrima est: nullum aditum in scenam mimis dando, quorum argumenta majore ex parte stuprorum continent actus; ne talia spectandi consuetudo etiam imitandi licentiam sumat." Val. Max. Lib. ii., c. 6, 7.—*Ed.*

text of which served not only as the basis of those legally prescribed recitals on public occasions, but also of that of the voluntary and everyday rehearsals of the Rhapsodists, whose profession it was to sing them to the multitude. These ancient editions of Homer were known under the name of Political or City Editions, in order to distinguish them from the editions of the professed grammarians, which are of a much later date. Massilia was among the first of the Grecian cities to furnish one of these editions, which, under the title of the Massiliotic, enjoyed a particular celebrity. The Alexandrian commentators of Homer quote it frequently, and in a manner which leads us to presume, that they regarded it as one of the most ancient and best accredited of its kind. From this fact we may infer, that Massilia had at an early date its rhetoricians and grammarians, whose business it was to expound scientifically the letter and the spirit of the poems of Homer, and its itinerant rhapsodists, who sung them in those cities of Gaul which were founded or governed by the Phocæans.

The Gallic tribes, in the midst and in sight of which the Massilians thus cultivated the arts and the literature of Greece, did not on that account become a literary or a very civilized people. This change required time and impulsions, which it was not in the power of the Massilians to give them. It was accomplished at a later date and subsequently to the fall of Massilia—that is, toward the commencement of our era.

But whatever may have been the revolution produced at this latter epoch in the civilization of the Gauls, this revolution neither was, nor could have been, a sudden or an abrupt one. It had been prepared long ago by previous communications between the Gauls and the Massilians. It was in consequence of these communications, that a portion of Gaul had learned of its Phocæan instructors to live in communities with greater regularity and comfort; that it had exchanged the gloomy and barbarous religion of the Druids for the smiling cultus of Ionia; that it had learnt the Greek. A multitude of considerations lead to the presumption, that this early period was the one, during which the language of the southern Gauls adopted that host of Greek words and expressions, a number of which it has retained until the present day.

This moral and social influence of the Massilians on the Gallic population of their vicinity is so much the more easily accounted for, as the latter were generally predisposed in its favor. This is the unanimous, though perhaps a somewhat exaggerated testimony of all the Greek and Latin historians of antiquity. Ephorus characterized the inhabitants of Gaul, and particularly, no doubt, those of the South, by the epithet of Philhellenes.

Symnus of Chios, who wrote a century before our era, assures us in still more explicit terms, that the Celts observed many of the usages of the Greeks, and that they had a particular liking for all that was peculiar to them. After all these indications we shall perhaps be less surprised when we come to find, at already far advanced epochs of the Middle Age, traces of a still vivid recollection of the ancient impression which the Massilians had produced on the manners and the imagination of the southern Gauls.

CHAPTER IV.

GRÆCO-ROMAN LITERATURE IN GAUL.

After having thus shown, how by establishing themselves in Gaul, by increasing in number, by acquiring riches and power, the Massilians had attained to a position, in which they were both able and destined to disseminate the germs of civilization, I have now to give a sketch of the epoch at which these germs developed themselves, and when this nascent civilization, till then as yet confined to a few countries of the South, began, by the concurrence of a force superior to the one with which it had commenced, to expand and spread, until it became commensurate with the entire extent of Gaul. This is the epoch, at which the Massilians interfered in the literary education of the Romans, and at which their influence, thenceforth subordinate to the interests and the ascendant of the latter, was limited to literature and to the arts.

No cultivated nation has perhaps had so long a literary infancy as the Romans. For more than three centuries their orators and writers were, in the judgment of their most eminent men of genius, nothing more than semi-barbarous novices. But about a hundred and forty years before our era, the idea occurred to some of them who happened to be in Greece, of frequenting the schools of grammar and of rhetoric which they found flourishing there. These became eloquent in Greek. No one would as yet have ventured to attempt to be so in Latin.

Some years later, a number of Greek grammarians and rhetoricians opened a school for instruction in their art at Rome. But the Roman aristocracy, hostile to every innovation and to knowledge, for which it had neither taste nor genius, did everything in its power to oppose the establishment of these schools. Nevertheless, the party which demanded them, which was the plebeian or the popular party, insisted on having them and had them. The study of grammar was first admitted; that of rhetoric with greater difficulty, and at a somewhat later date. But both the one and the other, and more especially the latter,

remained for a long time an object of suspicion on the part of the authorities, and the schools where they were taught had but a precarious existence.

The precepts of the art of composition and of oratory were at first imparted in Greek and applied to the Greek exclusively. But they were gradually extended to the Latin, and Rome could at last boast of writers and orators who were artists. The consul, Servius Galba, was one of those, whose discourses bear the marks of this difficult and laborious transition. "Servius Galba," says Cicero, "knows how to go beyond the limits of his subject, to look for ornaments in it, to please, to move, to elevate the matter he discourses on."* These few words are admirably characteristic of a great literary revolution.

This progress of Latin eloquence preceded its theory. It is anterior to all the Latin schools of grammar and of rhetoric. These schools found the same obstacles to their establishment, that had been encountered by the schools of Greece. It was but a half a century before our era, that this rhetoric, which had several times been persecuted and which had always been an object of suspicion, was at last pronounced "useful and honorable,"† to use the expression of Suetonius. It had thus taken the Romans an entire century, to wrest from their patricians the full liberty of teaching and of learning the art of speech. This was the most difficult and the slowest of their conquests.

The first professor of Latin rhetoric at Rome was a certain Lucius Plotius, who is expressly designated as having been a Gaul by birth.‡ Two other Gauls, though somewhat younger than the former, still competed with him in the practice of the same profession; they were Marcus Antonius Gnipho and Valerius Cato. The latter taught only Latin grammar; but Gnipho, who was equally well versed in the Greek and in the Latin, professed both arts and in both these languages.§

* De Clar. Orat. c. 21. "Nimirum is princeps ex Latinis illa oratorum propria, et quasi legitima opera tractavit, ut egrederetur a proposito ornandi causa, ut delectaret animos, ut permoveret, ut augeret rem, ut miserationibus, ut communibus locis uteretur."—*Ed.*

† De Claris Rhetoribus, I. "Rhetorica quoque apud nos, perinde atque grammatica, sero recepta est, paulo etiam difficilius, quippe quam constat nonnunquam etiam prohibitam exerceri. . . . . Paulatim et ipsa *utilis honestaque* apparuit: multique eam præsidii causa et gloriæ appetiverunt."—*Ed.*

‡ "Plotius Gallus primus Romæ Latinam rhetoricam docuit: de quo Cicero sic refert: memoria teneo, pueris nobis primum Latine docere cœpisse Plotium quendam."—Casaubon ad Suet. de Clar. Rhet. 2.—*Ed.*

§ "Fuisse dicitur ingenii magni, memoriæ singularis, nec minus Græce, quam Latine doctus. . . . . Docuit autem et rhetoricam. . . . . Scholam ejus claros quoque viros frequentasse aiunt: in his M. Ciceronem, etiam cum prætura fungeretur." Suet. de Illustr. Gramm. 7. Compare also Quint. lib. i.; Macrobius Saturn. iii. A short account of Valerius Cato is given by Suet. de Illustr. Gramm. 11. That he wrote poetry, as well as books on grammar, we learn from Catull., lvi. 1.; Ovid. Trist. ii. 436. —*Ed.*

Thus we see three Gauls professing at Rome, nearly at the same time and among the first, the sciences which had recently been introduced among the Romans. There is something surprising about this particular. The most probable of the various suppositions, by which it may be explained, is, that the three professors in question were Gauls from the *Provincia Narbonensis*, who may have received their training in the schools of Massilia, and subsequently applied their knowledge to the Latin, and communicated it through the same medium. But whatever explanation may be given of it, the fact is a remarkable one. It is a sort of prognostic of the ardor, with which the people of Gaul were soon to devote themselves to the study of Roman letters.

But even after they had their Latin schools, the Romans did not cease on that account to frequent the Greek schools. They were not even satisfied with those they had at Rome; they continued to go to Greece to prosecute their studies there, particularly at Athens and at Rhodes. The course of events, however, soon opened to them new Greek schools nearer at home.

Massilia having espoused the part of the Roman Senate against Cæsar, the latter, after a memorable siege, took possession of the city. He was exceedingly irritated against it; nevertheless he treated it leniently, or, at least, affected to do so, in consideration of its antiquity and its renown, as he himself avows. He left it its independence and its liberty, but he stripped it of all that had heretofore constituted its strength and its prosperity; he seized its navy, destroyed its arsenals, took immediate possession of several of its colonies, and favored the attempts, which the other cities successively made to alienate themselves from it. In fine, he withdrew from them all the jurisdiction over the different countries, which the Senate had conferred on them—all of which escheated again to the Roman government, as parts of the Provincia Narbonensis.

From this moment all that portion of their intellectual activity, which the inhabitants of this city had directed to commerce, to navigation and the cultivation of its collateral sciences, or to the government of their colonies and dependent territories—all this important portion of their energy and intelligence became extinct or concentrated itself on the culture of letters, of philosophy and of certain particular sciences, which daily came more and more into vogue, as, for example, the science of medicine.

In regard to the philosophy, which was at that time taught at Massilia, history gives us no information, nor does it name any of the men who gave instruction in it. The presumption is, that they were neither distinguished for any original ideas,

nor even for a profounder appreciation of the ancient ideas, but that they adhered to a sort of eclecticism without any definite principle or aim.

Their physicians are better known. Pliny mentions three of them, who flourished at Rome at the commencement of the Christian era, and who enjoyed a prodigious reputation. They are Demosthenes, Crinis and Charmis.* Demosthenes was the author of several valuable works, one of which is on the diseases of the eye, from which Galen quotes a number of passages. This work was still extant in the tenth century. The celebrated Gerbert, known as Pope Sylvester II., possessed a copy of it. There is but one anecdote related about Crinis, which, however, is a curious one, inasmuch as it proves, what an immense fortune a distinguished physician could at that time accumulate at Rome. He gave to his native city for the repairing or the reconstruction of its walls a sum of money to the amount of twelve millions of francs.†

The rhetoricians of Massilia were no less celebrated than its doctors; but we are scarcely acquainted with the names of any, and the works of all of them are lost.

When the Romans, who had thus far been obliged to go to Greece, in order to find what they deemed proper to learn of the literature of Greece, saw that there were masters of this knowledge at Massilia, they began to frequent their instruction. The concourse of disciples increased the number of the professors, and from the first years of the reign of Augustus, the schools of Massilia were preferred to those of Athens. This preference was at least as much moral as it was scientific. The manners had not as yet had time to change at Massilia. They still preserved, along with their primitive simplicity, the austerity which had so long been the object of admiration.

Julius Agricola, the conqueror of Great Britain, was the first Roman of any note known to have received his education at Massilia, and it was to this circumstance that Tacitus, his son-in-law and biographer, attributed in a great measure the virtues for which he lauds him. Here are the words of Tacitus himself: "Besides his happy natural disposition, there was one thing in particular, which preserved Agricola from the snares of vice: it was, that from his infancy he had had Massilia for his place of residence and for his school—a city of excellent morals, in which the elegance of Greece was found united to the simplicity of the Province."‡

* Pliny: Nat. Hist., xxix. 5, 8.—*Ed.*

† "Nuperque centies HS. reliquit muris patriæ, mœnibusque aliis pæne non minori summa exstructis." Pliny, eodem loco.—*Ed.*

‡ "Arcebat eum ab illecebris peccantium, præter ipsius bonam integramque

The example of the Romans had a decisive influence on the Gauls of the Provincia Narbonensis. The capital of this province, Narbonne, had inherited some of the political power and of the commerce of Massilia, and it had, at an early date become one of the most important cities of the empire. It had been founded, or rather rebuilt, a hundred and eighteen years before our era by a vast colony, composed not of Italian veterans, as were nearly all the other colonies, but of Roman citizens, who had come directly from Rome itself. Its ancient inhabitants having to some extent participated in the disorders of the province during the war of Sertorius, the Romans made that rebellion a pretext for driving them all away, so that in the city itself and in all the adjacent countries there was nothing but a purely Roman population, which daily increased in numbers, in activity and in wealth. In spite of its remote and isolated situation on the southern limits of the Province, Narbonne was destined to become, and, in fact, did become, the principal centre of the Roman civilization in Gaul.

Cæsar had derived great assistance from the Narbonenses, and from the inhabitants of the Province during his war against the Gauls of the North. Desirous of recompensing them for their services, he had sent a large number of them to the Senate at Rome. He had thus imparted a purely Roman impulse to the Gallic population of Narbonensis. This population had already become accustomed to the sweets of peace; it had already learnt, from the example of the Massilians, the glory and the advantages of civilization, of the arts and of knowledge, and it sought them with avidity. But after having once been subjected to Roman influences, after having adopted the tone of the Romans, and become eager for the distinctions and offices which were distributed at Rome, its highest pretension and ambition was to be Roman. It strove to become so by its talents and studies, as well as by its dignities and honors. It, therefore, began to rival the Romans zealously in the cultivation of Greek letters.

Nor were they in want of competent masters. Massilia could supply them, as well as the Romans. Among the writers of antiquity, Strabo is the one that has given us a minute account of the sort of literary revolution, which at that time was going on in the south of Gaul. He speaks of it in the following terms: "The Gauls, seeing the studious Romans thus frequenting the schools of Massilia, and living peaceably in other respects, gladly profited by this leisure to devote themselves to

naturam, quod statim parvulus sedem ac magistram studiorum Massiliam habuit, locum Græca comitate et provinciali parsimonia mistum ac bene compositum."—Tacit. Agricola, c. 4.—*Ed.*

a similar kind of life; and they did so, not only individually, but collectively. Thus, therefore, the cities, as well as private individuals of wealth, kept their salaried sophists and physicians." * The term sophist, as employed here by Strabo, is applicable either to the professors of philosophy, or to those of rhetoric, or to both of them at the same time. But whatever construction we may be inclined to put upon it, the passage quoted attests an equally general zeal for Greek literature in the Gallo-Romans of the South. This was, as it were, a consequence of their sympathy with the Phocæans, who had been their first instructors in the enjoyments and in the arts of civilization.

On the other hand, the study of Latin letters being indispensable to the Narbonensian Gauls, professors of Latin grammar and of eloquence speedily arose in their province. There were, in the first place, some of them at Massilia itself, in all probability at Narbonne, and then successively in all the other cities, ascending from the South toward the North.

Among the rhetoricians which flourished at Rome during the course of the first century of our era, several, and some of the most illustrious, were Gallo-Romans, who, in all probability, had commenced their career and their fame in the cities of Gallia Narbonensis. To this number belonged Votienus Montanus of Narbonne, whom Tacitus designates as a man celebrated for his genius; † Clodius Quirinalis, from Arles; Satrius Rufus, whose native city is unknown, and Julius Florus, whom Quintilian mentions as the king of Gallic eloquence. ‡

Among the celebrated rhetoricians of Gaul, who never left their country, history names Statius Surculus of Toulouse, the schools of which he was the first to render illustrious, and Gabinianus, who attained to an equal eminence in his profession, but in what part of the country we know not.

Toward the end of the first century, Gaul was already full of rhetoricians, and there were schools for the study of rhetoric in every part of it. This was a fact that had become proverbial and to which Juvenal makes satirical allusion in many a pas-

* Strabon. Geograph. lib. iv. c. 5: "Ἐν δὲ τῷ παρόντι καὶ τοὺς γνωριμωτάτους Ῥωμαίων πέπεικεν, ἀντὶ τῆς εἰς Ἀθήνας ἀποσημίας ἐκεῖσε φοιτᾶν φιλομαθεῖς ὄντας· ὁρῶντες δὲ τούτους οἱ Γαλάται, καὶ ἅμα εἰρήνην ἄγοντες, τὴν σχολὴν ἄσμενοι πρὸς τοὺς τοιούτους διατίθενται βίους, οὐ κατ' ἄνδρα μόνον, ἀλλὰ καὶ δημοσίᾳ· σοφιστὰς γοῦν ὑποδέχονται τοὺς μὲν ἰδίᾳ, τοὺς δὲ αἱ πόλεις κοινῇ μισθούμεναι, καθάπερ καὶ ἰατρούς."—*Ed.*

† Annal. lib. iv. c. 42, where Tacitus relates that Montanus was accused of the crime of *læsæ majestatis* against Tiberius, and, as Eusebius informs us, banished to the Baleares. Seneca mentions Montanus as a distinguished orator, and Ovid as a poet.—Senec. Cont. vi. præf. i. ix.—*Ed.*

‡ "Is fuit Julius Florus, *in eloquentia Galliarum*, quoniam ibi demum exercuit eam, *princeps*, alioqui inter paucos disertus et dignus illa propinquitate."—Quint. Inst. Orat. lib. x. c. 3-13.—*Ed.*

sage of his satires. Says he in one of them, addressing himself to some one who wanted to make a living by his talents: "Wouldst thou derive a revenue from thy eloquence? Then go to Gaul!"* "The eloquence of Athens and our own have invaded the world," says he, in another place. "Deserted Gaul has furnished the island of Britannia with advocates, and that of Thule already talks of engaging masters of rhetoric."†

The quinquennial competitions for prizes in eloquence, which Caligula instituted at Lyons, are another proof of the progress which the study of literature had made in Gaul. It was then customary to crown the pieces, which in the opinion of the judges, appointed to decide on their merits, had deserved this honor; but the rhetoricians, who had produced pieces which were unworthy of being presented on such occasions, were obliged to efface them with their tongue. The confusion and the flurry of the competitors at the moment, when such sentences were pronounced, had become proverbial. "Pale like a rhetorician at the altar of Lyons," says Juvenal in one of his satires;‡ and yet it would appear, that the rhetoricians flocked around the formidable altar!

From the second century to the end of the fourth, the number of schools for the study of Latin grammar and of rhetoric was constantly increasing in Gaul. At the latter epoch, there was not a single city of any importance left in all the southern part of the country, but what had its own institutions of the kind. Those of Toulouse, of Bordeaux, of Narbonne, of Vienne, and of Autun, were particularly celebrated. Ausonius has left us a list of the professors, who in his day had rendered themselves illustrious in those of Bordeaux, his native city, and of those who, having been born in this latter city, had risen to eminence in their profession elsewhere. He enumerates no less than thirty of them, among whom there were some whose reputation was coëxtensive with that of the empire.§

The social condition of these professors is a new proof of the value, which was attached to their knowledge. They were elected and salaried by the curia or municipal senate of each

* . . . "Accipiat te
Gallia, vel potius nutricula causidicorum
Africa, si placuit mercedem ponere linguæ."—*Juvenal: Satira* vii. v. 148.—*Ed.*

† "Nunc totus Graias nostrasque habet orbis Athenas.
Gallia causidicos docuit facunda Britannos:
De conducendo loquitur jam rhetore Thule."—*Satira* xv. v. 111.—*Ed.*

‡ This is done in his work entitled "Commemoratio Professorum Burdigalienſium," a collection of twenty-six poetical compositions, of which the majority are inscribed to the grammaticus, rhetor or orator, whose name the poet intended to perpetuate in his verses. Compare Ausonii Opera, vol. ii. p. 230–275.—*Ed. Valpy.*

§ "Palleat, ut nudis qui pressit calcibus anguem,
Aut Lugdunensem rhetor dicturus ad aram."—*Satira* i. v. 43.—*Ed.*

city. In the fourth century, the salary of a professor of grammar in the larger cities was equivalent to twelve thousand francs of our money, and that of a professor of rhetoric was double that amount. It would appear, that the decurions or municipal magistrates of the cities were wont to pique themselves on their liberality and on their gratitude toward the professors of their choice, however small may have been their merit or renown; and they frequently erected statues in honor of them during their lifetime even.

The study of Greek literature kept for some time equal pace with that of Latin letters. During the whole of the first century of our era, and until nearly the middle of the second, the Greek continued to be generally cultivated in Gaul. Ælian, who wrote during the reign of Trajan, speaking of the Gauls, and apparently of the Gauls of his time, says that they had recourse to the Greek, for the purpose of transmitting to posterity the memory of their glorious exploits.* Dio Chrysostomus and Lucian plume themselves in their writings on having visited the nations of Gaul, and on having given them useful lessons in philosophy. Now these lessons, which were given in Greek, could only have been imparted in places, where there was a sufficient number of persons versed in the study of this language, and devoted to that of philosphy besides. There is, therefore, room for believing, that the schools of Massilia were then still in existence, and that they continued to exercise on the literary culture of the Gauls a direct influence, distinct from that of Rome.

At the end of the second century, Massilia was no longer distinguished for anything, except for the corruption into which it had sunken. It had no longer any schools—at any rate no schools which were frequented by foreigners. To go to Massilia had become a proverbial expression, and was tantamount to abandoning one's self to vice and to effeminacy. To say of any one, that he came from Massilia, was but another mode of branding him with infamy.

From this moment the literature of Greece was, to the Gauls as well as the Romans themselves, no longer anything more than a supplement or an accessory to the Latin. Greek schools for the disciplines of grammar and of rhetoric were still kept up; but they gradually decreased in number, and toward the middle of the fourth century there were but a few of them left in some of the principal cities only. The last of these Greek grammarians or rhetoricians, who are known to have professed their art in Gaul, belonged to the schools of Bordeaux,

* "'Αλλὰ καὶ τρόπαια ἐγείρουσιν, ἅμα τε ἐπὶ τοῖς πεπραγμένοις σεμνυμνόμενοι, καὶ ὑπομνήματα αὐτῶν τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀπολείποντες 'Ελληνικῶς."—Æliani Varia Historia, p. 148, Ed. Coray.—*Ed.*

and are of the number of those, whom Ausonius enumerates among his colleagues or his masters. He mentions five or six, the most distinguished of whom was a Sicilian by the name of Cytharius. He speaks of him as of one, who was the equal of Aristarchus in criticism, and of Simonides in poetry; as of a man, whose lectures had converted Bordeaux into a vast athenæum.*

Among these last professors of Greek grammar or of rhetoric, who flourished in Gaul, there were several who had come there from abroad; as, for example, the Cytharius, whom I have just named, who was native of Syracuse, and the father of the panegyrist Eumenes, one of the principals of the school at Autun, who was an Athenian. But it is to be presumed that the majority of them were Massilians, who preserved a certain tradition of the knowledge of their ancestors.

After having said so much of these schools of rhetoric and grammar, both Greek and Latin, with which Gaul was covered under the dominion of the Romans, it will not be superfluous to call to mind briefly in what these two sciences, or these two favorite arts of the Romans, consisted.

The principal object of grammar was to analyze and to comment certain distinguished works, especially those of the older poets, for the purpose of developing both their literal sense and their æsthetic beauties. In an age when the copies of books were scarce and expensive, the grammatical analysis or elucidation of a work was tantamount to the act of publishing it. There were many persons, whose knowledge of such or such a poem, ancient or modern, was limited to what they had learnt in the grammar schools from the reading and the exposition of it.

Rhetoric was something higher, more complicated and more artificial than grammar. It consisted of various exercises, the definite aim of which was to impart to a discourse, by means of its forms and its accessories, an importance, which was distinct from its subject and as much as possible superior to the subject-matter itself. It taught, according to Suetonius, the pertinent use of suitable figures of speech, the art of expressing the same thing in several different or opposite ways, and always equally well, always with the same degree of effect; of saying better

* See the XIIIth carmen of the collection above referred to. The following are a few verses:

"Esset Aristarchi tibi gloria, Zenodotique,
Graiorum; antiquus si sequeretur honor.
Carminibus, quæ prima tuis sunt condita in annis,
Concedit Cei Musa Simonidei.
* * * * *
Tam generis tibi celsus apex, quam gloria fandi.
Gloria Athenæi cognita sede loci," etc.—*Ed.*

that which already passed for having been said well; of giving fables the air of truth, and to truth the air of fables; of eulogizing or of censuring great men.

The principal compositions of the rhetoricians—those in which they most habitually displayed all the shifts and subtleties of their art—were their controversies and their declamations. The controversies were, as their name indicates, discussions, in which two or several rhetoricians maintained opposite opinions on one and the same question. Their declamations were studied and ostentatious discourses on fanciful subjects. These declamatory exercises soon became public, and constituted one of the favorite amusements of the times. The effect of these discourses depended, in a great measure, on the pomp and the art with which they were delivered. We can scarcely, at present, form any conception of an art like this, unless it be from the extraordinary care, with which we know the rhetoricians to have exercised their voice. They trained it to run over long oratorical scales, from the lowest to the highest, and from the highest to the lowest note of them, and they often practised these exercises in inconvenient and embarrassing positions, as for example, while lying on their back, in order to acquire so much the more assurance in extraordinary emergencies.

It follows from all this, that the Romans had endeavored to supply, by means of the practice, the methods and a discipline of the school, their natural lack of aptitude for literature and eloquence. What has been the extent of their success? This is a question which I am not bound to answer; I have to confine myself to a rapid survey of the history of the different schools of rhetoric and grammar in Gaul.

In consequence of the want of direct information respecting the organization of these schools and the works of their most prominent masters, we have but one general and vague fact, by which to form a summary estimate of their doctrines and their services. It must, I think, be admitted as a fact, that all the more or less distinguished men of letters that appeared in Gaul from the commencement of the first century of our era to the end of the fourth, had received their intellectual training in these schools. They may, therefore, be considered as being their result; and from the general character of the works of the one we may form a tolerably correct idea of the doctrines professed in the other. Finally, the progress and the revolutions of these schools must, to a certain extent, have been marked by corresponding differences or inequalities among the writers who went forth from them.

Now, the writers in question are very numerous, and of various kinds; they are orators, historians, and poets, the ma-

jority of whom are ranked among the most distinguished of their respective epochs. Trogus Pompeius, from the country of the Vocontii, was the most learned historian of his time; Domitius Afer, from Nîmes, was considered the first orator of Rome, at a time when the Forum was still full of men of the finest genius;* at a somewhat later period, Marcus Aper and Julius Secundus, both of them interlocutors in the celebrated dialogue, attributed to Quintilian, "On the causes of the corruption of eloquence," were likewise numbered among the most distinguished members of the bar. The ingenious satirist, Petronius, to whom we are indebted for so lively and piquant a picture of the manners of the Romans during the first century of our era, may be included in the number of the Latin writers who had been educated in Gaul. The multiplication of these writers was proportionate to that of the Gallic schools of grammar and of rhetoric. In the fourth century, Gaul was the most flourishing seat of Latin literature. The rhetoricians, who are the panegyrists of the emperors Maximianus, Constantius, of Constantine and Julian, are all, or the majority of them, Gauls. Ansonius of Bordeaux is one of the most polished intellects, and Sulpicius Severus the most elegant of the Christian writers of this epoch.

All these writers had undoubtedly lost much of the taste, the vigor and the gravity of those of the preceding centuries. But what was really wanting to them was neither zeal, nor knowledge, nor talent; it was rather the previous state of things, which had been consigned to irreparable ruin; it was the glory and the liberty of former times. Such as they were, however, these men were the product and the evidence of a highly refined and a very extensive intellectual culture.

At this same epoch, that is to say, during the fourth century, when Massilia and all the other Greek cities of Gaul had become subject to the dominion of the Romans, the Latin language must have introduced itself there together with that dominion. Nevertheless, the majority of their inhabitants were still Greeks, and retained their ancient idiom. It is therefore extremely probable, that these cities had not yet entirely renounced their native literature; but history does not furnish us any very definite notions on this point. The only piece, which I could quote in support of my assertion, would perhaps prove still more conclusively, to what an extent the genius of Greece had then declined among the descendants of the ancient

* On these orators see Quint. Inst. Orat. lib. x. c. i. p. 118: "Sunt alii multi diserti, quos persequi longum est: eorum, quos viderim, Domitius Afer et Julius Africanus longe præstantissimi: arte ille et toto genere dicendi præferendus, et *quem in numero veterum locare non timeas*," etc. On Julius Secundus, compare *id.* p. 120–123.—*Ed.*

Massilians. It bears the title of *Monody*, and is a funeral eulogy on Constantine the younger, the brother of Constantine the Great. This young man was assassinated in 311, in the vicinity of the Pyrenees, at the moment when he was about to enter Spain, for the purpose of marrying a young Spanish lady, who had been affianced to him. This murder, which was imputed to several different persons, and to the great Constantine himself, was a source of great affliction to the inhabitants of Arles, whom, it seems, the prince had inspired with a great affection. Some rhetorician of the country composed his funeral oration. It is but a short and cold declamation, the work of a schoolboy, in which pagan reminiscences and Christian ideas are strangely jumbled up together from one end to the other.

If, however, this piece was pronounced, as we may be permitted to suppose, before the people of Arles on a solemn public occasion in honor of the deceased prince, it offers us a certain historical interest as an evidence of the fact, that in the fourth century the Greek was still the language of a great part of the Arelatenses; and *a fortiori* it must have still been in use at Massilia, at Nicæa, at Antipolis, and in the other cities of Phocæan origin.

The literary culture of the Gauls, as I have just now represented it, was a laborious and a refined culture; it was that of the higher classes of society, of those who had an eye to public honors or to fame. Of all this intellectual light, the masses of the people received nothing more than isolated reflections, which fell from far too high a region to have any great effect on them. But the civilization and the arts of Greece and Rome had a number of material and sensuous sides, by which they must have produced a strong effect on the masses of the population, into the midst of which they were transplanted.

I have already elsewhere noticed the facility, with which the Gallic tribes in the vicinity of Massilia took to the pompous gaiety of the religious ceremonies of Greece; they likewise took to all the various applications of poetry, to the festivals and the habits of domestic life, to the public amusements, to the expression of natural sentiments. The Romans, and more especially the Greeks, had their popular songs for all the usages of society, and I had almost said for every moment of their life. Their most familiar diversions had something picturesque and poetical in them. The majority of their popular choruses and of their danses were, like the choruses of their religious festivals, short dramas, in which the poetic word, the music and the mimic art conspired to contribute to the material representation of an idea, in imitation of some captivating

or some touching adventure. The songs of the night and the epithalamia belonged likewise to the popular class of poetry.

The lovers were in the habit of going beneath the windows of their mistresses by night, for the purpose of singing to them their songs, which assumed various names and a different character according to the time at which they were sung, which was commonly at midnight or at the break of day. With all these domestic usages, the Gauls of the South adopted the poetry which was associated with them, and which constituted their principal charm. Of this we shall find proofs when we shall come to examine certain kinds of poetry composed by the Troubadours, in which we shall recognize traditions of the ancient poetry, modified in conformity with the spirit of chivalric gallantry. The poems of Homer even became popular among the Gauls of the South, who were made familiar with them either through the recitations of the Massilian rhapsodists or through the Greek instruction given in the schools of grammar or of rhetoric. This is another fact, the certainty of which we shall likewise see established hereafter.

With this general alacrity on the part of the Gallic people, to adopt from the culture of the Greeks and Romans whatever there was striking or picturesque in it, or whatever was calculated to move their senses, their imagination, or their curiosity, it was impossible, that the dramatic representations and all the other kinds of ancient spectacles should not have likewise produced an equally great effect upon the Gauls. I have already advanced it as very probable, that the Massilians had a theatre. It is at least certain that several of their colonies, among others Nice and Antibes, had one. Inscriptions have been found at Nîmes, which likewise attest the existence of a Greek theatre in that city; and this fact can hardly be explained in any other way than as a consequence of the dominion of the Massilians in the country, of which Nîmes was the capital; but whether this was in accordance with the wishes or the usage of the Massilians, or in spite of them and by way of exception to their discipline, it is nevertheless certain that Greek theatres did exist in southern Gaul, in which Greek pieces of some sort must have been performed, precisely as pieces in the Latin language were played at Narbonne, at Arles, at Vienne, at Lyon, and in all the other cities, where there were Roman theatres. It may therefore be considered as a settled fact, that there were dramatic representations, as there were other branches of literature and of the arts. The influence of these representations on the manners and the culture of the Gauls must have been, especially in the beginning, a Greek as much as it was a Roman influence.

The dramatic poetry of the Greeks had not long continued in the original and majestic ensemble of its primitive forms; it had soon become corrupted and disintegrated by a multitude of causes, first in Greece itself, and through the fault of the Greeks; at a somewhat later date at Rome, and through the vices of the Romans.

The general history of literature and of the arts could not exhibit anything more interesting and more curious than the picture of those revolutions in the dramatic art of classical antiquity; but I can only notice here the principal results of those revolutions, and with the simple view of pointing out their long-protracted influence on the manners and the culture of the Middle Age.

The two grand forms of theatrical composition, tragedy and comedy, had long before our era been scarcely cultivated or represented anywhere; they had gradually decomposed themselves into a multitude of smaller varieties, which had taken their place, and which were nothing more than a shadow or a parody of the former.

The *mime*, which was the oldest, the most elevated and the most popular of these secondary dramatic forms, admitted of all sorts of arguments, serious and comic, graceful and burlesque. The *lysiodie*, the *hilarodie*, and the *magodie* were other varieties of shorter dramas, still simpler than the mime. The two first appear to have been nothing more than the briefest possible imitation of an action, ordinarily a serious one, which was represented by a single actor, accompanied in his performance by one or two instruments, and playing in the costume of a man the personages of both sexes, which concurred in the action. The *magodie* was likewise acted by a single histrio, who was, however, dressed like a woman, and the action turned most frequently on burlesque scenes from the life of persons from the lower orders of society, or on the ordinary adventures of courtesans. This species of the drama was, therefore, on an extremely limited ground, an exaggeration of the licenses of comedy, as the two former were a contraction of tragedy.

Degenerated or mutilated as these compositions were, they had, nevertheless, some points in common with the ancient master-works of art; they preserved some impress of the genius of the Greeks.

In all of them the imitation was effected by the concurrence of the words, the music and the dance. Easy as it had been made in all these little dramas, this association of three distinct arts, for the production of a single and individual effect, was nevertheless an obstacle to the greatest attainable popularity

of these dramatic amusements. This obstacle was removed; dramas of every kind and of every dimension were composed, in which the picturesque gesticulation or the dance was employed as the only means of imitation. From that time the art of characterizing solely by motions and gestures, even to the most delicate *nuances*, the most accidental modifications of passion, assumed developments and an importance, of which it would be difficult to form any conception at present.

All these inventions, all these little varieties of the drama had passed successively from the Greeks to the Romans, and the latter had often confounded them under the vague and collective denomination of mimes. Now, it was the ordinary lot of the inventions of Greece to lose their primitive simplicity and innocence, or to deteriorate still worse, after they had been transplanted among the Romans. The immense riches of the Romans furnished them with the means of pushing their vices into monstrosities. The mimes and other dramatic sports were among them carried to an excess, where, in order to pique the curiosity of the spectators, it became necessary to add the obscenity of speech to that of the action, and to convert into a reality before their very eyes, whatever impurity the imagination had only been accustomed to conceive.

By an excess of another kind, and still more odious, they hit upon the idea of taking advantage of the execution of criminals, in order to add a little variety to their theatrical emotions. They had pieces composed expressly for the purpose of introducing or embodying, either in the shape of incident, or as the catastrophe—the punishment of the condemned. One example of the kind will answer our purpose. Some wretch or other had been arrested and condemned to death for having committed highway robbery in Sicily, on Mount Ætna, or in its vicinity. His adventure was dramatized, and a mountain was constructed on the stage to represent, as well as could be done, Mount Ætna, with its crater and its ravines. The *dénouement* was a picturesque one: the criminal was precipitated into the abyss!

In short, the more these theatrical representations degenerated, the less could the Romans dispense with them. They finally introduced them as domestic amusements into their private habitations. There was no family fête, no banquet without some sort of dramatic diversion, without some pantomime, some dance or musical performance. "There are now," says Seneca, "more singers at our feasts than there were formerly spectators in our theatres."* Every house of any pretension to wealth had

* Luc. Ann. Senecæ Epistola lxxxiv.: "In cœnationibus nostris plus canterum est, quam in theatris olim spectatorum fuit." Where, however, several editors insist on reading *commissionibus*, to which they attribute the sense of our modern concerts.—*Ed.*

its private stage, which was daily frequented by some itinerant artists, by histrions, by elegant female dancers, by skillful players on the lyre or the flute.

The theatrical representations of the provinces were probably not carried to the same degree or to the same refinement of corruption, as were those at Rome; but they pursued the same course, and they experienced the same revolutions, and these revolutions superinduced analogous results. Thus, for example, the dramatic spectacles of Gaul, during the fourth and fifth centuries, differed in no essential respect from those of Rome or Italy. The remarks or the hints of the contemporary ecclesiastical writers respecting them are sufficient proof, that they were neither less degenerate nor less popular. The ruins of Roman theatres are rare enough at the present time in France; but there undoubtedly existed many theatres in Gaul, of which no longer any vestiges are left, and everything authorizes us to believe, that there was scarcely a province in which dramatic representations were not known.

It appears, however, that the mania for the elaborate refinements of the saltation or the imitative dance did not penetrate very far into the north of Gaul. The Emperor Julian gives us an account of a man from Cappadocia, who, having been obliged to flee from his country, became the leader of a company of strolling dancers or mimes, with which he went into Gaul. He produced them at the theatre of Paris—a circumstance, from which we learn, that there was such an establishment there at that epoch. It was the first time that artists of this description were seen there. They were taken for fools and hooted, to the great delight of Julian, who did not like those inventions of civilization, which contributed to the enervation of the soul. The case was a very different one in the cities of the South. It was customary there to erect monuments in honor of those, who distinguished themselves in this art of saltation, which had become the first of the dramatic arts. The ruins of the theatre at Antibes contained an inscription in honor of Septentrio, a young man of fifteen, who, after having appeared twice in succession, and with great success, in this theatre, had died, probably in consequence of the efforts he had made to merit this success.

These remarks on the passion of the Gauls for theatrical representations will easily account for the avidity, with which they hankered after other representations, still more calculated to move an unpolished or a vitiated multitude; I refer to those of the amphitheatre. The ruins of these amphitheatres are at present much more numerous in France than those of the theatres. It is a proof that the combats of gladiators and with wild

beasts were more general and frequent even than the amusements of the stage.

To complete this perhaps too rapid stretch of the Gallo-Roman civilization, I ought, perhaps, to speak of the other arts of the Romans, particularly of their architecture, and of the magnificent monuments with which they covered the soil of Gaul. But the results, at which I might arrive, would be too remotely connected with the ulterior object of my researches. I shall therefore limit myself to a few observations on this point, such as will naturally link themselves to the general subject of this outline.

Among the prominent monuments of architecture, erected in Gaul under the dominion of the Romans, there were some, as for example, the temple at Nîmes, generally known under the name of the *maison carrée*, or the square house, which were purely Grecian in their conception and their style, and must be regarded as the work of Greek artists, as must also the temples and other monuments of the Phocæan cities. The amphitheatres, the basilicas, the majority of theatres, and the triumphal arches were monuments of Roman design and workmanship; but they required decorations, paintings, and statuary, for the execution of which the Romans generally employed Greek artists. The supposition is a natural one, that several, perhaps even the majority, of these artists were Greeks of the vicinity or of the country, or in other words, Massilians. This being the case, the latter would have exercised an equally important influence on the art of Gaul, as we have seen them exercising on its literary culture.

But whether it was by Massilians or by others, certain it is, that numerous monuments of Grecian art were reared in Gaul, by the side of the monuments of Roman art. Some facts would even lead to the presumption, that several of these monuments were of a far superior order to what we are generally inclined to imagine. We know, for example, from the testimony of Pliny, that a Greek statuary by the name of Zenodorus, whose native country is not known, and who was perhaps one of the many unknown Massilian artists, had executed for a temple in the capital of the Arverni (which has since received the name of Clermont), a colossal statue of Mercury in bronze. This statue, of one hundred and twenty feet in height, passed for one of the wonders of art at an epoch, when art had still retained much of its primitive grandeur. The fame which the artist acquired by this work procured him a call to Rome, where he was to cast a colossal statue of Nero.* Now, if such a work

* Pliny: Nat. Hist. lib. xxxiv. c. 18.—*Ed.*

adorned a city like that of the Arverni, which occupied but a secondary place among the cities of Gaul, is it not natural to suppose, that works of a still more elevated kind must have embellished the cities of the first order, such as Narbonne, Trèves, Toulouse, Vienne and Lyons?

To these indications it would be easy to add a multitude of others; but this is not essential to my object. I think I have said enough to establish the general fact, in respect to art as well as in respect to literature, that the influence, under which the Gauls acquired their civilization, was a mixed one, partly Greek and partly Roman.

If now we wish to reduce the foregoing facts or views to a small number of primary results, we must transport ourselves to the end of the fourth century, that being the epoch, at which the culture of the Gallo-Romans had attained to its highest development and its most extensive diffusion.

The primitive population of Gaul was composed of at least three distinct national bodies, different in their origin, their language, their institutions and their manners. Cæsar had designated these three nations by the names of the Aquitani, the Celtæ and the Belgæ. Each of them was subdivided into a multitude of independent tribes or hordes, having no fixed bond of union among themselves, always in motion, always at war with each other, ever ready to follow the first chief who offered to conduct them to the pillage of foreign countries, constantly menacing the existence and the peace of the civilized portion of mankind, which was at that time as yet very small.

By the end of the fourth century, these three nations and their numerous subsidiary tribes had merged themselves into a single compact mass, subdued into civilization, having the same political interest, the same government, the same civil laws, the same municipal administration, the same arts, the same intellectual culture, and deriving all this from Rome or from Greece, either directly or through the intermediate agency of Rome. The Latin had become the language of the great majority, and an additional bond of union between the different races, of which this new nationality was composed. But in some mountainous districts, or in such as were remote from the highways of communication, the descendants of the ancient tribes had still preserved their original idioms; so that the three primitive languages of Gaul—that of the Aquitanians, that of the Celts and that of the Belgians—were still spoken in various places.

History offers us no longer any vestige of the remains of Druidism at the epoch of which we are now speaking. The large majority of the Gallo-Romans professed Christianity, in-

termingling it, indeed, with many superstitions and customs which were derived from paganism; but from the Græco-Roman paganism, and not from the Gallic. Thus the two religions at that time coëxistent in Gaul, the one in its decline and near extinction, the other already dominant, were equally the results of Græco-Roman influences.

The Bards had disappeared, together with the Druids, and with the former every reminiscence of the ancient national poetry had become extinct. To find some feeble echo, some vague tradition of this poetry, we would have to go to the bardic songs of the insular Britons, to the fragments of the Irish and the Gaëlic bards, to look for it. By the close of the fourth century there was no longer any trace of it in Gaul; it had long been supplanted there by the Græco-Roman literature, of which I have just taken a cursory survey.

There is every reason to believe, that the mythological or poetical traditions respecting the origin of the Gauls and Celts had perished, together with the Druids and the Bards. Fables invented to please had taken their place. Not satisfied with being Romans by adoption and by their institutions, the Gallo-Romans had arrived at the point, where they could plume themselves on being so by origin. Such were the pretensions of the Arverni, who called themselves the brothers of the inhabitants of Latium. Others, as, for example, the Aquitanians, had found it more glorious to give themselves a Greek descent. Who can affirm, that these infantile fabrications of Græco-Roman vanity have not deprived history of some important data respecting the origin of the aboriginal tribes of Gaul?

From the united testimony of these facts, and from the considerations connected with them, it will appear, I hope, sufficiently evident, that at the end of the fourth century, Gaul was as different as possible from what it had been before the Roman conquest; that it had become Roman in everything that constitutes and characterizes a nation. I do not know whether history offers us another example of so complete a change produced by conquest.

Nevertheless, to whatever extent the culture and the civilization of the Romans may have preponderated in Gaul, it appears, that at the bottom of the Gallic or of the Celtic character there always remained a certain individual something, which was not Roman, and which refused to become so. Of this I shall have to give some curious proofs hereafter.

CHAPTER V.

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE UNDER THE BARBARIANS.

This Gallo-Roman civilization, of which I have just drawn a picture, contained in itself the germs of decadence, or rather, it had already deteriorated very greatly. The means and the chances of a regeneration were perhaps the only resources that were left to it. But the Barbarians were at hand to eliminate all these chances.

It is not necessary for me to describe the long and fatal struggle, in the course of which the Germanic tribes occupied country after country, until they had subjugated the whole of the Western Empire. It will be sufficient to call to mind in a few words the results of this struggle, as far as they relate to Gaul. Toward the year 414 this country was entered by the Visigoths, under the conduct of Ataulphe, the brother-in-law and the successor of Alaric the Great. They established themselves between the Rhone and the Pyrenees, from whence they gradually pushed their conquests as far as the confines of the Loire. Soon after came the Burgundians, who, from the vicinity of the Vosges descended by degrees as far as the right banks of the Durance, and appropriated all the eastern part of Gaul. Several of the provinces of the North had remained subject to Roman chiefs, and were still regarded as dependent on the empire. But the Frankish tribes, who had long been encamped in the northwest of Belgium, descended to the banks of the Aisne under the command of their young chief Clovis, defeated the Gallo-Romans, and made themselves masters of all their territory as far as the frontiers of the Visigoths and the Burgundians.

Henceforward the sole possessors of Gaul, the three barbarian nations, which had come to conquer each a portion of it, began to make war upon each other, in order to decide the question as to which of them the whole was to belong. The last comers, the Franks, were the successful combatants; they extended their dominion over the whole of Gaul, with the exception of the narrow strip of land included between the

Cevennes and the Mediterranean, which remained in the possession of the Visigoths. The events which led to this result comprised an interval of nearly a hundred and thirty years, during which the Gauls had to suffer from invasions, from wars and from political confusions, nearly all that a human society can suffer without being absolutely anihilated.

It would seem, that in the midst of such long-protracted disasters every vestige of Roman civilization should have disappeared from Gaul. But this was not the case. The Barbarians had no formal design of destroying anything that Rome had created. All that they wanted was to rule in her place, and as far as they were able and knew how, to rule like her, by the same means and with the same forms. They left to the vanquished their religion, their cultus, their language, their civil laws, their municipal government, their arts and their usages of every description. They did more than this; they became converted to Christianity, and thereby submitted to the influence of the clergy, which was at that time the most enlightened and the most powerful class among the vanquished, and the one which was most interested in the maintenance of the ideas and the institutions of the empire. Thus the fall of the Gallo-Roman civilization was not indeed prevented, but at any rate somewhat retarded.

In the midst of all the calamities of the fifth century, the Gallo-Romans still preserved the same intellectual culture which they had exhibited in the preceding century. They cultivated the same sciences, the same arts, and they cultivated them with the same aptitude and the same ardor. Only the circumstances were much more unfavorable; and this difference manifested itself in the results. Grammar and rhetoric continued to be the favorite studies of this sorrowful epoch; but as the empire lost, and the Barbarians gained advantages and ground, the means as well as the motives for devoting themselves to these studies diminished in proportion. After the middle of the century, the larger cities of the South were almost the only places where schools of grammar or of rhetoric were left. Those of Narbonne, of Toulouse, of Bordeaux, of Arles, of Vienne and of Lyons, less flourishing, doubtless, than during the previous epochs, still continued to maintain themselves under the dominion of the Barbarians. Other cities, of less note and power, clubbed together to support a professor in common, who divided his time and his instruction between them. This policy was adopted by those of Agen and of Perigueux, among others.

The Arverni began to have schools toward the middle of the fifth century. This epoch may be regarded as the term at

which the Roman impulsion ceased to influence the literature of Gaul.

At the head of several of the schools which I have mentioned, there were professors who passed for prodigies of eloquence and talent; such were Sapaudus at Vienne, Lampridius at Bordeaux, Leo at Narbonne.

As to philosophy, we cannot suppose it to have been very flourishing in Gaul at the epoch in question; and yet we here and there perceive better indications of philosophic life and curiosity than during the preceding century. It appears that the opposite doctrines, which have since been designated by the names of Materialism and of Spiritualism, came then into frequent and violent collision, and that they in fact divided Gallo-Roman society—a circumstance from which we have reason to conclude, that each of them had its separate schools.

But we are almost entirely ignorant of these schools; we know neither their professors nor their disciples, nor even the places in which they were established. There is but one of them on which we can say a few words, on the authority of Sidonius Apollinaris, who had frequented it in his youth. It is the one at Vienne. Toward the commencement of the fifth century, a Greek by the name of Eusebius had taught there, probably in Greek, the categories and the ethics of Aristotle. At a somewhat later date, it was distinguished for a man, who is better known than the former; and this man was Claudian Mamert, brother to Mamert the bishop of Vienne. He has left several works, the most remarkable of which is a treatise in three books, *On the nature of the soul.** He there proposes to demonstrate the immateriality of this substance, in opposition to the opinion of those who regard it as something inherent in the organs of the body, and as constituting nothing more than a certain state or modification of these organs. He employs for this purpose several purely metaphysical arguments, which he pretends to have borrowed from the ancient Pythagorean philosophers.

It was with poetry, as it was with eloquence and with philosophy; it still continued to be cultivated, and the only question would be, to know with what degree of merit and success. Many verses were made of every kind and on every subject; odes, comedies, tragedies and satires were composed. But more than ever, the poetic talent had ceased to be a special talent, having its root in some individual peculiarity inherent in the imagination and the sensibility of the poet. It was no longer anything more than a general *savoir-faire* or knowing

* This may be found in Migne's "Patrologiæ Cursus Completus," vol. 53, under the title of "Mamerti Claudiani Presbyteri Viennensis De statu animæ libri tres."—*Ed.*

how, a conventional complement to all literary and scientific culture. The most renowned rhetoricians, grammarians and lawyers had also the reputation of being the best poets. The Leo of Narbonne, whom I have already mentioned as the Cicero of his epoch, was its Virgil into the bargain. Lampridius of Bordeaux, a famous professor of rhetoric and eloquence, passed for no less a famous poet.

We have no longer any of the works of these poets to compare them with their ancient fame. We may, if we choose, suppose them to be superior in several respects to other contemporary productions which have come down to us; but it is scarcely probable, that they had much more imagination or originality than the latter. The genius of the Romans had never been purely and frankly poetical, not even in its youth or in the vigor of its manhood; and these its last efforts were but a tedious exaggeration of its primitive defects. We may be permitted to regret the loss of the poetic master-works of the fifth century on account of the infinite variety of characteristic traits, which we would undoubtedly find in them, concerning the men, the events and the manners of this singularly curious and too little known epoch. The loss may therefore be a serious one to history, but certainly not to poetry.

Sidonius Apollinaris was perhaps the greatest genius of his age, and the last of those writers, who in spite of their defects, nevertheless belong to classical antiquity. Sidonius was from Lyons, and of one of the most illustrious families of the times. His father, Apollinaris, had been prefect of the prætorium of the Gauls. He married very young, Papianilla, the daughter of Avitus, one of the most prominent men in the province of the Arverni, who, after having been master of the cavalry, was elevated to the rank of emperor, by an intrigue which was half Gallic and half Visigothic. Sidonius, now the son-in-law of an emperor, found himself naturally thrown into the career of ambition and of honors. Involved in the rapid fall of his father-in-law, he entered very largely into a Gallic conspiracy against the emperor Majorian—a conspiracy of which Lyons was the centre. This city however was besieged and taken, and the defeated conspirators dispersed in every direction. Sidonius obtained his pardon by a pompous panegyric on Majorian, in which he celebrates, in perhaps a somewhat dastardly manner, the victory which the emperor had gained over himself, his friends and fellow-citizens. Some time after, another panegyric on the emperor Anthemius, gained him the dignity of prefect of Rome, which was the second in Italy. Toward the year 472, he was nominated bishop of the church of the Arverni, and he exhibited in this new capacity a

force and dignity of character, of which no one, who was acquainted with his previous conduct, would have thought him capable.

Sidonius has left us compositions in prose and verse. Of his verses I shall say nothing; they are only remarkable for their stiffness, their obscurity, their bombast, and for their monotonous and pedantic abuse of the fictions of Grecian mythology. But his letters form an extremely interesting collection.* These are full of invaluable information on the principal personages, and on the prominent events of the epoch. The historians have turned them to great advantage; they have not, however, as yet availed themselves of all the facts, which they are capable of contributing to our knowledge of Gaul during the second half of the fifth century. In a literary point of view, they are a brilliant reflex of the spirit and of the taste of their century. The style of this period is still very refined, but it also exhibits a rapid tendency to a fastidious minuteness and to mannerism. We everywhere perceive a vast deal of care and labor bestowed on affecting talent, and on giving a pedantic and pretentious tone to serious and noble sentiments.

I shall quote, as a specimen of the eloquence of Sidonius Apollinaris, one of his most interesting letters. Its subject is as follows: Toward the year 470, the war between Nepos, the emperor of the West, and Euric, the king of the Visigoths, had broken out. The latter, who coveted the fine province of Auvergne, made several incursions into it for the purpose of effecting its conquest, and in 474 besieged the city of Clermont. Sidonius Apollinaris had recently been elected bishop of that city. He exhorted the inhabitants to defend themselves bravely, and his brother-in-law Ekdikius, who commanded them, accomplished prodigies of audacity and valor, which compelled the Visigoths to raise the siege. But scarcely had the Arverni been delivered from their enemies, when they learnt to their surprise that a peace had been concluded between Euric and the emperor, and that the cession of Auvergne to the Visigoths was one of the conditions of this peace. It was then, that Sidonius, overcome with grief and indignation, addressed the following letter to Græcus, the Bishop of Marseilles, who was one of the three bishops that had negotiated the peace:

"The regular bearer of my letters, Amantius, is going to regain his port Marseilles (at least, if the passage be a favorable one), carrying with him, as usually, the little booty he has

* Sidonius has left us nine books of letters, addressed to various distinguished contemporaries of his, and a number of lyrical compositions, some of which he terms *Carmina* and others *Panegyrici*. Among the printed editions are that of Sirmond, Paris, 1614, and that of Migne, in his Patrol. Curs. Compl.—*Ed.*

made here.* I should seize this opportunity of having a gay chat with you, if it were possible to occupy one's self with gaieties, when one is under the visitations of adversity. Now this is precisely our condition in this degraded corner of the land, which, if the report speaks true, will be still more unfortunate in consequence of the peace, than it had been during the war. We are required to pay for the liberty of another by our own servitude; by the servitude of the Arverni; alas! of the same Arverni, who anciently were bold enough to call themselves the brothers of the Latins, and the descendants of the Trojans! who in our own day have repelled by their own forces the attacks of public enemies, and who frequently, when beleagured by the Goths, so far from trembling within their walls, have made their adversaries tremble in their camps.

"They are the same Arverni, who, whenever it was required to face the Barbarians of their vicinity, have at the same time been both generals and soldiers. In the vicissitudes of these wars, you have reaped all the fruit of the success, and they all the disasters of the reverses. They are the men, who, in their zeal for the public good, have not hesitated to surrender to the

* This is the seventh epistle of Book VII., of which the original is as follows: "*Sidonius domino Papæ Græco Salutem.* Ecce iterum Amantius nugigerulus noster Massiliam suam repetit, aliquid, ut moris est, de manubiis civitatis domum reportaturus, si tamen aut cataplus arriserit. Per quem joculariter plura garrirem, si pariter unus idemque valeret animus exercere læta, et tristia sustinere. Siquidem nostri hic nunc est infelicis anguli status: cujus, ut fama confirmat, melior fuit sub bello, quam sub pace conditio. Facta est servitus nostra pretium securitatis alienæ. Arvernorum, proh dolor! servitus, qui, si prisca replicarentur, audebant se quondam fratres Latio dicere, et sanguine ab Iliaco populos computare; si recentia memorabuntur, ii sunt, qui viribus propriis hostium publicorum arma remorati sunt. Cui sæpe populo Gothus non fuit clausa intra mœnia formidini, cum vicissim ipse fieret oppugnatoribus positis intra castra terrori. Hi sunt, qui sibi adversus vicinorum aciem tam duces fuere, quam milites. De quorum tamen sorte certaminum, si quid prosperum cessit, vos secunda solata sunt: si quid contrarium, illos adversa fregerunt. Illi amore rei publicæ Seronatum, barbaris provinciæ propinantem, non timuere legibus tradere; quem convictum deinceps respublica vix præsumpsit occidere. Hoccine meruerunt inopia, flamma, ferrum, pestilentia, pingues cædibus gladii, et macri jejuniis præliatores? Propter hujus tamen inclytæ pacis expectationem avulsas muralibus rimis herbas in cibum traximus: crebro per ignorantiam venenatis graminibus infecti, quæ indiscretis foliis succisque viridantia sæpe manus fame concolor legit. Pro iis tot tantisque devotionis experimentis nostri (quantum audio) facta jactura est. Pudeat vos precamur hujus fœderis, nec utilis, nec decori. Per vos legationes meant. Vobis primum, quanquam Principe absente, non solum tractata reserantur, verum etiam tractanda committuntur. Veniabilis sit, quæsumus, apud aures vestras veritatis asperitas, cujus convitii invidiam dolor eripit. Parum in commune consulitis; et cum in concilio convenitis, non tam curæ est publicis mederi periculis, quam privatis studere fortunis. Quod utique sæpe dinque facientes, jam non primi comprovincialium cœpistis esse, sed ultimi. At quousque istæ poterunt durare vestigiæ? Non enim diutius ipsi majores nostri hoc nomine gloriabuntur, qui minores incipiunt non habere. Quapropter vel consilio, quo potestis, statum concordiæ tam turpis incidite. Adhuc si necesse est obsideri, adhuc pugnare, adhuc esurire delectat. Si vero tradimur, qui non potuimus viribus obtineri, inveniase vos certum est, quid barbarum suaderetis ignavi. Sed cur dolori nimio fræna laxamus? Quin potius ignoscite afflictis, nec imputate mœrentibus. Nam alia regio tradita servitium sperat, Arverna supplicium. Sane si medicari nostris ultimis non valetis, saltem hoc efficite prece sedula, ut sanguis vivat, quorum est moritura libertas. Parate exulibus terram, capiendis redemptionem, viaticum peregrinaturis. Si murus noster aperitur hostibus, non sit clausus vester hospitalibus."—*Ed.*

sword of justice that Seronatus, who served up at the feasts of the Barbarians the provinces of the empire, and whose sentence of execution the imperial government itself has hardly dared to execute.

"This peace of which they talk—is this what we have merited by our privations, by the desolation of our walls and fields from fire and sword and pestilence, by the destruction of our famished warriors? Is it in a hope of a peace like this, that we have fed on herbs extracted from the crevices of our ramparts, not unfrequently empoisoned by deadly plants which we could not distinguish, and gathered by hands as livid as themselves? Shall all these acts and similar acts of self-devotion only end, as they assure us, in our ruin?

"Oh, do not submit, we do beseech you, to a treaty so fatal and so disgraceful! You are the intermediate agents of all the communications; it is to you, that the decisions arrived at and submitted, and the decisions yet to be arrived at, are first communicated, even in the absence of the prince. Listen then, we do conjure you, listen to a rugged truth, to a reproach for which our sorrow should obtain your pardon. You rarely write, and when you do write, it is not so much to devise a remedy for public evils, as it is to bargain for your private interests. By acts like these, you will soon no longer be the first, but the last of the bishops. The *prestige* cannot last; and those will not long retain the quality of superiors, who have already begun to lack inferiors.

"Prevent therefore, and break at any hazard, a peace so disgraceful. Or shall we fight again? Shall we endure another siege, another famine? We are prepared for it; we are content. But if we are betrayed without being vanquished, it will be manifest, that in betraying us, you have devised a cowardly expedient to make your peace with the Barbarians.

"But what avails it, thus to give the reins to an excessive grief? Excuse those in affliction. Every other country that surrenders will come off with simple servitude, but ours has to expect the rigors of a severer punishment. If, therefore, it is not in your power to preserve us, then save at least by your intercession the life of those, who are doomed to lose their liberty. Prepare lands for the exiles, ransoms for their captives, provisions for those who shall be forced to emigrate. If our walls are opened to the enemy, let not yours be closed to the stranger and the guest."

These pages, in spite of the occasional instances of bad taste by which they are disfigured, impress us with the idea of a cultivated intellect, as well as of a noble character, in their author. They are particularly interesting in a historical point

of view. They are, I believe, the last that could be mentioned as having been inspired by an exalted sentiment of Roman patriotism. The war, to which they allude, is the last that was waged for the honor of the Roman name. For these various reasons they deserved to be quoted in a historical survey of the Roman civilization in Gaul.

If anything could have imparted to the literature and the eloquence of this fifth century a little of the ancient dignity and simplicity, it would undoubtedly have been Christianity, which, in this Roman society, degraded and ruined by despotism, had disseminated new ideas respecting the destiny of man and that of nations. The clergy of Gaul preached daily what it called the Government of God to the Gallo-Romans, who had fallen under the yoke of the Barbarians. They endeavored to resuscitate their courage, depressed by the disasters of the century. They sought to refute those, who made these disasters the pretext for upholding the Pagan doctrine of fatalism against the Christian doctrine of a Providence, mindful of the lot of men and of the course of human events. They pretended to find, even in the downfall of the empire, even in the incursions of so many different conquerors, indications of the reign of that providence which they proclaimed. They dared to draw a parallel between the government of the empire and that of the Barbarians, and to find in the first more vices, more tyranny and more cruelty than in the second. Without denying the evils and the ravages of those incursions, they pretended that these evils and these ravages were nothing in comparison with those which would naturally and necessarily have attended the triumph of the Barbarians, unless the divine mercy had inspired them with a clemency and a deference toward the conquered, which was neither in their character nor in their habits.

Saint Augustine had been the first who gave currency to these ideas by his treatise "On the City of God;" the composition of which was occasioned by the taking and the pillaging of Rome by Alaric. Soon after that event the bishops of Gaul had frequent occasions to preach them anew. Prosper, of Aquitania, put them into verse; Salvian, of Marseilles, developed them methodically in a work which he entitled "On the Government of God."

True or false, illusory or serious, these ideas were new; they were bold and sublime, and it seems that they ought to have inspired these who were filled with them, and who were so enthusiastic in propagating them with a new eloquence, an eloquence as earnest and as stern, as are the ideas themselves. There was nothing of the kind. The style of Salvian is as

affected and as tainted with bad taste, as that of the profane rhetoricians of the epoch. The verses of Prosper of Acquitania do not breathe a more natural or a more original tone than so many others of the same epoch, which treat of vulgar subjects.

Of the study of the Greek language and literature, which once had been so extensively cultivated in Gaul, there is scarcely a vestige to be found in the fifth century. Marseilles itself can show at this epoch but two professors, and both of these were Romans; both having given instruction in Latin rhetoric. The small number of those who are known to have then and since composed anything at Marseilles, wrote in Latin. It is, however, probable that the Greek was still spoken at Marseilles; but it appears to have been abandoned to the lower classes of the people; the rest had long ago adopted the use of the Latin.

There were, however, still some schools for the study of Greek grammar and of rhetoric scattered here and there throughout the South. What I have said on the teaching of philosophy at Vienne, necessarily presupposes in that city a certain number of persons familiar with the Greek. That this language also continued to be taught at Bordeaux, we learn from the testimony of Paulin, one of the principal inhabitants of that city, known for the singular reverses of fortune which he experienced during the invasion of the Goths, and of which he has given us a narrative in verse, full of interest and candor. It was, undoubtedly, the same at Narbonne; where we find men of genius applying themselves to the study and the composition of the Greek. Cossentius, one of the most illustrious and the most opulent Narbonenses of his time had written odes or some other poems which his friends compared to those of Pindar.

I have as yet said nothing of the spectacles and the public amusements of every description; and I have very little to say about them. The amusement of the circus, the gladiatorial combats, and what was called the chase of animals, were in all probability less frequent in the fifth century than they had been the century before. But they continued to be the favorite spectacle in the amphitheatres of large cities. Salvian, who in all his remarks on the manners and the usages of Gaul, has always particular reference to what he had observed in the South, explains himself on the subject of these spectacles in a manner, which proves that they must have still been very much frequented. "If it happens," says he, "(and it happens very often) that the public sports and one of the festivals of the church occur on the same day: which is the place, I ask, where the

greatest crowd collects? Is it the house of God, or the amphitheatre?"* The performances of the circus given at Arles, in 462, are the last of which history celebrates the display and the magnificence. In regard to the dramatic amusements and representations, there is nothing special to be said here. The testimonies on this point are so vague, that it would be necessary to collect and to discuss a large number of them in order to arrive at some definite conclusion of any value in the history of literature or art. I shall limit myself to a general conjecture on the subject; which is, that the amusements and the representations in question had gradually degenerated into farces of the mountebank stage.

These are the most important and the best authenticated indications, that are left us of the literary culture of Gaul at the epochs of the definitive invasion of the country by the Germans. I might now proceed directly from this outline to that of the following periods of the Middle Age, to inquire what had become, in the tenth century, four hundred years after the Barbarian conquest, of all that Græco-Roman civilization; to enumerate and, as it were, to measure its ruined remains, in order to be able to recognize them again, if need be, in the new literature of the Middle Age, the antecedents of which I am now investigating. But it appeared to me that this transition would be too abrupt. I have, therefore, deemed it, if not necessary, at least convenient, to dwell for a moment on the immediate consequences of the Germanic invasions, to mark a little more minutely the various impressions which the different conquerors received from the Gallo-Roman civilization, and the particular share which they unconsciously contributed to its progressive degradation. Up to a certain point it will be sufficient for our purpose to continue this summary review,

* "Si quando enim evenerit, quod scilicet sæpe evenit, ut eodem die et festivitas ecclesiastica et ludi publici agantur; quæro ab omnium conscientia, quis locus majores christianorum virorum copias habeat, cavea ludi publici, an atrium Dei? et templum omnes magis sectentur, an theatrum? dicta evangeliorum magis diligant, an thymelicorum? verba vitæ, an verba mortis? verba Christi, an verba mimi? Non est dubium, quin illud magis amemus, quod anteponimus. Omni enim feralium ludicrorum die, si quælibet ecclesiæ festa fuerit, non solum ad ecclesiam non veniunt, qui christianos se esse dicunt, sed si qui inscii forte venerint, dum in ipsa ecclesia sunt, si ludos agi audiunt, ecclesiam derelinquunt. Spernitur Dei templum, ut curratur ad theatrum. Ecclesia vacatur, circus impletur," etc., etc. De Gubernatione Dei, lib. vi. c. vii. Compare also c. xi. of the same book, in which the author brands these amusements as relics of pagan idolatry. This passion for public spectacles of every kind seems to have been equally great across the Mediterranean, in the north of Africa, where we find a body of bishops memorializing one of the emperors to prohibit these public amusements on Sunday, and on other festivals of the church; and more especially on Easter Sunday, on which, as they allege, more people went to the circus than to the churches (*maxime quia Sancti Paschæ octavarum die populi ad circum magis quam ad ecclesiam conveniunt*). Cap. 61 Collect. Afric. The fourth council of Carthage menaces with the penalty of excommunication those, who, in contempt of its prohibition, might persist in thus pursuing their pleasure, to the neglect of divine worship, on days consecrated to religious purposes.—*Ed.*

which I have broken of at the fifth century, as far as the sixth, or, in other words, as far as the epoch of the Franks.

During the whole of this fifth century the Visigoths and the Burgundians were the only nations among the Barbarians, who could have, and who, in fact, did have any influence on the culture of the Gallo-Romans. Most of the cities, in which the ancient schools of grammar, of eloquence, and of philosophy continued in operation during this century, were subject to one or the other of these two nations: Vienne and Lyons to the Burgundians; Bordeaux, Narbonne and Toulouse to the Visigoths. It may be a matter of astonishment to some to find all these cities maintaining, even under their barbarous masters, a degree of culture which is probably but little inferior to that, in which they would have remained under the dominion of the Romans. But our surprise will cease when we come to consult history.

Of all the Barbarians at war with the Roman empire, the Visigoths, at the time of their incursion into Gaul, were those who had humanized themselves the most, who had acquired the greatest degree of aptitude for the order and the enjoyments of civil life. They willingly obeyed their chiefs—nearly all of whom acquired glory in commanding them. Of the eight, which they had during the century of their dominion in Gaul, five were remarkable men, we might say great men, who to the energy of their barbarous character, added great political intelligence, and a noble consciousness of the advantages of civilization.

The first of all of them, and the one who led them to the foot of the Pyrenees, Ataulphe, had by degrees become a complete Roman in his sentiments and ideas. He was assassinated at the moment, when he was preparing to employ all the forces of his nature to uphold the crumbling edifice of Roman grandeur.

The fourth of these eight chiefs, Theodoric I., was scarcely less distinguished than Ataulphe. It was for the general cause of humanity, and from a motive of political generosity, that he espoused the part of the Romans against Attila. He was killed in the great battle of Châlons, to the winning of which he contributed greatly.

His son, Theodoric II., added to the brilliant qualities of a warlike chief, the manners, the polish and the education of a Roman. According to the assertion of Sidonius, who had known him personally, he took pleasure in the reading of Virgil and of Horace.

Euric, his younger brother and successor, read neither Virgil nor Horace; perhaps he did not even understand the Latin.

But yet he was a greater man than his predecessor, and gave surer indications of genius as a civilizer. He ordered an abridgment of the Theodosian code to be made, for the benefit of his Roman subjects, together with an interpretation of the laws which required one. To his Visigothic subjects he gave a written code, in which he adopted a multitude of the provisions of the Roman law, to which it seems the Goths conformed without any opposition. He encouraged, at least indirectly, the culture of letters by bestowing honors and offices of trust on such Gallo-Romans, as were most distinguished for their talent and acquirements. He sent on several embassies to Constantinople that same Cossentius of Narbonne, whom I have already mentioned as having had a remarkable talent for Greek poetry. His secretary was that same Leo, likewise from Narbonne, whom we already know as a celebrated orator and poet. The last pieces of Gallic rhetoric, boasted of as master-works, were manifestoes or letters composed by him in the name of Euric, and addressed to the different nations that had chosen this king as their arbitrator.

Under chiefs like these, though they were Barbarians, and in the midst of an order of things which was still Roman in all its forms, we can easily conceive, that the ancient schools of grammar, of rhetoric and of jurisprudence even, may have still been able to maintain themselves for some time longer. The civilization of the Romans had now become effete; it had fulfilled its destiny; its time was past; it was to fall irrevocably; but its downfall might be more or less a gentle or a gradual one, and the interval between the moment of this downfall and that of some future regeneration might be a more or less prolonged one. Now the Visigoths were the particular tribe of all the Barbarians, the dominion of which could afford the best chances for such a change.

The Burgundians had not made the same progress in civil polity as the Visigoths. Nevertheless they were more humane and more susceptible of discipline than several other German tribes. The majority of their chiefs exhibited a respectful deference toward the Roman authority, as long as it subsisted. Several of them were invested with the title of patricians, and appeared to regard it as their highest honor. Gondebaud, the most distinguished of all these chiefs, had spent many years in Italy, and always prided himself on appearing as a civilized prince, in private life as well as in his public capacity. In the feuds he had with Clovis, he affected quite a Roman repugnance to him and to his Franks, on whom he disdainfully bestows the epithet of Barbarians. Of his conduct relatively to literature and the liberal studies we know nothing, but we

have every inducement to presume, that if he meddled with them at all, it was rather to retard than to accelerate their ruin.

The sixth century produced an entire change of things. The dominion of the Visigoths was transferred beyond the Pyrenees; the Burgundians ceased to have chiefs of their own, and they no longer constituted a separate national body. The Franks remained sole masters of nearly the whole of Gaul.

Of the three nations which had established themselves in this country, the Franks were the one, which had most carefully preserved in their primitive purity the manners, the institutions and the spirit of its Germanic ancestors. It was, therefore, under them and through them, that these manners, these institutions and this spirit were destined to develop themselves in Gaul with the greatest vigor and effect, and to act upon its interior civilization and culture in the most direct and serious manner. The moment will come, when it will be my duty to appreciate the definitive results of this action. For the present I can only throw out in advance a few general notions, which may hereafter constitute a part of that estimate.

From the end of the fifth to the middle of the sixth century, the literary decadence of Gaul continued with accelerated rapidity, in consequence of the ravages produced by the various expeditions of the Franks against the Goths, both of Italy and of Gaul, and against the Burgundians. Nevertheless, the ancient studies were by no means entirely abandoned; grammar schools still continued to exist; for example, at Lyons, at Vienne and at Clermont there was still a great number of writers, but they all belonged to the ecclesiastical order. The laity had no longer any motive for applying itself to the culture of letters. Saint Cæsarius, the bishop of Arles, has left us homilies, which do not seem to be inferior to these of his predecessors. Saint Ferreol, bishop of Uzes, composed epistles in the style of those of Sidonius Apollinaris. Though Fortunatus, the bishop of Poitiers, was not a Gaul by birth, we yet may refer here to the numerous compositions in verse, which he wrote in honor of all the great personages of his time, of kings, queens, dukes, counts and bishops. In point of correctness and elegance of diction these pieces are perhaps the most distinguished productions of the sixth century.*

But the writer of this period, who has a preëminent claim to our attention, is Gregory of Tours. His works, which were composed under the influences of the Germanic barbarism, may

* The works of Fortunatus, both poetical and prose, may be fonnd in Migne's "Patrologiæ Cursus Completus," vol. 88, page 1–591; the homilies, epistles, etc., of St. Cæsarius in vol. 67, page 997–1163. The epistles, which Gregory of Tours asserts to have been writteu after the models of Sidonius, have not heen published. Cf. Fabricius Biblioth. Latina, lib. vi. p. 491.

be regarded as the double expression of it; they are, in the first place, the formal history of it, and in their character and their defects, they furnish to a certain extent the measure of it.

Gregory was born at Clermont between the years 520 and 530. His father, Florentius, and his mother, Armentaria, were both descended from those ancient Gallo-Roman families, the members of which had filled some of those high offices which gave admission to the Senate of Rome, and who continued to call themselves senatorial, long after both the senate and the senators had ceased to exist.

Gregory had three uncles who were bishops. One of these three, by the name of Gallus, was bishop of Clermont. It was under him that Gregory pursued his studies in grammar and in rhetoric. The dominant trait of his character as a man already began to manifest itself in his childhood. It was the extraordinary facility, with which he believed in miracles, and the desire to witness and to perform them. Never did saint of the primitive ages have so many marvellous visions as he, and never was any one acquainted with so many men, who had experienced the same thing.

After having been made deacon, he was elected to the see of Tours, about the year 566. This was the most fortunate event and the greatest honor that he could possibly desire, owing to his particular veneration for Saint Martin, the first bishop of that city. The duties of his office he always fulfilled with zeal and sometimes with courage. He died toward the year 594.*

We have from the pen of Gregory of Tours several works composed for pious purposes, such as biographies of saints and martyrs, and collections of miracles. I have nothing to say about these works, except that they occasionally contain some interesting historical facts. I pass now to the consideration of his history. Of the ten books of which it is composed, I shall pass over the whole of the first, which is nothing more than a universal chronicle from the creation of the world to the death of Saint Martin of Tours, and a compendium of several other chronicles. The nine remaining books constitute a history of Gaul, from the year 395 to that of 591. This is an interval of nearly two centuries, which comprises, summarily or in detail, the different epochs of the dominion of the Romans, the conquest of Clovis, his reign, and those of his four sons and of his three grandsons. The motives which prompted him to compose this history, cannot be a matter of indifference to us. He himself explains them in his preface, and in the following terms: "While the culture of letters is diminishing or rather becoming

* A life of Gregory (*Vita Sancti Gregorii Episcopi Turonensis per Odonem Abbatem*) from the pen of a certain Abbot Odo, is prefixed to his collected works in Migne's "Patrologiæ Cursus Completus," vol. 71, p. 115–129.—*Ed.*

entirely extinct in Gaul; while many events are taking place, some good and others bad; while no restraint of any kind is imposed on the unbridled ferocity of nations and on the fury of kings; while the church is assailed on the one hand by the heretics, and on the other defended by the Catholics, the faith of Christ being cherished with fervor in some places and rebutted with indifference in others; while churches, enriched by the munificence of pious men, are despoiled by the perverse—there has yet no person been found, conversant with the sciences and with grammar, to recount these things, either in prose or verse. The majority of men, moreover, sigh and say: 'Woe be to our age! the study of letters has been lost among us, and the people have no longer a man capable of recording the events of the times.' Hearing complaints like these perpetually, and desirous of transmitting to posterity the knowledge of the past, I have resolved to publish, though in an uncouth style, the actions of the wicked and the lives of the good; being especially encouraged to this enterprise by the reflexion, that in our day there are but few persons, who can comprehend a philosophic rhetorician, while there are many that can comprehend an ordinary discourser."* All this is summed up in the first sentence of his first book. "I propose," says he, "to recount the wars of the kings with foreign nations, of the martyrs with the pagans, of the church with the heretics."†

The scientific point of view, in which he has conceived his history, is, as we perceive, sufficiently elevated and sufficiently comprehensive. It is not from a mere motive of piety, that he proposes to delineate the struggle of the church against the pagans and the heretics; it is from a historical motive; it is because this struggle is one of great significance in the events which he wishes to narrate. But his feebleness of judgment

* "Decedente, atque immo potius pereunte ab urbibus Gallicanis liberalium cultura litterarum, cum nonnullæ res gererentur vel recte vel improbe, ac feritaa gentium desæviret, regum furor acueretur, ecclesiæ impugnarentur ab hæreticis, a catholicis tegerenter, ferveret Christi fides in plurimis, refrigereseeret in nonnullis, ipsæ queque ecclesiæ vel ditarentur a devotis, vel nudarentur a perfidis: nec reperiri posset quisquam peritus in arte dialectica grammaticua, qui hæc aut stylo prosaico, aut metrico depingeret versu. Ingemiscebant sæpius plerique, dicentes: væ diebus nostris, quia periit studium litterarum a nobis, nec reperitur in populis, qui gesta præsentia promulgare possit in paginis. Ista enim atque his similia jugiter intuens dici, pro commemoratione præteritorum, ut notitiam attingerent venientium, etsi inculto affatu, nequivi tamen obtegere vel certamina flagitiosorum, vel vitam recte viventium. Et præsertim his illicitus stimulis, quod a nostris fari plerumque miratus sum, quia philosophantem rhetorem intelligunt pauci, loquentem rusticum multi; libuit etiam animo, ut pro supputatione annorum ab ipso mundi principio libri primi poneretur initium: cujus capitula deorsum subjeci." Præfatio.—*Ed.*

† "Scripturus sum bella regum cum gentibus adversis, martyrum cum paganis, ecclesiarum cum hæreticis," and to convince the reader that this was to be done by a true Catholic, he adds in the same sentence: "Prius fidem meam proferre cupio, ut qui legeret, me non dubitet esse Catholicum." A full confession of his faith follows a few sentences after. S. Gregorii Episc. Turon. Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ Francorum libri decem. Ed. Guigue, Paris, 1849.—*Ed.*

does not permit him to establish the necessary proportion and harmony among the different elements of his subject. We cannot find in any book of history so many instances of infantile credulity as there are contained in his, or so much faith and piety so gratuitously and so ineptly applied to the appreciation of human events. This is a great and an annoying blemish, which, however, does not in the least affect the historical substance of his work, and which I here admit, at the very outset, and once for all, so as not to be obliged to return to it.

Gregory of Tours did not possess materials of the same nature, or equally authentic sources of information for the different parts of his work. Hence all these parts contain discrepancies which, rigorously considered, are very striking, and worth our notice; but the critical examination of these discrepancies would carry me too far from my subject, and I shall not engage in it; I shall confine myself to a single observation, the consequence of which will find its proper place a little later.

About the year 573, which was the epoch at which Gregory commenced the composition of his history, an interval of a hundred and twenty or a hundred and thirty years had already elapsed, since the majority of the Frankish tribes had first established themselves on the soil of Gaul. These tribes had undoubtedly brought along with them to their new home the traditions, the legends and the poetry, which constituted their particular history, or that of the Germans in general. It seems that the Gallo-Romans, after having once become reconciled to the idea of living with the race of their conquerors, must, in their intercourse with the latter, have necessarily learnt from their mouth something of what they knew respecting their origin, their antiquities, their successive migrations and adventures, and we shall in the sequel find plausible reasons to believe, that it was really so.

Notwithstanding all this, Gregory of Tours, having occasion to speak, from the very commencement of his history, of the origin and the antiquities of the Franks, makes no use whatever of their national traditions. Was he not acquainted with them? Did he put no faith in them? These are questions which I am unable to decide. I merely observe, that not a vestige of them appears in the part of his history, in which he would have naturally been expected to say what he knew or thought of them. All that he relates respecting the Franks, previously to their arrival in Gaul, he had derived from Latin authors but little older than himself, and who appear to have been equally ignorant or suspicious of the Germanic traditions in question. The only point on which I would gladly suspect,

that Gregory had followed these aboriginal accounts, is that which relates to the history of Childeric, the brother of Clovis, and to his adventure with Basine, the wife of the chief of the Thuringians. I shall perhaps say a word on this adventure elsewhere. For the present I propose to make a few observations on the work of Gregory of Tours, regarded as a whole, and I shall endeavor to form a summary estimate of its character and of the degree of importance to which it is entitled.

The historians of classical antiquity, the Greeks as well as the Romans, have left us an infinity of details and characteristic traits respecting the long struggle of six centuries, in consequence of which the Barbarians from beyond the Danube and the Rhine established themselves as conquerors in the provinces of the Western Empire. At a later period, in the ninth and tenth centuries of the Middle Age, we shall see the descendants of these victorious nations, which had already coalesced, or were ready to coalesce, with the masses of the conquered, enter together with the latter upon a new order of society, of civilization and of ideas.

But between these two periods there is an interval of four entire centuries, and the most positive and the most interesting information, which we possess in regard to that interval, we owe entirely to Gregory of Tours. It is he and he alone, that has delineated for us consecutively and in detail those Germanic conquerors, and especially the Franks, in the full enjoyment of the power, the benefit and the honors of the conquest; governing the vanquished, as they knew how or as they pleased, but also governed in their turn by relations of a new description. The character of the Barbarians, which we have thus far only seen in war and in violent and evanescent situations, unfolds itself here in all its freedom and totality, and history can show nothing, which, in our estimation, could take the place of its delineation.

Though arranged loosely and without any real plan, the various events recounted by Gregory of Tours may easily and distinctly be reduced to a single leading fact. Whether ecclesiastics or laymen, the Gallo-Romans, whom their position or their intelligence gave a certain influence, endeavored to direct the Frankish conquest to the common interest of both the vanquished and vanquishers. But to the barbarous chiefs of these conquerors the power of government was nothing more than a purely personal force, a means for satisfying their unbridled passions, their insatiable cupidity and their brutal eagerness for the mere material enjoyments of life. They consequently made mutual war upon themselves; they murdered and they plundered each other. On the other hand, their vassals, who were

their officers and agents, being very naturally the enemies of a power which was so contrary to all the ideas, to all the habits of the Germanic race, conspired among themselves, resisted their masters, and incessantly aspired to appropriate entirely and fully the revocable part they had received of the honors and advantages of the conquest. Several of them made common cause with the vanquished population, which, under their command, revolted at every instant against the Merovingian monarchs, and ended in withdrawing entirely from their dominion.

Gregory has failed to impart the same degree of perspicuity and prominence to all the phases of this fact. It contains points which he was unable or did not wish to develop; but even on these he has said more than is necessary to leave no sort of uncertainty in regard to the ensemble and the generality of the fact.

Now, in order to give a general idea of whatever there is original or interesting or profound in the isolated details of this general fact, I shall produce some of them, dwelling, by way of preference, on those which give us the best portraiture of the genius of these Barbarians, as far at least as this genius can be represented by that of the Franks. They will be the preliminaries to our future discussions.

The following is, for example, a characteristic trait of the disposition of Thierry, the eldest son of Clovis and king of Austrasia, toward his brother Clotaire, the King of Soissons, and consequently his royal neighbor.

In 528, Thierry and Clotaire, who had as yet never had any quarrel with each other (a circumstance which it is important to notice here), engaged in a common campaign against Hermanfried, the king of the Thuringians, who had committed great cruelties toward the Franks beyond the Rhine. The expedition was one of the happiest that had ever been undertaken. The Thuringians, after a most sanguinary defeat, were obliged to submit to the authority of the Franks. Thierry, now victorious, and no longer in need of the assistance of his brother, conceived the idea of killing him. Clotaire, having become aware of his danger, escaped from it, and the two brothers remained as good friends as they had been before. We will now see, in what terms Gregory recounts the adventure.

"Thierry, wishing to kill his brother, invited him to meet him at his residence, as if for the purpose of treating with him in secret on some matter of importance.* He had ordered a

* "Theudericus Clothacharium fratrem suum occidere voluit. Et præparatis occulte cum armis viris, eum ad se vocat, quasi secretius cum eo aliquid tractaturus, expansoque in parte domus illius tentorio, de uno pariete in alterum, armatos post eum stare jubet.

piece of tapestry to be suspended from one side of the room to the other, behind which he had secreted armed warriors. But the tapestry was found to be too short, in consequence of which the feet of these men could be discovered. Clotaire perceived them, and ordered another body of armed men to attend him. Thierry, seeing that his brother had penetrated his design, invented some story, and began to converse on whatever happened to come into his head. But wishing afterward to obtain the pardon of his brother, on account of his evil intention, he made him a present of a large silver basin. Clotaire, being satisfied, thanked him and returned to his camp, and Thierry remained to lament with his friends over the silver basin, which he had lost without any advantage to himself. At last, addressing himself to his son Theodobert, he said: 'Go to your uncle and beg him to make you a present of the basin which I have just now given him.' Theodobert went and got the basin. Thierry was very ingenious in the invention of tricks like these."

The trait is an admirable one, and perhaps requires a little reflection to discover the whole extent of its significance! A trait like this gives us a sort of presentiment of all the wars, which subsequently divided the descendants of Clovis. It enables us to comprehend the entire value, which a Frankish king could attach to a piece of gold or silver.

Much has been said about the manner, in which the Franks understood and practised Christianity. They have been found more ferocious after their conversion than before it. They were neither more nor less so. They had changed their religion very readily; but it was impossible for them not to retain, for some time to come, both in the practice and in the faith of the new creed, the spirit and the habits of the old. One of the facts, which establishes most conclusively what I wish to convey, is a feature in the conduct of Clotilda, the widow of Clovis. Clotilda was regarded as a saint by the most pious bishops of her time and by Gregory himself, and yet she had continued to cherish Germanic customs and sentiments, which were entirely incompatible with those of Christianity. Seeing her three sons upon the throne, she said to them one day: "My dearly beloved sons, do not make me repent of having educated you with

Cumque tentorium illud esset brevius, pedes armatorum apparuere detecti. Quod cognoscens Chlothacharius, cum suis armatus ingressus est domum. Theudericus vero intelligens hunc hæc coguovisse, fabulam fingit, et alia ex aliis loquitur. Denique nesciens qualiter dolum suum deliniret, discum ei maguum argenteum pro gratia dedit. Chlothacharius vero valedicens, et pro munere gratias ageus ad metatum regressus est. Theudericus vero queritur ad suos, nulla exstanti causa suum perdidisse catinum: et ad filium suum Theudehertum ait: Vade ad patruum tuum, et roga, ut munus, quod ei dedi, tibi sua voluntate concedat. Qui abiens, quod petiit impetravit. In talibus enim dolis Theudericus multum callidus erat." Lib. iii. cap. vii.—*Ed.*

tenderness. Resent, I do beseech you, the injury I have sustained, and hasten to avenge courageously the death of my father and my mother."* The thing was done, as she had said and as she desired.

It was true, that her father and her mother had been cruelly put to death by her uncle, Gondebaud, the king of the Burgundians. But more than fifty years had elapsed since the crime had been committed, and the author of it was already dead. It was his son, then reigning, and who had never done Clotilda any harm, that was to be exterminated at her request.

There were indeed moments, usually moments of adversity or of terror, in which the Franks seriously endeavored to be sincere Christians. But even on such occasions, there was still something egotistical and barbarous in their sentiments. When smitten with the malady of which he died, Clotaire I. devoutly exclaimed: "Oh! what must be this king of Heaven, who makes great monarchs die so wretchedly?"

Gregory frequently makes his Barbarians speak, and almost always with an energy so abrupt, so frank and so poetical, that we cannot suppose him to be the author of these discourses, destitute as his writings generally are of all imagination and of coloring. I cannot resist the pleasure of giving an example.

In the year 577, Gontran, the king of the Burgundians, concluded a treaty of alliance with his nephew Childebert, with whom he had thus far been at variance. Having therefore assembled his *leudes*, that is to say his vassals, he embraced his nephew in the presence of them, and said: "By way of punishment for my sins, I have been left without issue; it is on this account that I desire to adopt this nephew as my son."† Having thereupon directed Childebert to take his seat, he transferred his kingdom to him by saying: "Let henceforth the same buckler protect, and the same lance defend us. And if ever I should have any sons, you shall, in that event even, always be to me as one of them, and the tenderness which I now pledge to you shall never fail you."

Some time after this, Gontran delivered a discourse of a different kind, and which is so much the more curious, as it gives us in a few words the most vivid idea of the constantly increas-

* "Chlotechildis vero regina Chlodomerem, vel reliquos filios suos alloquitur dicens: non me pœniteat, charissimi, vos dulciter enutrisse: indignamini, quæso, injuriam meam et patris matrisque meæ mortem sagaci studio vindicate." Lib. iii. cap. vi.—*Ed.*

† S. Gregorii Hist. Franc. lib. v. c. xviii.: "Evenit impulsu peccatorum meorum, ut absque liberis remanerem: et ideo peto, ut hic nepos meus mihi sit filius. Et imponens eum super cathedram suam, cunctum ei regnum tradidit, dicens: Una nos parma protegat, unaque hasta defendat. Quod si filios habuero, te nihilominus—tanquam unum ex his reputabo, ut illa cum eis, tecumque permaneat charitas, quam tibi hodie ego polliceor, teste Deo."—*Ed.*

ing jealousy and hatred, which at that time prevailed between the Merovingian chiefs and their vassals. Gontran pronounced the discourse in question before the leudes of Neustria, who in 584 were assembled in a church on the occasion of his assuming the guardianship of Clotaire II., who was then four months of age. This ceremony took place soon after the assassination of Chilperic. "I conjure you," said he to them, "I conjure you, ye men and women who are present here, to be faithful in the observance of your fealty toward me, and not to destroy me as you have recently destroyed my brothers. Permit me to live but three years longer, that I may finish the education of these my nephews, who by adoption have become my sons. Beware of a calamity which God may graciously avert! Beware, I say, lest if I perish with these children, you likewise perish yourselves, when no one shall be left to reign of our race that has the power to defend it."*

One might search in vain in Gregory of Tours for the least sentiment of Roman or Gallic patriotism, the least regret bestowed upon the vanished glory or the power of Rome. The establishment of the Franks in Gaul is to him a consummated fact, for which he has neither murmurs nor reflections. It is to this want of moral and political preoccupation, to this absence of all national pride, that we must in a great measure attribute the truthfulness and the simplicity, the earnestness and the calmness, with which he portrays the manners and the acts of the Barbarians. But to this we must also attribute the little interest and care he takes in characterizing the opposition, which the successors of Clovis encountered at an early day in Gaul, especially in the South, and which ended in the dismemberment of the latter.

The sentiment, in accordance with which Gregory of Tours habitually judges of the events which he records, is his religious sentiment, or, as we might more fitly term it, his creed. But his creed is a gloomy and a narrow one, incapable of elevating itself to the lofty standard of Christian morality.

So long as the Franks gained battles and made conquests over the pagans or the heretics, their pious historian is quite at his ease. He triumphs with them. He explains their success by the orthodoxy of their faith, and even then, when this success is tainted with immorality and barbarity. Clovis assassinates all his nearest relations one after the other, and one through the

* "Adjuro vos, o viri cum mulieribus qui adestis, ut mihi fidem inviolatam servare dignemini, nec me, ut fratres meos nuper fecistis, interimatis; liceatque mihi vel tribus annis nepotes meos, qui mihi adoptivi facti sunt filii, enutrire: ne forte contingat, quod divinitas æterna non patiatur, ut cum illis parvulis, me defuncto, simul pereatis; cum da genere nostro robustus non fuerit qui defenset." S. Greg. Hist. Franc. lib. vii. c. viii.—*Ed.*

other, and takes possession of their little kingdoms. He thus unites the scattered tribes of the Franks, and incorporates them into one great nation, destined to act a distinguished part in the world. The historian might say that this was marching directly and firmly in the ways of policy and conquest; Gregory calls it marching in the ways of God.

But the moment arrives, and very speedily, when these pretenders to orthodoxy, carried away by their brutal passions, become divided among themselves; they tear each other to pieces, and suffer themselves to be beaten by the pagans and the heretics. Then the good bishop is sorely afflicted and incensed. He invokes against the Barbarians all that is social and humane in Christianity. "I am disgusted," says he, at the beginning of his fifth book, "to recount the disorders, into which the nation and the monarchy of the Franks has plunged itself.* We have arrived at the woeful time predicted by our Lord: the father rises against the son, the son against the father, the brother against the brother, the neighbor against the neighbor. Might they not learn then from the reign of the ancient kings, that a kingdom divided against itself must fall into the hands of its enemies?"

"What would you have? What are you looking for?" he adds, directly apostrophizing the successors of Clovis, "and what are you in want of? † Have you not an abundance of wine, of oil and of wheat in your cellars? Do not your treasuries contain lumps of gold and silver? Beware of discord! If you lose your army, you will remain without support, and you will fall beneath the blows of hostile nations."

Sometimes the moral sensibility of Gregory of Tours and his independence as a historian awake as of themselves, quite unexpectedly and with so much the more effect. This happens to him at the moment, when he comes to relate the death of Chilperic. This passage, remarkable in several respects, is one of those in which the semi-barbarous historian of the Franks seems all of a sudden to go back several centuries, and to approximate the times of classical latinity. I subjoin here a translation of it, which is as faithful as I could make it.

* "Tædet me bellorum civilium diversitates, quæ Francorum gentem et regnum valde proterunt, memorare: in quo, quod pejus est, tempus illud, quod Dominus de dolorum prædixit initio jam videmus. *Consurgit pater in filium, filius in patrem, frater in fratrem, proximus in proximum* (*Matth.* x. 21). Debebant enim nos exempla anteriorum regum terrere, qui ut divisi, statim ab inimicis sunt interempti." Lib. v. Prologus. *Ed.*

† "Quid agitis? quid quæritis? quid non abundatis? In domibus deliciæ supercrescunt; in promptuariis vinum, triticum, oleumque redundat; in thesauris aurum atque argentum coacervatur. Uuum vobis deest, quod pacem non habentes, Dei gratia indigetis." . . . . . "Cavete discordiam, cavete bella civilia, quæ vos populumque vestrum expugnant. Quid aliud sperandum erit, nisi cum exercitus vester ceciderit, vos sine solatio relicti, atque a gentibus adversis oppressi, protinus corruatis?" Lib. v. Prologus. —*Ed.*

"Meanwhile Chilperic,* the Nero and the Herod of our time, had gone to engage in the amusements of the chase on his country seat at Chelles, about ten stadia from Paris. One evening, after having returned from his sport at night-fall, as he was descending from his horse, with his hand supported by the shoulder of a slave, some one coming up to him struck him twice with a knife, the first time into his arm-pit and the second time into his belly; and the king forthwith gave up his wicked soul, together with the blood that issued from his mouth and from his wound. The mischief he had done is recorded in the preceding pages. He devastated and burnt several countries, without experiencing any regret for it, and even with joy, as Nero did in former times, who sung his tragedies in the light of blazing palaces which he himself had kindled. It frequently happened that he condemned the innocent, in order to take away their property, and few clerks in his reign attained to the episcopate. He was extremely addicted to gluttony, and had made a god of his belly.

"He was fond of setting up for the most learned of men. We have by him two books of hymns, composed in the style of those of Sedulius. But the measure of his verses is very bad; for he employed, out of sheer ignorance, short syllables instead of long ones, and long ones instead of short ones.

"He had a horror for the interests of the poor, and he never ceased to abuse the priests of God. In the privacy of his familiar intercourse, there were none whom he scandalized and ridiculed so readily as the bishops. The one he found frivolous, the other a swaggerer; this one was a slave to his comforts, that one a debauchee. Such a one appeared to him vain, another a pedant. He detested the church above all things, and he often said: 'Look at our exhausted fiscus! Look at our wealth transferred to the churches! The office of royalty is now vested in the episcopate; every bishop is a king in his episcopal city.'

* Hist. Franc. lib. vi. c. xlvi. "His itaque cum hac præda pergentibus, Chilpericus, Nero nostri temporis et Herodes, ad Villam Calensem, quæ distat ab urbe Parisiaca quasi centum stadiis, accedit, ibique venationes exercet. Quadem vero die regressus de venatione, jam sub obscura nocte, dum de equo susciperetur, et unam manum super acapulam pueri retineret, adveniens quidam eum cultro percutit sub ascellam, iteratoque ictu ventrem ejus perforat; statimque profluente copia sanguinis tam per os quam per aditum vulneris iniquum fudit spiritum. Quam vero malitiam gesserit, superior lectio docet. Nam regiones plurimas sæpius devastavit atque succendit, de quibus nihil doloris, sed lætitiam magis habebat, sicut quondam Nero, cum inter incendia palatii tragœdias decantaret. . . . . Causas pauperum exosas habebat, sacerdotes Domini assidue blasphemabat; nec aliunde magis, dum secretus esset, exercebat ridicula vel jocos quam de ecclesiarum episcopis. Illum ferebat levem, alium superbum; illum abundantem, istum luxuriosum; illum asserebat elatum, hunc tumidum; nullum plus odio habens quam ecclesias. Aiebat enim plerumque: Ecce pauper remansit fiscus noster, ecce divitiæ nostræ ad ecclesias sunt translatæ. Nulli penitus, nisi soli episcopi, regnant; periit honor noster, et translatus est ad episcopos civitatum. . . . . Nullum unquam pure dilexit, a nullo dilectus est; ideoque cum spiritum exhalassat, omnes eum reliquerunt sui," etc., etc.—*Ed.*

Under pretexts like these he often broke the wills that had been made in favor of the churches, and trampled under foot the wishes of his father even, doubtless imagining that the day would come when his own would likewise be respected by no one.

"With respect to his excesses, the imagination can conceive of nothing which he did not practise. He was always on the alert for new means wherewith to vex the people; and if he found any one recalcitrant, he had his eyes put out. The mandates which he addressed to the judges concluded with the following formula: 'And whoever shall disregard our orders, shall have their eyes put out.' He never had an honorable affection for any one and was loved by none. So from the instant he had given up the ghost, he was abandoned by all his followers. Malulfe, the bishop of Senlis, who had been waiting there for three days without being able to speak to him, came to the spot as soon as he had heard the rumor of the assassination. He washed the corpse, enveloped it in more appropriate apparel and had it buried in the church of St. Vincent at Paris."

The portrait of Chilperic II., as delineated here by Gregory, exhibits certain traits to which it is necessary for me to return, and I shall devote a moment to their exposition; according to this account, one of the manias of Chilperic, and indeed the most conspicuous of all, was that of appearing preëminently wise and learned. And his pretension was founded on some claims. He had composed two books of ecclesiastical hymns, the verses of which, to be sure, were in the opinion of Gregory of Tours, a little weak in their feet and too much addicted to the vice of hobbling; he had moreover written a treatise on one of the sublimest dogmas of the Catholic creed, on the doctrine of the Trinity, which he comprehended and was anxious to explain after a fashion of his own; that is to say, in a manner which was not very orthodox. He did not stop here. He had still more strangely conceived the fancy of reforming the Latin alphabet, which he considered defective, by adding to it four new characters borrowed from the Greek. He gave orders, that this reform should be introduced into all the schools, and if we may believe his historian, he directed all the Latin books written according to the ordinary orthography to be obliterated, for the purpose of transcribing them anew.

In all this, there are appearances of Roman erudition and of culture which are obvious enough; these appearances are still more conspicuous in other acts of Chilperic, which have reference to the events of the year 577. The spectacles of the amphitheatre, the amusements of the circus were certainly at that time very rarely given, if indeed they had not entirely vanished

from Gaul, except, perhaps, from the larger cities of the South. Chilperic made the attempt to reëstablish them. He had circuses built or repaired (Gregory of Tours says expressly that he had them built) at Soissons and at Paris, in which he gave spectacles to the public.

To these traits in the conduct of Chilperic we must add the indications of his mode of government and of his civil administration, all of which go to prove that in these respects he likewise intended to conform to the precedent of the Romans.

All these Roman manners were by no means a particular feature, an individuality of the character of Chilperic; they were a common, more or less diversified and salient, but constant trait in the character of all the Merovingian chiefs of the Frankish tribes, who did not escape the influences of Roman civilization, any more than those of the Visigoths and the Burgundians had done. The effect of these influences was only different on the former from what it was on the latter, and was productive of results more varied, more complicated and more serious.

Transplanted into the heart of Gaul, into a situation which was entirely new to them, the descendants of Meroveus were there assailed by a host of new ideas and new tentatives. Excessively greedy of power and of fame, of treasures and of material enjoyments, they entered into the pursuit of all this with all the energy of their character, and they looked for it as much as possible in the institutions, in the inventions and even in the excesses of the Roman civilization.

The fact which I have adduced above, of the construction of two amphitheatres by the order of Chilperic, is surely a remarkable proof of this mania on the part of the Merovingians for becoming Romans. There was not one of them, not even with the exception of Clovis, but what exhibited among his first acts a similar manifestation of the greedy curiosity, with which the Barbarians searched in the culture of the Romans for the enjoyments which they suspected it was capable of affording. Clovis had heard by chance of those mimes or dancers whom I have already noticed, and whose art consisted in rendering by the gestures and the movements of the body whatever poetry could express in words. He took it into his head to have one of these artists at his command. At that time, however, there were none of them to be found in the north of Gaul, and it was Theodoric, then king of Italy, who undertook to send him one. The pedantic letter of Cassiodorus, which announced and accompanied this singular mission, is still extant.*

* Cassiodori epistolæ, xli. This is one of the many epistles written, in the name of Theodoric. It is addressed to Luduin or Clovis, the king of the Franks. After congra-

All the descendants of Clovis did not push their literary vanity so far, as to write bad verses or heterodox prose, like Chilperic. But it appears that the majority of them prided themselves on a correct knowledge of the Latin. Fortunatus compliments the elegance with which Charibert expressed himself in this language.

But it is particularly important to observe the Roman tendencies of the Merovingian chiefs in their government, and to recognize their effects on it. Kings of two nations, of which the one differed so widely from the other, these chiefs found themselves in fact invested with two royalties equally distinct, the Roman on the one hand and the Germanic on the other. The former, as the clergy then proclaimed it, was an absolute and despotic royalty. The second, as yet entirely new and ill-defined, was but a sort of military command, which free warriors did not consider themselves bound to obey, except so far as it contributed to their personal interest.

As the Merovingians were captivated by the convenience of the Roman royalty, complete, all-powerful and respected as it was, so they detested the Germanic, which was always precarious, always contested, however slight might be its departure from the national ideas and the habits of the Franks.

In this embarrassing situation, the Merovingians attempted at first to assimilate the Germanic royalty to the Roman, or in other words to govern the conqueror portion of their subjects in the same manner and by the same laws, as they did the conquered. History has preserved us some striking instances of this anti-Germanic tentative on the part of the successors of Clovis. Theodebert, the king of Metz, at the instigation of a shrewd Gallo-Roman or Gallo-Greek financier, by the name of Parthenius, attempted to impose a land-tax on the Frankish inhabitants of his kingdom. This measure was successful for some time; but after the decease of Theodebert, Parthenius was cut to pieces by the Franks, and from that time a territorial tax was out of the question.

We have several constitutions by Childebert and by Clotaire, which were conceived with the still bolder and still more anti-Germanic intent of substituting capital punishment in place of the pecuniary compensations for murder, for rape and even for simple robbery.

A little later (in 614), Clotaire II. held at Paris a sort of

tulating him on his recent victory over the Alemanni, and exhorting him to clemency toward the inhabitants of the confines of Italy, he adds in conclusion: "Citharœdum etiam arte sua doctum pariter destinavimus expeditum, qui ore manibusque consona voce cantando, gloriam vestræ potestatis oblectet. Quem ideo fore credimus gratum, quia ad vos eum judiscastis magnopere dirigendum."—*Ed.*

general council, composed of the bishops of his realm. He then took or adopted diverse measures for the discipline both of the church and of the state, and he pronounced sentence of death against all transgressors without distinction of nationality or race. These tentatives ended in nothing. The Franks still clung to the manners, the laws and ideas of their Germanic ancestry, and they maintained themselves in their privileged situation of conquerors. The necessary antagonism between the Roman royalty and Germanic liberty then became a direct and open conflict of hostile forces. It is of this desperate struggle between the Merovingian kings and the Frankish *leudes*, that Gregory of Tours describes so many strange and picturesque incidents.

These kings had doubtless but a very imperfect conception of the Roman royalty with which they were so much delighted; they exercised it in an arbitrary, egotistical, and brutal manner; so that the conquered portion of their subjects, which alone was affected by its provisions, found itself miserably oppressed and daily degenerated more and more into ignorance and poverty. Upon the whole, however, the mischief came rather from the royal agents, the leudes or vassals of the crown, than from the kings themselves, and there was at the botton of the Merovingian monarchy a progressive tendency in favor of the protection of the vanquished, a disposition to adapt itself to their ideas and to regard their interests. The struggle, therefore, between the leudes and the king was, strictly speaking, that of the ancient civilization against the prolonged excesses of the conquest.

This struggle, at first a vague and partial one, ended in concentrating and localizing itself; it became that of two distinct countries, of Neustria and Austrasia, that of two masses of population, of which the one was mostly Gallo-Roman, the other principally Frankish.

The violence and the disasters of this struggle act a prominent part in our history, of which they occupy more than a century. The Neustrian party, at first victorious, treated the leudes with the utmost severity. But the latter, rallying under the Carlovingians, who had now become their chiefs, were finally the victorious combatants. Their triumph in Gaul had all the appearance and all the consequences of a second Germanic conquest, more violent, more painful and more destructive than the first. The Gallo-Roman society was completely disorganized by it, and every vestige of the ancient civilization vanished now entirely.

Under the Merovingians, at any rate under the first of them, literature and the traditions relating to the grand questions of philosophy, had taken refuge from society in the churches and

in the cloisters, and the clergy had thus preserved the power of a beneficent intervention in the government of the Barbarians in favor of civilization. Under the first Carlovingians, the greater part of the ecclesiastical lands and dignities were transferred by main force into the hands of the warriors, so that the influential and studious portion of the clergy found itself all at once merged, as it were, in the order of soldiers. Then there was nothing left, to which the name of literature could be applied in any sense. The chronicles were then almost the only kind of literary compositions cultivated to a small extent, and these even exhibit the most deplorable marks of the barbarity which had invaded everything.

The Carlovingians were the men of an epoch like this—men of war and of conquest—who, before disquieting themselves about the manner in which they might govern the Gallo-Romans, were first of all to make sure of their obedience. Having soon rallied the entire mass of the Franks and of the Neustrians, they went to work to reconquer the whole of the south of Gaul, which, taking advantage of the last troubles of the Merovingian dynasty, had made itself independent and was commanded by chiefs of its own. The campaigns of Charles Martel, first against the Provençals who had united with the Arabs, and then against the Arabs alone; those of Pepin against the dukes of Aquitaine were, in military parlance, grand and glorious enterprises, far superior to any of those of Clovis. However, these enterprises did not inspire the contemporary chroniclers with anything more than arid notices, incoherent and truly barbarous.

The Gallo-Roman or Frankish writers, who after Gregory of Tours had occupied themselves with the history of the Merovingians, had shown themselves much inferior to him. They had interwoven many fables into their narratives; into those, for example, which relate to the adventures of Childeric, the father of Clovis, and to the marriage of Clovis with Clotilda. But these fables had not altered the substance of the facts; they were but a sort of poetic development of them. Strictly considered, they even attested a lively interest for the events and names of glorious memory; they were nothing more than history idealized in the sense and according to the tastes of the people.

There is nothing of the kind in the Carlovingian chronicles; they contain neither fiction nor poetry, but what is worse than this, falsehoods and servile concealments. And still these chronicles are works of genius, in comparison with a multitude of others, which furnish us a more exact standard of the general taste and of the ordinary compass of intelligence, as it existed

at the close of the seventh century and during the first half of the eighth. Further on, toward the end of the latter century, we still find the events related in the chronicles in question despoiled of everything that constitutes their proper character or their individuality, and reduced to certain general formulas, abstract and lifeless. Do we wish to know, for example, how one of these chronicles describes the famous battle of Poitiers, which Charles Martel won over the Arabs of Spain? It is as follows: "In 732 Karle fought against the Saracens, on Saturday, near Poitiers." Have we the curiosity to know what transpired in 722? Another chronicle gives us the information in the following terms: "Great abundance, wars from northern quarters." *

And this even was not the ultimate limit of barbarity in this respect; it arrived at a point where developments like those which I have just indicated, appeared to be either superfluous or too difficult to be written. The chronicles of that period are exclusively composed of the names of the kings and of the figures which mark the date of their accession.

This was the state of affairs, and the last vestiges of the ancient civilization seemed to be on the point of disappearing forever amid the disorders of the Carlovingian conquest, when Charlemagne, inheriting the forces of that conquest, gave them a new and unexpected direction. The course of events had brought Charlemagne into early and intimate relations with the Roman pontificate, the only power which at that time possessed, with some enlightenment and some consistency, the traditions of the Western Empire, and was in a position to make some efforts toward the triumph of those traditions over the barbarity by which they were invaded, and which was constantly increasing in Italy as well as elsewhere.

Though endowed with a marvellous instinct of civilization, Charlemagne had nevertheless in his character many and decided traits of the barbaric genius; he remained a German in more than one respect, and it would be a question to know whether he properly comprehended or really could perform all that the church of Rome suggested to him with reference to the restoration of social order and of civilization in the West. Charlemagne, however, always declared himself the champion of this civilization, and accomplished great things for it. He resuscitated the culture of language and of letters at the moment of their utter abandonment; he made war against the Bar-

* 722. "Magna fertilitas et bella contra aquiloniam." 732. "Karlus pugnavit contra Saracenos die Sabbato ad Pictavis." 709. "Annus durus et deficiens fructus. Godefrid moritur." Several specimens of these chronicles, or, as they were termed, *Annales*, may be found in Pertz: Monum. Germ. Historic., vol. i. p. 19, sqq.—*Ed.*

barians beyond the Rhine with a view to converting them to Christianity, and through Christianity to a regular social existence. Finally, by accepting the title of Emperor of the West, he appears to have indicated the desire of elevating the whole of it.

But the existence and the projects of Charlemagne were but a magnificent exception, a sudden and a powerful interruption of the natural course of things. After him, the struggle between the political ideas and traditions of Rome and the principles of the Germanic conquest commenced anew. The wars of Louis le Débonnaire with his sons, those of his sons, first among themselves and subsequently with their vassals, were but the continuation of this struggle, slightly modified by the peculiar circumstances of the times and by the reigns of Pepin and of Charlemagne. The Germanic spirit was at this time also triumphant. The Carlovingian monarchy was dismembered in its turn, still more completely than had been that of the Merovingians, and by the prolonged action of the same causes.

The vassals of every rank and of every race established themselves as absolute hereditary seigniors in the provinces, in the cities, on domains, which they had thus far only possessed as revocable fiefs. This was the definitive result, toward which the Frankish conquest had tended from the beginning. That long period of modern history, which is vulgarly designated by the name of the feudal, commences with, and in consequence of, this dismemberment of Charlemagne's empire.

This dismemberment, brought on by general causes, was everywhere attended with uniform effects, which were, however, not without many local variations. I shall here consider it only in relation to the south of Gaul, and without inquiring for the present, in what respects the feudalism of this country may have differed from that of the rest of France and Europe. I may perhaps return to these distinctions on another occasion.

The great feudal seigniories of the South date their existence from the end of the ninth century; they consolidated themselves from the commencement of the tenth, and what I have here to say respecting the condition of the countries, which constituted these seigniories, has chiefly reference to the interval between 880 and 920.

By a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, the south of Gaul had never been parcelled out to any very great extent even after it had detached itself from the Frankish conquest. Aquitania, which was by far the largest portion of it, had nearly always constituted but a single state, first as a duchy

and afterward as a kingdom. Some isolated and smaller parts, such as the Provence and Septimania, corresponded to the ancient Roman divisions, and had strictly determined physical limits, which to a certain extent may have served as the motive for their accidental isolation.

In this new state of things, there could no longer be, and there was in fact no longer, any territorial division which deserved the name of a country, or any group of population which could be called a people. All these groups were too small or too factitious to merit any such denomination. They corresponded to nothing natural or historical. The number of states that had now sprung up was almost equal to that of the cities or the fortresses, and there were as many national divisions as there were dukes, counts, suzerains of every denomination and of every rank.

And yet these millions of men, divided into so many little groups, differed in no essential respect among themselves. They had the same faith and the same cultus; they were governed by the same civil laws, by the same municipal institutions; they had the same manners, the same arts, the same kind and nearly the same degree of culture; they all spoke the same language; they had the same historical traditions, and they all knew that they had long been united under the same government. In a word, all these people continued to form, in the ninth and tenth centuries, as they had done before, one and the same society, a mass which was homogeneous in every sense of the term.

What then was the basis of this social unity? What were those laws, those institutions, those manners, and those traditions common to all those groups, which were isolated only by their political chiefs? They were still the laws, the institutions, the manners and the traditions of the Romans, greatly modified, undoubtedly, and greatly deteriorated, but nevertheless recognizable still; still dear to the people, and destined to live again under new forms at some future day. It thus appears, that even after its five centuries of perpetual struggle against the progressive disorders of the two Frankish conquests, this ancient and powerful civilization of the Roman world had not yet been totally annihilated in the south of Gaul. Whatever in these countries and during the epochs in question constituted a characteristic trait of national manners, a rule or medium of social order, an exercise of the imagination or of the intellect, or a popular enjoyment—all this had been derived from an anterior civilization, and was only the prolonged consequence of the Græco-Roman influence.

I have no room here for a complete portraiture of the south

of France in this new condition, and I shall limit myself to an outline of the state of literature and of the arts.

The restoration of learning, which was wrought out by the fostering care of Charlemagne, did not extend to the southern parts of Gaul. Whether churchmen or laymen, the writers who during the reign of this prince distinguished themselves by their talent, or those who at a later date were trained in the schools founded by him, were nearly all of them either Germans or Gallo-Romans from the North. There is scarcely one that could be designated as having come from the South. It is true, that in this part of Gaul we meet with abbeys and ecclesiastical schools of Charlemanic origin, but these schools do not figure in the literary history of the Middle Age. That of Aniane,* in Septimania, is the only one whose name has come down to us invested with some degree of celebrity; but this celebrity even is a gratuitous one. The best authenticated historical information respecting this abbey, under the rubric of art, is, that the columns and the marble employed in its construction were derived from one of the ancient monuments of Nimes, which was probably destroyed on this account.

Louis le Débonnaire, in the capacity of King of Aquitaine, applied himself with more zeal and with greater success than Charlemagne to the reform of both the secular and the regular clergy of the country. The number and the flourishing condition of the Aquitanian monasteries under his reign were spoken of with boastful praise; and this prosperity had, probably, redounded to the advantage of the studies and the literature of the Latin. But it lasted only for a short time. The perpetual wars and the troubles of every kind, in which Aquitaine was involved under the empire of Louis le Débonnaire and his successors, soon caused the ruin of its churches and monasteries, so that the Aquitanian clergy, like that of the South in general, were in a short time degraded to the same level of ignorance and of grossness, in which the masses of the population were already buried. This is a fact on which it would be superfluous to dwell, and of which we shall presently see some very astonishing proofs.

Meanwhile, that which directly follows from this fact with reference to my subject, is, that from the ninth century the Roman literature of the South had almost entirely disappeared,

* This was probably nothing more than the monasterium Anianense, which in Charlemagne's time was under the direction of a certain Benedictus (Pertz: Mon. Germ. Hist. vol. i. p. 301), and which in the *Constitutio de servitio monasteriorum* of Louis I. is enumerated as one of *forty-eight* institutions of a similar name and character. Pertz, vol. iii., p. 223.—*Ed.*

and that the measures of Charlemagne had not been able to resuscitate it. These measures had, on the contrary, displaced the focus of Latin studies and traditions in Gaul; they had transferred it from the South to the North, and this displacement had an influence on the literary destiny of the two countries, which has, perhaps, as yet not been sufficiently considered.

It is from the time of this displacement, that we begin to perceive in the south of France the first efforts of a new local and popular literature disengaging itself from the remains, the reminiscences of the ancient Græco-Roman literature, which was then expiring, or had already expired. I have promised to make the attempt of giving a complete exposition of this curious transition, and the moment has now arrived for keeping my word. With this end in view, I shall, in the first place, describe the general condition of the manners, the ideas, and the culture, in the midst of which the transition in question was effected, and it will thus become much easier for me to distinguish the accidental or necessary impulsions by which it was determined. And perhaps we shall find in this cursory survey more numerous vestiges of the ancient paganism and of the ancient pagan civilization, than we might have looked for at so advanced an epoch of the Middle Age, as were the ninth and tenth centuries.

It is commonly supposed, that at the time when the Germanic nations took possession of Gaul, Christianity was the only religion of the country. This is an improbable hypothesis, contradicted by positive facts. It is incontestably established, that on severals points of territory, in the remoter provinces and on the mountains, Druidism and other primitive modes of worship, peculiar to the inhabitants of Gaul, had maintained themselves to the last days of the Roman dominion, and had even survived it. It is still more certain, that the Græco-Roman paganism continued to be the religion of a portion of the Gallo-Romans under the dominion of the Barbarians. The zeal, with which the clergy combated all these remains of idolatry, is attested by history. This war was a long one, and was attended with many singular incidents, especially in the South, where classical paganism had maintained its ascendency much longer and more completely than in the North.

Toward the middle of the sixth century, Saint Cæsarius, bishop of Arles, and one of the most enlightened ecclesiastical chiefs of his time, had been occupied during the whole of his episcopate in combating the anti-Christian superstitions of the inhabitants of his diocese. These superstitions, of which a contemporary priest has transmitted to us a list, which comprises almost the entire circle of the Græco-Latin paganism, blended,

perhaps, with some remains of the ancient local paganism. The celebration of the calends, the practice of resorting to haruspices, the belief in auguries, the cultus of fountains and of forests are enumerated among the obnoxious practices.

Not only did these people then still believe in the false gods, but they continued to immolate victims in honor of them. This is evident from one of the canons of the council of Orleans, pronouncing sentence of excommunication against those, who had participated in the distribution of the viands offered at the sacrifices.*

Another council, held at Toledo in the year 589, the jurisdiction of which extended over all the dioceses of the metropolis of Narbonne, attests the fact, that in these dioceses paganism was no less prevalent than it was in that of Arles. A canon of this council condemns in somewhat vague and general terms the *sacrileges of idolatry*, which were practised in all parts of the countries subject to the Visigoths.† A new council, held at Narbonne that same year, in continuation and in conclusion of the preceding one, points out expressly among all those sacrileges of idolatry, which the latter had proscribed without any specifications, one which was peculiar to the province of Narbonne. It prohibits the celebration of Thursday, the day of Jupiter, unless some Christian solemnity should happen to coincide with the day.‡

This concurrence of the councils and of the bishops in combating everywhere the remains of the ancient idolatry had been productive of some effect; but the success was far from being a complete one. Sundry religious usages of the Græco-Roman paganism had been retained in southern Gaul, as in other places, and even to a greater extent, in spite of all the protestations and the opposition of the clergy. These usages had, however, gradually lost their primitive character; they had ceased to be religious acts; they were no longer living

* Concil. Aurel. ii., can. xx.: "Catholici, qui ad idolorum cultum non custodita ad integrum accepti gratia, revertuntur, vel qui cibia idolorum cultibus immolatis gustu illicitæ præsumptionis utuntur ab ecclesiæ cœtibus arceantur," etc.

† Concil. Tolet. iii. can. xvi.: "Quoniam pene per omnem Hispaniam sive Galliam idolatriæ sacrilegium inolevit, hoc, cum consenau gloriosissimi principis, sancta synodus ordinavit, ut omnis sacerdos in loco suo una cum judice territorii sacrilegium memoratum studiose perquirat, et exterminare inventum non differat," etc., etc. The penalty of excommunication is attached to the neglect of this requirement. Several of the capitularies of Charlemagne inveigh with great severity against all the remains of Pagan superstition, and exhort the bishops to banish them from their respective dioceses: "Ut populus Dei paganias non faciat; sed ut omnes spurcitias gentilitatis abjiciat et respuat, sive profana sacrificia mortuorum, sive sortilegos vel divinos, sive phylacteria et auguria, sive incantationes, sive hostias immolatitias, quas stulti homines juxta ecclesias ritu paganorum faciunt, sub nomine sanctorum martyrum," etc., etc. —*Ed.*

‡ Concil. Narbon, can. xv.: "Ad nos pervenit, quosdam de populis Catholicæ fidei execrabili ritu diem quintam feriam, qui et dicitur Jovis, excolere et operationem non facere." A severe penalty is added against this practice.—*Ed.*

superstitions blended with, or substituted in the place of, Christianity. The false gods had been gradually forgotten, but the natural desire and the necessity of agreeable emotions, and the social habits to which their cultus had given rise, had nearly all of them survived that cultus. The sports, the songs, the imitative and picturesque dances, which had constituted a part of them, had remained in vogue as the means of reunion, as civic festivals, as popular spectacles.

These diversions had forced themselves into an association with the ceremonies of Christianity; they took place on the occasions of Christian solemnities, and they had become in a measure their accessory. Those pagan temples, where they had commenced, continued to be their theatre, transformed into churches, as had been the majority of these temples. The companies of dancers, which represented the antique choruses, were composed (as had been the latter) sometimes of persons of both sexes; sometimes, and it would seem most frequently, of women and of damsels. Their dances were always accompanied with songs, and the ordinary burden of these songs consisted of sentiments or adventures of love. The writings of the clergy and the laws never mention them without horror, never without branding them as tissues of turpitude and obscenity.

It was these remains of the ancient choral plays, these dances and the songs with which they were accompanied, that the councils of every epoch of the Middle Age proscribed as being yet in vogue; which they designated as pagan usages, sometimes by new names, invented for this purpose, but more frequently by their ancient epithets, and which they describe in a manner, which proves that these epithets were well applied.

Charlemagne did his utmost to second the efforts of the councils and bishops for the abolition of these relics of paganism. He issued on this subject a capitulary, of which I shall give a verbal report, because it characterizes the usages condemned by it. It is as follows: "When the people come to the churches, on Sundays or on fast-days, let them not give themselves up to dances, to saltations, or to the chanting of infamous and obscene songs, for these things are the remains of pagan customs." *

The general council held at Rome in 826, characterizes these profanations still more specifically. "There are persons," says the thirteenth canon of that council, "and especially women, who on the feast of the Nativity, or on other religious occasions repair to the churches, not from any suitable motives, but for

* Another capitulary is to a similar effect: "Canticum turpe atque luxuriosum circa ecclesias agere omnino contradicimus. Quod et ubique vitandum est."—*Ed.*

the purpose of dancing, of chanting scandalous words, of forming and of leading choruses, so that if they have come there with venial sins, they return thence with the heaviest." *

These profane customs, common to all the countries which had been provinces of the Roman Empire, were very generally prevalent and deeply rooted in the south of Gaul, and we encounter vestiges of them in almost every direction.

From the year 589, the council of Toledo, to which I have already alluded, prohibited the exhibition of profane dances and of obscene songs during the solemnities of Christian worship. † The practice, which we are told was kept up for a long time at Limoges, is still more curious from the fact of its being more circumstantial. The people of this city were in the habit of interfering on their own account in the celebration of the feast of Saint Martial, who was the apostle and the patron of the country. At the conclusion of each psalm, they sung in place of the words prescribed by the liturgy, a couplet in the vulgar tongue, of which the sense was: "Saint Martial pray for us and we will dance for you." And they actually danced while chanting these words. They executed a round, a chorus, and all this in the church itself.

The festival of the Ascension was likewise celebrated in that city by popular dances, with this difference only, that these dances were not performed in the interior of the church, but on a neighboring meadow. The same thing was practised at Châlons, in the diocese of Lyons. There is one circumstance connected with these usages, which, in the absence of all other proofs, would alone suffice to establish their pagan origin; it is the care with which the clergy, unable to abolish them, attempted to sanctify them, by adapting them as well as could be done to the Christian cultus. It thus frequently happened, that a priest preluded with some prayer or some pious ceremony to these rounds and these profane songs, in which the people sought their pleasure.

* Concil. Roman. anni 826, can. xxxv.: "Sunt quidam, et maxime mulieres, qui festis diebus atque sanctorum natalitiis, non pro eorum, quibus delectantur, desideriis advenire, sed ballando, verba turpia decantando, choreas tenendo et dncendo, similitudinem paganornm peragendo advenire procnrant; tales enim, si cum minoribus veniant ad ecclesiam peccatis, cum majoribus revertuntur," etc., etc. Leo IV. enjoins excommunication, if after an admonition the practice is not abandoned. The XIXth canon of the Council of Ceville (A.D. 650) proscribes the same custom, which appears to have been in vogue on all extraordinary occasions, such as dedications of churches, festivals of the martyrs, etc.—*Ed.*

† Concil. Tolet. can. xxiii.: "Exterminanda omnino est irreligiosa consuetndo, quam vulgus per sanctorum solemnitates agere consuevit; ut populi, qui debent officia divina attendere, saltationibus et turpibus invigilent canticis; non solum sibi nocentes, sed et religiosorum officiis perstrepentes. Hoc etenim, ut ab omni Hispania depellatur, sacerdotum et judicum a concilio sancto cnræ committatur." Another council of an earlier date issued a similar canon: "Non licet in ecclesia choros sæcularium, vel puellarum cantica exercere, nec convivia in ecclesia præparare," etc.—*Ed.*

All these remains of pagan rites reposed on the general groundwork of paganism. They represented the ordinary formalities common to all the ancient festivals, without any more particular reference to any one of these festivals than to another. At any rate, the testimonies of the ecclesiastics on this point are too vague to distinguish anything more special. Among all these pagan reminiscences of the Middle Age, there are but very few, which it seems possible to refer to any determinate localities or particularities of the ancient cultus. Of these I shall only notice one, which is, however, a singular and a remarkable one, and which seems to me to be connected with the ancient cultus of Flora.

The inhabitants of Rome adored under this name a divinity, which was supposed to preside over the fecundity of the earth, and over the prosperous growth of vegetation, regarded as a means of sustenance for man. Her festival was celebrated in the beginning of May, by amusements which had become proverbial for their scandal. The courtesans of the city were collected in the stadium; and at a given signal they stripped themselves of all their garments, and commenced running races, the prize of which, like that of all the other public sports, was awarded by duly appointed magistrates, and in the name of the people.

How can we imagine, that a usage like this could have maintained itself, under the Christian empire? And yet it was kept up, and that for centuries, in several cities of ancient Provence, and more particularly in that of Arles. It was one of the oldest customs of this city to celebrate the feast of Pentecost by diverse gymnastic exercises, by feats in wrestling, in leaping and in racing—exercises, the taste for, and the habit of which, by the way, the Massilians had left in all the places which had formerly been subject to their sway. These amusements always drew together an immense concourse of people; they were concluded by races of nude prostitutes, and prizes were awarded to those who had won them; they were distributed by the magistrates, and at the expense of the community. All this was regulated by the municipal statutes, and all this was not abolished until the sixteenth century, in consequence of the remonstrance of a capuchin.

The same thing was practised at Beaucaire and doubtless in many an other city, whose ancient usages are now forgotten and unknown. The association of sports like these with one of the most solemn festivals of the Christian church has something striking about it. It shows us, how strong the tendency of the people was, to transfer to the austere pomp of the new cultus the obscenest reminiscences of the old.

As there is no doubt but that these pagan usages became

more insignificant and of rarer occurrence in proportion to the remoteness of their origin, and that the clergy had redoubled its efforts to abolish or to modify them, we may regard their popularity at comparatively recent epochs as the certain indication of a much more extensive popularity at an earlier period. Thus, for example, the Provençal manners of the seventeenth century still contained a multitude of usages, which authorize us to suppose, that during the ninth and tenth centuries these customs must have been at least half pagan. The following striking illustration I gather from a curious pamphlet, addressed, in the shape of a letter (in 1645), to Gassendi, by a certain Tourangeau, who was one of his friends. While on a visit to Provence, this good Tourangeau had been singularly struck by what he had seen there in every part of the country, that appeared to him strange and pagan in the ceremonies of religious worship, and especially in the famous procession of Corpus Christi at Aix. It was for the purpose of repressing his offence at the scandal, that he addressed to Gassendi the little work to which I have alluded, and which was entitled: "A complaint to Gassendi, with reference to the unchristian usages of his countrymen, the Provençals." The author describes the festival of Saint Lazarus, as he had seen it celebrated at Marseilles, in the following manner:

"Pagan Marseilles," says he, "had strenuously prohibited all theatrical representations; but now that it professes the religion, in the eyes of which all the amusements of the stage are crimes, it has ceased to abstain from these amusements. In fact, it celebrates the festival of Saint Lazarus with dances, which, owing to the multitude and the variety of their figures, have all the air of theatrical representations. All the inhabitants, at least those who wish to make the day of their Saint a merry one, meet publicly, both men and women, and wearing grotesque masks, they all commence the most extravagant dances. You would say that Satyrs and Nymphs were carrying on their frolics together. They take each other by the hand, they march through the city to the sound of flutes and violins, and when they form an uninterrupted file bending and winding its serpetine course through all the turns and passages of the streets, they call this great sport. But why should it be made in honor of Saint Lazarus? This is a mystery which I am unable to divine, any more than the many other extravagances in which the Provence abounds, and to which the people are so much attached, that if any one were to relax their observance, however slightly, it would be looked upon as a high misdemeanor, which is sometimes punished by the destruction of the property and harvest of the delinquent."

A provincial council of Narbonne held in the year 1551, had not yet done with these obnoxious remains of paganism, which, as we have seen, had been condemned since the year 589—that is to say, more than nine centuries before. It proscribed anew the practice of dancing, and every other sort of play or representation in the churches or cemeteries.

That which took place at the celebration of funerals coincides with all the preceding facts, and confirms all the reflections, which are suggested by them. There is no doubt, but that the clergy of the South had made every effort to obtain the exclusive management of the ceremonies connected with the burial of the dead—in other words, of one of the offices of social life, over which religion naturally exerts the greatest amount of influence. Nevertheless, it is certain that at the epochs of the Middle Age, now under consideration, the funerals were celebrated with the most incongruous intermixture of Christian and pagan rites. It was still customary, for example, to engage for funeral processions bands of hired mourners, who by their gestures, their words and their screams, gave all the demonstrations of the intensest grief. Death was celebrated with songs, which were not those of the Christian ritual, but which were composed expressly for the occasion. They were a sort of myriologues, and always executed with a certain formal preparation, often by two alternate choruses of maidens, and with noisy accompaniments of an instrumental music, as profane as the songs themselves with which it was intermingled; and all this transpired in the church and in the presence of the priests, who were obliged to participate in these acts of heathenism, or at any rate to submit to them! This latter mode of celebrating funeral solemnities seems to have been rather Greek than Roman. Moreover, the country in which it was generally prevalent and popular during the Middle Age was one, in which the Greek population had predominated for centuries before; it was the Provence proper. The custom was still in vogue at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and in all probability much later.

Charlemagne had already attempted to abolish these wholly pagan modes of burying the dead. He had decreed that all those, who attended a funeral procession, and did not know some psalm by heart, should sing the *Kyrie eleison* aloud. His object was to substitute something religious, something Christian, in place of the profane songs in use on such occasions.

These different traits, which I could easily have multiplied, reveal several characteristic propensities of the mediæval inhabitants of the south of France. We perceive, that what they had retained with the greatest tenacity of the paganism of the

Greeks and Romans, was its gayest, its most sensual and its most picturesque side, in short, whatever was adapted to captivate the eyes or ear in the shape of an amusement or a spectacle.

It was perhaps in consequence of the same tendencies, that these people had preserved certain provisions of the civil or penal code of the Phocæans, which were incompatible with the purity of the Christian spirit. Thus, for example, in several of the southern cities, and particularly, it would seem, in those which were nearest to the sea-coast, the punishment for adultery was a greater scandal than the crime itself. The culpable party, if a woman, was placed in a state of nature upon an ass, and thus paraded through the whole city. We have every reason to regard this custom as one of Ionian origin, and introduced into Gaul by the Massilians. At any rate, it is an established fact, that on the northern coasts of Ionia the same crime was punished in exactly the same manner. The woman thus punished was there called *onobatis;* that is to say, the rider upon an ass.

Besides these ancient festivals, which they had kept up from the pagan times, the people of the South had amusements of another kind and much more frequent, for which they were likewise indebted to antiquity. One of the commonest of these were the feats of dexterity, of strength, or of agility, which were performed in the open air, either in the streets or on the public places. Among these amusements the various kinds of rope-dancing figured with distinction.

The invention and the improvement of these sorts of exercise are almost exclusively due to the Greeks, who had become the more passionately addicted to them, in proportion as the nobler and more serious arts, which depended on the varied exercise of thought and sentiment, fell into gradual desuetude among them. The same motives, which had prompted them to invent and to relish them in Greece, had led to their adoption in all the Roman provinces.

The Greeks, who made a profession of these arts (if frivolous products of a degenerate civilization like these deserve the honor of the name), were designated by various appellations, according to the different exercises to which they more especially applied themselves. But they were all comprised under one common denomination, which was equivalent to that of prodigy-makers. Toward the latter time of the empire they were designated in Latin by the equally generic name of *Joculatores.* These men introduced themselves at an early date into the south of Gaul, where they were called *Joglars* or Jongleurs, and where they were destined to become at a future day the

rhapsodists of the Troubadours and one of the poetic classes of Provençal society.

Another amusement, as popular as the preceding, and which was likewise and still more intimately connected with the arts of antiquity, consisted in the dramatic or mimic farces and plays, the only and scarcely distinguishable remnant of the ancient theatrical representations. Such of these representations, as presupposed a certain degree of literary culture in the spectators, and which required a certain apparatus and the convenience of a theatre, must, as I have already remarked, have necessarily been discontinued in Gaul at an early day, very probably toward the end of the fourth century at the latest. But the dramatic plays of an inferior order, those which could scarcely be said to have required any stage or the coöperation of many actors, certainly continued to be in vogue. Those histrions, those itinerant mimes, who had long since been accustomed to travel from city to city, from borough to borough, amusing the populace by their parodies and by their fragmentary imitations of the comedy or the pantomime of the larger theatres, had their successors, who continued and perpetuated their art.

No doubt, this art had already miserably degenerated with reference both to the means which it employed and to the end proposed; no doubt, the traditions and the recollections, on which it was founded, had become more and more distorted and adulterated, the further they had receded from their source; but they did not become entirely extinct, and there is not an epoch of the Middle Age, in which we could not discover some vestiges of them.

In both the civil and the ecclesiastical laws of the Middle Age we find certain provisions, which prove that at this epoch there existed histrions and mimes, who were the successors of the histrions and mimes of the pagan period. These laws pronounce against the former the same exclusions, which the Roman emperors and the ancient councils had pronounced against the latter. They likewise refused them the right of becoming witnesses before the tribunals.

The representations by which they fascinated the uncultured multitude are nowhere specified in the acts which proscribe them, but they are summarily qualified as the wanton plays of infamous and obscene histrions, as the filthy jests of mimes, and by other terms, which leave no uncertainty as to their close alliance to the pagan mimes.

The ecclesiastical authors, who make mention of these representations, have in all probability spoken of them with so much conciseness and obscurity for no other reason, than because they

did not venture to be more explicit. As far as we can form any conception of them, from such imperfect testimonies, these farces were always of a coarse, and frequently of a licentious, character, in which one or several actors represented, often by a simple pantomimic play, sometimes also by the aid of speech, certain pleasing or burlesque actions and situations, the majority of which must have belonged to the traditions of antiquity.

And the mimes, the dramatic histrions, properly so called, were not the only artists of pagan antiquity, which had their representatives in the Middle Age. Those dancers, those musicians, those itinerant buffoons of the pagan age, which were invited to the private feasts, to weddings and to banquets, or who introduced themselves, in order to increase and add variety to the amusement, were still to be found during the ninth and tenth centuries, exercising the same profession, leading the same life as their predecessors had done before them, and as welcome as they had been, wherever they presented themselves.

They are the same personages, which, under their antique names of *Thymelici* and of buffoons, the Emperor Louis le Débonnaire, by way of a pious exception to the general usage, thought it his duty to remove from his entertainments.

Among this class of artists there figured certain women, whom contemporary legislations designate as peculiarly dangerous. I refer to the dancers and the flute-players, who went about from city to city, and in the country, especially on Sundays and on festivals, searching in every direction for those whom they might for a moment please or seduce. They were under new and sometimes barbarous names—the ancient Orchestrides, the Aulestrides of the Greeks and of the Romans, save only that they fell far below the talents and the graces of their ancient prototypes. We shall find them again in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, in those women who were the itinerant rivals of the Jongleurs, after the latter had become the rhapsodists or singers of the Troubadours.

All these remains, all these traditions of the religion, the arts and the customs of antiquity, necessarily lead to the supposition of equivalent remains and of similar traditions of ancient poetry, with which all of them were more or less intimately connected. It is in fact easy to convince ourselves, that at the epochs under consideration there must have existed, in the south of Gaul, a popular poetry, which was the express and direct reminiscence of that of the ancient paganism, feeble and degraded as that reminiscence may have been.

And in the first place, those profane dances, the remains of

ancient religious choruses, which had perpetuated themselves in the Christian solemnities; those pagan rites, which had been kept up in the funeral ceremonies, were, as we have already seen, always accompanied by analogous songs. These songs are always qualified by the epithet of profanity by the ecclesiastical writers who have occasion to speak of them. They consequently did not constitute a part of the Christian liturgy; nor is it any more probable, that they were pagan hymns. They could at most have been but vague recollections of the latter, composed with more or less energy and vivacity, but without any art and in a popular tone, in an incorrect and barbarous Latin. The funeral songs are those, which it is the easiest to suppose were sometimes possessed of some little inspiration and originality.

But the real groundwork of all the popular poetry of this epoch, consisted of the various songs, which were required for the usual recreations of domestic life. Love was the common theme of all these songs, and this love, it appears, was expressed with that freedom of imagination and of language, which was so repugnant to the mystical spirit of Christianity. Toward the middle of the sixth century, Saint Cæsarius qualified the songs of the peasantry about Arles of both sexes as *licentious and diabolical songs of love.* The ecclesiastical writers of the subsequent centuries speak in nearly the same terms of the same kind of songs, which is a proof that their tone was still the same.

A large number of these songs were dancing-songs, and the dances were generally of the mimic kind, in which the performers imitated by their movements their attitudes and gestures, the action or the situation described in the chanted words. The choruses of the Greeks were precisely the same thing; and hence these dances were designated by the Greek *corolas* or *coranlas*—a name which they retained for a long time.

It was sometimes the case that, for want of an appropriate poetry, these dancing choruses chanted songs which were simply historical. An ecclesiastical writer has preserved us two couplets of a popular song on one of the expeditions of Clotaire II. against the Saxons, which took place toward the middle of the seventh century. He says expressly, that this song, in rustic Latin, was in the mouth of everybody, and that the women made choruses of it, that is to say, they sung it while performing the circular dance or round.*

* Ex qua victoria carmen publicum, juxta rusticitatem, per omnium pene volitabat

Such is the most definite and the clearest idea, which it was in my power to give of the general state of things, and of the manners and customs, in which the first attempts, the rudiments of a new literature and of a new idiom originated in the south of France. The extreme scarcity of information respecting these obscure times, and particularly when the question turns on facts of an order like those which occupy our attention at present, did not permit me to be more complete or more explicit. I hope, however, that my ulterior developments will fetch out more distinctly the antecedents, to which they will successively link themselves.

But, first of all, it will be necessary for me to speak of the formation and of the history of the Provençal idiom. This is an indispensable preliminary to the history of the literature now under consideration.

ora, ita canentium, fœminæque choros, inde plaudendo, componebant." Author of the life of St. Faron. The song was as follows:

De Chlotario est canere rege Francorum,
Qui ivit pugnare in gentem Saxonum.
Quam graviter provenisset missis Saxonum,
Si non fuisset inclytus Faro de gente Burgundiorum.

Quando veninnt in terram Francorum,
Faro ubi erat princeps, missi Saxonum,
Instinctu Dei transeunt per urbem Meldorum,
Ne interficiantur a rege Francorum.—*Ed.*

CHAPTER VI.

ORIGIN OF THE PROVENÇAL LANGUAGE.

I pass now to the consideration of the origin and formation of the Romansh languages in general, and of that of the Troubadours, which is the most ancient, the most ingenious, and the most polished of them all, in particular. It is not without a sort of diffidence and anxiety, that I approach the investigation of this part of my subject, fearing that it might appear dry and wearisome to the general reader. The subject, however, is on the one hand too important and too intimately connected with the history of modern literature and civilization, to admit of any evasion; and on the other hand, the ideas generally prevalent on this point seem to me to be too unsatisfactory to be repeated here without a new examination.

The Romansh or Neo-Latin languages, that is to say, the ancient Provençal, the French, the Spanish, the Italian and the Portuguese and their respective dialects are commonly supposed to have been formed by a mixture of the Latin, corrupted by the Barbarians of Germany, and of the national idioms of the latter. But this solution of the problem is but a superficial one; it is, as it were, a mere concealment of its real nature and extent. Its proper solution would have required a preliminary inquiry, on the one hand, into the antiquities of the nations among which the languages in question originated, and on the other, into the history of languages in general.

This is precisely what I would have to do in regard to the Provençal, in order to analyze its original ingredients. But this task, rigorously taken, would exceed at once my means and my design. I am, therefore, less ambitious to furnish a methodical solution of the question than I am to present it under a point of view, which will permit us to embrace it as a whole, and to indicate some of the conditions on which its definitive solution depends.

The origin of the Provençal goes back far beyond the epoch of the Germanic invasions; it links itself by various threads to the history of the ancient languages and of the ancient inhabi-

tants of Gaul. Some notions, in regard to the latter, are therefore an indispensable preliminary to our researches on the former.

I have already had occasion to speak of the aboriginal inhabitants of Gaul, which are mentioned in history. But what I have been able to say casually, and as it were by stealth on this subject, has been by far too rapid to admit of my referring to it now. It is indispensable, that I should resume the consideration of it more expressly, in order to discover its relation to the special question which I have now undertaken to discuss. Nevertheless, it will be granted that I shall not be able to say all that might be said on a topic so obscure and so complicated as is the one under consideration, without deviating from my purpose; and I shall be reduced to the necessity of merely giving some of the results without any further discussion, and without entering into all the proofs by which they are arrived at. I can, however, assure the reader that I have neglected neither researches nor reflections to convince myself of the truth of these results.

At the time in which the history of Gaul commences, this country was inhabited by numerous tribes, forming at least three distinct groups, three different national bodies, which the writers of antiquity frequently confounded, sometimes under one name, sometimes under another. Cæsar is the first who has expressly distinguished them by different names. To the first of these three nations he gives the name of Aquitani, to the second that of Celtæ, and to the third that of Belgæ.*

But positive and valuable as this division may be, it nevertheless gives rise to, or rather leaves unsolved, several difficulties, of which I will only mention two.

In the first place, it is not applicable to the whole of Gaul, but only to that portion of the country which was conquered by Cæsar. It consequently excludes all the tribes of Gallia Narbonensis, a province of vast extent, which had already been subject to the Roman sway before the conquest of Cæsar. We know positively, that the tribes of this province belonged to different races, but it remains to be decided whether these races were the same three national bodies which we have already mentioned, or whether they were of a different origin.

The first of these two hypotheses is by far the most probable, and I think it can be proved historically, that the tribes of Gallia Narbonensis were all of them, as were those of the rest of Gaul, either Aquitanian or Celtic or Belgic, and that they were thus evidently included in the division of Cæsar.

* De Bello Gallico, lib. i., c. 1.—*Ed.*

In the second place, Cæsar expressly affirms a fact which is worth our notice. He says, that the name Celt, which he applies to one of the three nations conquered by him, was the name by which this people was accustomed to designate itself, and he at the same time adds, that the Celts were the same people to which the Romans usually gave the name of Gauls.* It follows from this assertion, that in his time the term Gauls was employed by the Romans in an improper and arbitrary manner—in a manner, which did not correspond to the actual state or usage of the country; that at that epoch there was no longer any particular tribe, or any collection of tribes, to which this ancient name of Gauls could strictly be applied. It appears, that in consequence of some unknown revolution a new name had gained the ascendency over the latter, and had caused it to fall into desuetude in its own country even. Now it is necessary to know to which of the three of Cæsar's national divisions the name of Gauls had originally been given, and could still be applied with propriety, at least historically. We have every reason to believe, that it was to the Belgians, and that the name of Belgæ was, in Cæsar's time, the one which had obtained in Gaul as the collective designation of the tribes which had formerly been denominated Gallic.

Cæsar is also the authority from which we learn, what portion of the territory of Gaul was inhabited by each of the three nations discovered by him, and there is no doubt but that, upon the whole, and with a few exceptions noticed by others, his division is a just and an important one. According to his account the Aquitanians inhabited the triangular area comprised between the course of the Garonne and the occidental half of the Pyrenean chain. The Celts had chiefly concentrated themselves in the territory, which was situate between the Garonne and the Seine. The Belgic tribes, or those of the ancient Gallic race, occupied the whole of the area extending from the right bank of the Seine to the left bank of the Rhine, and to the shores of the Atlantic. Finally, the province of Gallia Narbonensis contained tribes, of which some were affiliated to the Belgæ, as for example, the Volcæ Arecomici of Nîmes, and the Volcæ Tectosages of Toulouse; and others to the Aquitanians, as, for example, all the Ligurians and the Iberians on the sea-coast, between the mouths of the Rhone and the eastern headland of the Pyrenees. Some of those tribes were undoubtedly Celtic, but we have no positive data, by which we may distinguish them.

In regard to the characteristic differences, which doubtless

"Tertiam (partem incolunt), qui ipsorum lingua Celtæ, nostra Galli, appellantur." Id. eodem loco.—*Ed.*

existed between the three nationalities mentioned by Cæsar, that of their languages is the principal one, which it is necessary for me to notice here; but it is by no means easy to say anything very definite on this point. Cæsar is content with the vague affirmation, that the three nations in question differed among themselves in their laws, their customs and their languages.*

Strabo, while adopting the division of Cæsar, happily adds some traits, which develop and complete it, at least as far as the Aquitanians are concerned. "The Aquitanians," says he, "are entirely different from the Gauls, not only with respect to their language, but also in their general appearance, which has a greater resemblance to that of the Iberians;" † and by his Iberians, Strabo here means the masses of the Spanish. When he comes to the special description of Aquitania, he commences with a passage which is still more explicit than the first: "The Aquitanians," says he, "resemble the Iberians more closely than they do the Gauls, both in the general conformation of their body and in their language." ‡

This fact being considered as established, we are certain, that the Aquitanians and the other tribes of the same race spoke an Iberian idiom, as different as possible from the Celtic or the Gaulish. In regard to these latter languages, it is equally obvious that their mutual difference must certainly have been much more inconsiderable than the difference between them and the Aquitanian; it was, however, still great enough, to lead Cæsar into the error of regarding them as two languages, totally distinct from each other. The inhabitants of Gaul, therefore, spoke primitively three different languages, the Aquitanian, the Celtic and the Gallic, as I prefer to call it instead of the Belgic.

The Phocæans are the first people, known to have introduced a new language into Gaul. The tribes of the vicinity of Marseilles, as we have already seen, soon learned this new idiom, and their own, whatever it was, must sooner or later have been more or less affected by the former.

Soon after the establishment of the Phocæans in Gaul, the Romans, having successively conquered the different parts of the country, introduced the Latin, which incessantly gained new advantages over the Greek, as well as over the ancient national languages, until the epoch of the Germanic invasions.

* "Hi omnes lingua, institutis, legibus inter se differunt." De Bello Gallico, lib. i. c. 1.—*Ed.*

† "Ἁπλῶς γὰρ εἰπεῖν, οἱ Ἀκουϊτανοὶ διαφέρουσι τοῦ Γαλατικοῦ φύλου, κατά τε τὰς τῶν σωμάτων κατασκευὰς, καὶ κατὰ τὴν γλῶτταν· ἐοίκασι δὲ μᾶλλον Ἰβηρσιν."—Geograph., lib. iv. c. 2.—*Ed.*

‡ In the same chapter of the same book.—*Ed.*

It is an accredited opinion, that at this epoch the Latin had become the universal, nay, the only, language of the Gauls; but this opinion has very little intrinsic probability. It has against itself the excessive difficulty, with which languages are known to become extinct, however little they may be spoken by numerous masses of men, and in a territory of a certain extent and of some variety of surface. It remains to be seen, whether it has any facts in its favor; but it is easy to assure one's self, that it has none.

The Romans, it is true, undertook to impose their language and their laws at the same time on the nations, whom they subjugated;* but in this attempt they cannot be said to have been absolutely successful anywhere. The time for the consummation of so vast an enterprise was wanting to them everywhere; and when their empire fell, there was perhaps not a single province, but what contained considerable masses of population, which continued to express themselves in the idiom of their fathers. Thus they spoke Greek in Greece; Punic and Berber in the province of Africa; Illyrian on the eastern coast of the Adriatic; Coptic in Egypt. In the first century of our era, the ancient dialects of several districts of Italy, at a very short distance from Rome, as for example the Oscan and the Etruscan, were still written and spoken both. The same facts, which prove that at that time they were not yet extinct, warrant the presumption that they still continued to exist for a long time after; so that it is very doubtful, whether the Latin was ever the only language of Italy itself.

As far as Gaul is concerned, the Latin was certainly never the language of all its inhabitants. There are a multitude of facts which go to prove, that in different parts of the country the ancient national idioms and even the Greek continued in use until the last days of the empire, and that they even survived it.

Saint Jerome states indirectly, that in the fifth century the Gallic was still spoken at Treves and its vicinity—that is to say, in one of the parts of the country, where Roman culture must have exercised the greatest influence.† The same saint relates another fact on the authority of Varro, and his statement would seem to imply, that it was still so in his own time; he says, that, besides the Latin and the Greek, a third idiom was spoken at Marseilles and its environs,‡ which could have

* "Imperiosa civitas non solum jugum, sed etiam linguam suam gentibus domitis imponebat.—Romani, quocumque pergebant, latinam inferebant linguam." St. Hieron. in Epist. ad Galatas, procem. St. August. De Civit. Dei, lib. xix.—*Ed.*

† . . . . "Galatas excepto sermone Græco, quo omnis Oriens loquitur, *propriam linguam* eundem pene habere quam Treviros." . . . . In Epist. ad Gal. lib. ii. c. 3.—*Ed.*

‡ "Massiliam Phocæi condiderunt; quos ait Varro *trilingues esse*, quod et Græce loquantur, et Latine, et Gallice." Id. eodem libro.—*Ed.*

been none other than one of the three primitive idioms of Gaul. Now the places in question had been subject to the action of Greek and Roman civilization for more than a thousand consecutive years. From these two facts we may indeed be permitted to conclude, that the Latin could not have made any very great progress in the high valleys of the Pyrenees, or on the remote shores of Armorica; and in support of these facts, we might cite twenty others, if we had the time to do so.

It would be a chimerical enterprise, if one were to attempt to draw a precise line of demarcation between the parts of Gaul, where the Latin was spoken at the commencement of the fifth century, and those where the national idioms had continued in use up to the same period. The assertions, which could be hazarded on this subject, would be true only on the condition of being extremely vague.

At the epoch in question, the three primitive languages of Gaul continued in use, without any doubt, in certain remote cantons, away from the highways of commerce, and from the seats of authority—that is to say, in the mountainous districts of the interior, and on the frontiers.

As to the Latin, it must have been generally spoken in the cities and in the greater part of their districts, at least in those populous provinces, which had frequent and regular communications with each other.

But even there, where the Latin was spoken, it could not have been so to the same extent nor equally well. The personages of the higher classes, those, who had frequented the schools of grammar and of rhetoric, no doubt spoke it with correctness.* But we cannot make the same application in regard to the general masses of these populations.

At Rome itself, there was a great difference between the Latin as established by literary culture, such as the educated classes prided themselves on speaking it, and the Latin of the people generally. There, as everywhere else, the people were in the habit of clipping and of altering the forms of words, and of depriving them of the characteristic endings, which were destined to express the nicer shades of their grammatical value. So men of great sense and erudition have regarded the language of the ancient Roman populace as a vulgar dialect of the Latin, of which the Italian would be the immediate continuation.

* This is manifest *inter alia* from a letter of Sidonius, in which he congratulates a friend of his, who was an inhabitant of Auvergne, on his success in instituting public schools for the education of the young nobles of the country: "Celtici sermonis squamam depositura nobilitas, nunc oratorio stylo, nunc camœnalibus modis imbuitur." But to the masses the Latin of the classical authors must have still remained, what the French of Fénelon or Racine is at this very day to the provincial, who knows nothing but his patois.—*Ed.*

There is undoubtedly some truth in this opinion; the only difficulty is, that from a general and vague fact they have deduced too special and too precise a consequence.

As far as Gaul is concerned, the chances for the adulteration of the Latin in the mouth of the lower classes of the people were there obviously greater and more numerous than at Rome. In order to learn the Latin, the Gauls were obliged to forget their ancient languages; and a forgetting of this description, even with the decided determination of succeeding in it, is always for the masses of the people the slowest and the most difficult thing in the world. The national terms and idioms must have become apparent every moment in the Latin of a Celt, a Gaul or an Aquitanian, who had not learnt it systematically, but by practice and from sheer necessity.

This forced mixture, this inevitable collision between the Latin and the primitive idioms of Gaul, must necessarily have given rise to intermediate dialects, to a popular Latin, which I shall henceforth distinguish by the name of Rustic Latin, and to which I shall have occasion to return hereafter.

It was not in the nature of things, that the inferior classes of the Gallo-Roman population should ever succeed in speaking the Latin with all the rigor and in all the purity of its grammatical correctness. Nevertheless, as long as the Roman culture was making progress in Gaul, the Rustic Latin must have had a gradual tendency to approximate the grammatical, and to become more and more assimilated to it.

The Germanic invasions came to arrest the anterior march of things in this respect, as in every other. In consequence of these invasions, three new idioms were introduced into Gaul, by the Gothic in the southwest, the Burgundian in the southeast, and the Frankish in the north. At that time—that is to say, at the end of the fifth century, there were eight or nine different languages in Gaul. Two centuries later, after the conquest of Septimania by the Arabs, Narbonne, the primitive centre of the Latin language in Gaul, became the seat of a new authority and of a new language. This is the tenth of those, which history can enumerate up to that time, to say nothing of the unknown varieties of dialects, which were undoubtedly very numerous.

Different languages, which are brought into accidental contact with each other, naturally tend to modify, to interpenetrate and to supplant each other. Being the organs of moral and political forces, they necessarily show the pretensions and the destinies of these forces; they triumph or they perish with them. All the languages, which coëxisted in Gaul from the end of the fifth to the middle of the eighth centuries were far from having

equal chances of life and of duration. But it would occupy too much time, and it is not essential for my purpose, to render an account of these chances. It will be sufficient to remark, that before the end of the tenth century, the majority of the languages, of which I have spoken, had already disappeared from the soil of Gaul, some sooner and others later, without our being able to say precisely at what epoch, with respect to any of them.

One of the most ancient of these languages, the Gaulish or the Gallic, had been one of the first to disappear; at any rate, the last positive evidence we have of its existence in Gaul, relates to the end of the fourth century; it is contained in a curious passage from the life of Saint Martin, by Sulpicius Severus. This biography is in the shape of a dialogue. Some Aquitanians, anxious to become acquainted with the life and the miracles of the Saint, requested a certain Gaul, who had been a witness, to give an account of them. But the latter shows a little diffidence and embarrassment about explaining himself in the presence of men of an accomplished and fastidious taste, while he himself is but a Gaul, who, moreover, pretends to be somewhat illiterate. "Speak as you please," said thereupon Posthumianus, one of the interlocutors, eager to hear him, "speak Celtic or Gallic if you prefer it, provided you only speak of Martin."* There is no doubt, but that by these denominations of Celtic and of Gallic he meant two of the ancient idioms of Gaul, which were then still spoken, of one of which, however, every vestige is lost from the moment of this accidental notice.

Subsequently to the sixth century, we find no longer any indication of the use of the Greek. Before the end of the eighth, the Arabic, together with the dominion of the Mussulmans, had been driven back beyond the Pyrenees. From the commencement of the ninth, the Latin had ceased to be spoken, and was thenceforward only employed as the language of the cultus, the laws and the administration. Finally, there is every appearance, that the Visigoths and the Burgundians had renounced their Teutonic idioms about the same time.

By the tenth century, history knows of no more than four different languages within the limits of Gaul. The Frankish was generally spoken on the left banks of the Rhine, in those portions of ancient Belgium, into which the Franks had forced

* "Dum cogito me hominem Gallum inter Aquitanos verba facturum, vereor ne offendat vestras nimium urbanas aures sermo rusticior." This is the language put into the mouth of the Celt. To which the Aquitanian interlocutor replies: "Vel celtice, aut si mavis, gallice loquere, dummodo jam Martinum loquaris." Dial. i.—*Ed.*

themselves in a mass, and whence they had expelled the Gallo-Romans.

In the Armorica of Cæsar, which was then called Bretagne, the Celtic still continued to be in use; it was then or soon after designated by the name of the Breton.

In the valleys of the western Pyrenees, the ancient Aquitanian idiom was likewise perpetuated; it had assumed the name of the Basque, as had also the people, who spoke it.

In all the rest of the country, the Gallo-Romans spoke a language, which was mostly derived from the Latin, and which the historians designate by the name of the *Lingua Romana Rustica*, or by that of the *Lingua Romana*, or Roman language simply. It was, as we shall see more clearly hereafter, this same idiom, which I have already distinguished as the Rustic Latin, and which, at a somewhat later period, was called the Romance or the Romansh. It was divided into various dialects, the most prominent of which, at the two extremities of the country, formed on the one hand the French or the Romansh of the North, and on the other the Provençal or the Romansh of the South.

It is the origin and the formation of the latter, that I have undertaken to explain, and it is for the want of a sufficient number of direct data on this subject, that I have been obliged to approach it in a very circuitous way. In indicating the various languages, which, from the most ancient times, were simultaneously or successively spoken in the countries, where the Provençal was subsequently formed, I have at the same time, and by that very means, indicated all the possible sources of the latter, all the materials which could enter into its composition, all the grammatical antecedents that could have determined its character. The question is now, to see, to what extent, considering the Provençal such as it presents itself to us in the written monuments and by oral tradition, we may be able to distinguish the respective influences of the anterior idioms, and to appreciate its greater or less affinity with them.

There are two things, which constitute a language: its matter, or the sum of words which it employs in designating objects; and the system or the method, which these words follow in order to express certain relations between the objects designated and our ideas; they are, in other and more familiar terms, its dictionary and its grammar. I shall, in the first place, speak of the material substratum of the Provençal, independently of its grammatical forms, which I propose to consider after the former and in the next chapter.

The Provençal contains a much larger number of words, foreign to the Latin, than is commonly supposed. I have col-

lected nearly three thousand of them from the different literary monuments of this language, which I have had occasion to consult. Now, considering the small number of these works as compared with the immense number of those which are lost, it is to be presumed, that three thousand words are scarcely more than one-half of those, which might have been gathered from a complete collection of the monuments in question. Nevertheless, the number indicated is sufficiently complete, to give rise to some curious comparisons.

Of these three thousand Provençal words foreign to the Latin, or at least to the Latin, such as we know it from books, the greater part cannot, to my knowledge, be referred with certainty to any known language. It is impossible for me to say, whether it belongs to the lost portion of the three primitive idioms of Gaul, or to languages, with which we are unacquainted, and on the existence of which history furnishes us no indication. But the remainder of the non-Latin ingredients of the Provençal can very easily, and with more or less certainty, be referred to languages, which are at present still not only known, but spoken and alive, and which could never have contributed words to the Provençal, unless they had been in use before it, and in the country in which it originated. This portion of the Provençal includes many valuable indications, both in regard to its own history, and in regard to that of the ancient inhabitants of Gaul.

Of the languages introduced into Gaul, the Arabic was the last, which could have had any influence on the formation of the Provençal. And, indeed, we find in the latter a certain number of terms, which are undoubtedly derived from the former. They could easily have found their way into it, some during the dominion of the Arabs at Narbonne, and others in consequence of the numerous relations subsisting between the inhabitants of the South and the Arabs of the Spanish Peninsula. I shall here confine myself to a simple notice of the fact, to which I shall have occasion to return hereafter; and I shall return to it for the purpose of explaining other facts, with which the latter is connected.

After all that I have heretofore said concerning the influence of the Massilians in the south of Gaul, it would be astonishing not to find some vestiges of the Greek in the vulgar idioms of the country. And, indeed, there are to be found many, and very remarkable ones, especially on the left side of the Rhone, in Provence proper, where the settlements of the Massilians were more numerous, and their population more compact, than between the Rhone and the Pyrenees. The language of the inhabitants of the sea-coast contains a very considerable num-

ber of Greek words, which occur more especially among those which have reference to the industry of the country, to the cultivation of the soil, and to fishing. In Lower Provence, and even in those parts of the Alps, which during summer are frequented by Provençal herdsmen, there were at a comparatively recent period (and there are undoubtedly still) villages, where bread was called *harto*, from the Greek name ἄρτος. In the written Provençal, which represents the state of the language at an epoch, when it was seven to eight centuries nearer to its origin, these Greek terms are still more abundant. There are Troubadours, who call the sea *pelek*, *pelech*, *pelagre*, names which are evidently derived from the Greek πέλαγος. Many of the most ordinary acts of life are likewise expressed by Greek words in the Provençal.

To dream, to muse, is expressed by *pantaizar*, *phantayssar*, Greek φαντάζω.

To seize, to take by the hand, is called *marvir*, *amarvir*, from μάρπτω.

To eat, to partake of the principal meal of the day, is denoted by the word *dipnar*, from the Greek δεῖπνον, whence the French *dîner* and the English dinner, are derived.

To tear, to lacerate, is called *skizar*, *skissar*, from σχίζω.

To strive, endeavor, *ponhar*, from πονέω, πόνος.

To conceal one's self, make one's self small, *tapinar*, from ταπεινός, ταπεινόω.

To fight, to wage war, *peleiar*, from πόλεμος.

To cut, to divide in two, is *entamenar*, from τέμνω, which the French has converted into *entamer*, by a suppression which destroys or disguises the etymology of the word.

To turn (one's self), is *virar* and *girar*, from γῦρος, γυρεύω.

All these Provençal verbs can, with great facility, be traced to their Greek originals, from which they are derived, as we perceive, with hardly any alterations.

It is just so with a multitude of other terms, employed to designate objects of ordinary life; thus for example:

An arrow, dart, is called *pilo*, from βέλος.

Apple, *mela*, or *melha*, from μῆλον.

Lightning, flash, *lampec*, or *lamps*, from λαμπάς, λάμπω.

Column, *stilo*, from στῦλος.

Burin, style, *grafi*, from γραφεῖον or γραφίς.

Pitcher, jug, *ydria*, from ὑδρεῖον.

Visage, countenance, *cara*, from κάρα.

It is perhaps not out of place here to call to mind, that the Massilians spoke an Ionian dialect, peculiar to Phocæa, their mother city, and to the neighboring isle of Samos. Now, this dialect undoubtedly contained words, which were unknown

elsewhere, and a number of which may have remained in the Provençal, without our having at present the means of recognizing them. Curious researches might be instituted on this point; but they would lead too far from my subject. I shall have but one observation to make in regard to it, and it is this: had history never said a single word with reference to the Greek populations, which flourished for a long time in the south of Gaul, their existence might have been surmised from the vestiges of the Greek that are scattered through the Provençal.

Among the ingredients of this latter idiom there are some, which are more ancient and more curious than the Greek. It contains words which are at present still alive in the Low-Breton and in the Welsh. Now there is no doubt, but that these two dialects belong to one of the three primitive languages of Gaul, and to the one which I have designated by the name of the Celtic. It follows from this, that some of the countries, in which the Provençal has since originated, were anciently inhabited by Celtic tribes, and it is principally in sections composing the northern half of the basin of the Garonne, that we must look for the source of whatever there is of the Celtic element in this idiom.

It would be quite a complicated task for philological criticism to eliminate with certainty and completeness all the Breton or Celtic elements interspersed through the Provençal, and this is not the place for such an undertaking. All that I can do here is simply to affirm, that these words are quite numerous, and to give by way of specimens, some of the most remarkable of them. Thus, for example, in the Provençal

Vas signifies a tomb.
Dorn, a clenched hand, or fist.
Anaf and *enap*, a cup.
Agre, a troop, multitude.
Rans, the earth, the country.
Ruska, the bark of a tree.
Comba, dale, valley.
Maboul, childish, infantine.
Cuend, graceful, pretty.
Prim, slender, subtile.
Truan, vagabond, mendicant.
Fell, bad, wicked.

Now all these words occur in the same signification, and with scarcely any variation of sound in the Welsh, and in the original and primitive portion of the Breton.

This affinity established between the Provençal and the idioms, which may with certainty be regarded as representa-

tives of one of the three aboriginal languages of Gaul, naturally suggests other researches of a similar description.

The countries, in which the Provençal was spoken, included the Aquitania of Cæsar, and the maritime coast extending from the mouths of the Rhone to the eastern extremity of the Pyrenees. It can, as I have already remarked, be historically shown, that an Iberian idiom was anciently in use in these countries. Now, after having enumerated Celtic elements in the Provençal, there is nothing strange in the supposition, that we might likewise find in it some traces of this ancient Iberian element, the identity of which and the Basque is a fact, which may be regarded as incontestable.

The conjecture is not a chimerical one. Both the written Provençal and the derivative idioms, by which it is still represented, actually contain a certain number of very curious words, which they have in common with the Basque. The following are some of them:

Aonar, to aid, second.
Asko, much.
Biz, black, dark, sombre.
Bresca, honey.
Enoc, sadness, chagrin.
Nec, sorrowful, gloomy.
Gais, evil, misfortunate, etc.
Gaissar, to injure, ravage.
Serra, a mountain.
Gavarrer, a bush, thicket.
Rabi, a current, river.
Grazal, a vase, porringer.

All these words and fifty others, which I could add to the list, have precisely the same signification and the same sound in the Basque as they have in the Provençal. There is no room for the supposition, that the latter borrowed them from the former. Centuries have elapsed, since the Basque has been relegated into the mountains, and ever since that time, so far from being able to give words to the languages in its vicinity, it has been obliged to adopt from them, in order to express the new relations and ideas introduced among the people, which spoke it. The Provençal could therefore not have taken from the Basque, what it has actually adopted, unless it was in those countries, where formerly the Iberian idiom was used.

We are now certain, that the dictionary of the Romansh-Provençal contains words, which are borrowed from two of the primitive languages of Gaul, and we shall presently have occasion to recognize still more remarkable vestiges of the third.

That the Gaels of Scotland and the Gaihil of Ireland are

people of the same race as the ancient Gauls properly so-called, and that a language closely related to theirs was formerly spoken in a part of Gaul—these are facts, which have every probability in their favor, and are indicated by the very identity of the national names themselves. But notwithstanding all this, history does not furnish us any direct or positive proof on the subject. The lexicon of the Provençal however may here supply the place of history. It contains a large number of terms, which are found nowhere else, except in the Erse or Irish and in the Gaelic, as the language of the Scottish Highlanders is called. I shall not give a list of them for fear of wearying the patience of the reader by quotations of this kind. I shall confine myself to noticing a few of these Gaelic words, the existence of which in Provençal monuments may be regarded as a curious fact. Such is, for example, the adjective *certan, certana*, in those instances, in which it makes no sense, if we translate it, as we are at first sight tempted to do, by our own homophone "certain," but where it becomes very expressive, if we render it after the Gaelic substantive *keart*, which signifies *justice, honor, rectitude.* Many other words, employed by the Troubadours, and those which are the most difficult of interpretation, are likewise Gaelic words and the remains of the ancient Gallic. And it is a remarkable fact, that the only one of the three primitive idioms of Gaul, which has entirely vanished from the country, and that centuries ago, is precisely the one, of which the Provençal exhibits the most numerous, the most decided and the most characteristic vestiges.

Inasmuch as I do not consider these questions in a purely historical point of view, it is not necessary for me to inquire expressly, what parts of the south of Gaul the nations, which spoke these Gaulish idioms, may have inhabited. It will be sufficient for my purpose to observe by the way, that the traditions of the fourth century asserted an affinity between the Belgæ of Cæsar and the Volcæ or Volkæ Arecomici and Tectosages, whose capitals were Nîmes and Toulouse, and that if the former belonged to the great national body of the Gauls proper, the latter must likewise be related to them.

To these already sufficiently diversified sources of the Provençal we must now add the Teutonic. The Visigoths and the Burgundians, which, as we have seen, established themselves, the former in the southeast, the latter in the southwest of Gaul, might certainly be expected to have exerted some influence on the revolutions, which took place in the languages of the country. As we know nothing special respecting the idiom of the Burgundians, we have not the means for making a separate

account of it in our estimate of the affinity between the Provençal and the Teutonic languages.

It is not so with the Visigoths. Their dialect is very well known. It is in this dialect that the patriarch of the Gothic nation, Ulphilas, composed, toward the middle of the fourth century, a translation of the Sacred Scriptures, which is the most ancient literary monument of the Teutonic languages, and of which fragments are still extant. It is easy to convince one's self by an inspection of these fragments, that the Visigoths left traces of their language in the Provinces of Gaul adjacent to the Pyrenees, and that some of them have passed into the Provençal. But these words are not numerous; I have scarcely been able to count fifteen of them. When we see in history, how readily the Goths in Gaul and Italy submitted to the influences of the Roman civilization, we are not at all surprised, that so little of their language should have been left in the countries, which were subject to their sway.

The majority of the Teutonic words contained in the Provençal are in all probability of Frankish origin. It is true, that this people never established itself in masses and at large in southern Gaul; but it ruled there for a long time and it founded a large number of partial or isolated settlements, and yet the total amount of Provençal words to which we can with certainty assign a Teutonic origin, is not nearly as considerable, as one would be tempted to imagine. I do not believe that it exceeds fifty. The words retained from the ancient national idioms are much more numerous.

All these different ingredients, however, taken together, constitute only a portion, and by far the smallest, of the Provençal lexicon. The real and the capital foundation of this lexicon is incontestably the Latin. But on this point even there is much that might be said, and I shall only be able to give a few rapid indications.

That the great majority of the Provençal words may, without any violence or improbability, be referred to the Latin, is evident enough; but that they are all effectively and directly derived from it, is a question, and one which depends on the solution of another.

It is necessary for me to return here for a moment to the distinction, which I have above endeavored to established, between the three aboriginal languages of Gaul. I have remarked that the Iberian, the Aquitanian, of which the Basque is an important relic, had absolutely nothing in common with the Celtic and the Gallic, or with any other known language. Between the Celtic and the Gallic, on the other hand, there were analo-

gies, and these analogies are represented by the relations still existing between the Erse or Irish and the Gaelic of the Scottish Highlands, which are respectively derived from them. Now these two languages, though differing widely from each other, though having each a material basis and a character of its own, are nevertheless idioms of the same family of languages, of which the Sanscrit is regarded as the type, and of which the Greek, the Latin, the Teutonic and Slavonic are collateral branches.

By reason of this ancient and mysterious relationship, the Gaelic and the Briton exhibit numerous and manifest resemblances to the Latin, and not only in their vocabulary, but also in their grammatical forms. Similar analogies must doubtless have existed between these same languages, at the epoch, when, under the denomination of the Celtic and the Gaelic, they coëxisted on the soil of ancient Gaul. The numerous fragments of the languages of Gaul, which have been transmitted to us by the writers of classical antiquity, present to us a striking collection of marked analogies with the Latin and the Greek.

From these comparisons it follows, that various Provençal words which have commonly been regarded as derivatives of the Latin, for no other reason than that they are contained in it, may with equal correctness be referred to the Celtic or the Gallic, and may have been derived from the one, as well as from the other. Thus, for example, the word *caitieu*, which signifies captive, may as well come from the Celtic *caeth*, which means the same thing, as from the Latin *captivus*. The adjective *suau*, sweet, peaceable, may be derived either from the Latin *suavis* or from the Irish *suabhais*, which has the same sense. This remark is not without its importance in comparing the unexpected analogies of the Provençal with the primitive idioms of Gaul. However, I do not intend to contradict by this remark, what I have above advanced, as a general thesis, that the lexical groundwork of the Provençal is Latin, and directly derived from it.

After having thus distinguished, as far as a rapid sketch would permit me, the various origins of the material basis of the Provençal, it now remains to indicate in the same manner the origins and the types of its grammatical forms and to consider some other points of its history.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GRAMMATICAL FORMATION OF THE PROVENÇAL.

In the preceding chapter I have examined the material basis of the Romano-Provençal lexicon, which I have considered independently of its grammatical forms. I have endeavored to distinguish the various elements, of which this basis is composed, and to refer these elements to their respective sources. I have especially insisted on two points. I have shown, that, among the various ingredients of the Provençal, those, which emanated from Teutonic sources, were extremely limited in number, and that the language exhibited no sign whatever of any very decided influence from that direction. I have moreover pointed out, in the idiom in question, distinct and obvious remains of the primitive languages of Gaul—a fact of great importance to its history.

Finally, I have advanced, that this idiom was not a combination or a mixture of the Teutonic and the Latin, any more than were the other Neo-Latin languages; that, on the contrary, it was anterior to the Germanic conquest, and the product of various causes, all equally independent of the influences of that conquest; and I shall now endeavor to produce some proofs in support of this opinion.

The Provençal and the Neo-Latin languages in general, which have supplanted the Latin, differ from the latter principally in respect to their grammatical forms, and this difference shows itself particularly in what are technically termed the declension of nouns and the conjugation of verbs. The relations, which the Latin expresses, in both these verbal modifications, by simple variations of the endings of the same word, are in the Neo-Latin idioms indicated by separate signs, distinct from the word of which they modify the signification. Thus for example, in rendering into English the Latin dative plural *fructibus*, we say *to the fruits;* in rendering the verb *to love*, in the first person singular of the preterit *amavi*, we say *I have loved*. In the first instance, the termination *bus* is translated or represented by the preposition *to*, joined to the plural of the article

the; in the second instance, the termination *avi*, is represented by the first person singular of the present of the verb *to have*, joined to the passive participle *loved*. In both these examples, the English* formula is a decomposition, a sort of analysis of the Latin formula, and this fact generalized, characterizes the principal grammatical difference between the Latin and the Neo-Latin languages. Considered under this point of view, and in so far as it unites in one and the same term both the root, which denotes an object or an idea, and the termination, which modifies the signification of the former, the Latin may be called a *synthetic* language. In so far as the Neo-Latin languages represent the termination by a separate sign, thus decomposing a simple term into two or more terms, they may be denominated *analytical* or decomposing languages.

This distinction being established, the question respecting the origin and the formation of the Neo-Latin idioms, propounded in rigorous terms, would be as follows: How was this transition of the Latin from its primitive condition of a synthetic language to the condition of analytical dialects accomplished? Was this transition merely the result of accidental causes, or was it brought about in virtue of some one of those laws, which are known to preside over the modifications and the successive developments of languages? This is a very important and a very abstruse question. I will endeavor to answer it by looking at it from a somewhat more elevated point of view, and in a more general light.

It is a singular and apparently a very general fact in the history of languages, that the nearer they are to their origin, the more complicated they are, the more they abound in ingenious and subtle grammatical forms. Among the same people, the most ancient grammatical system of its language is always the one which contains the greatest number of peculiarities and niceties. Among two different and unequally civilized nations, it is almost certain, that the idiom of the most barbarous of the two will be the one, which will exhibit the most artificial mechanism.

It appears from this, that the natural procession of languages is from a greater to a less number of forms; from special and from bolder forms to such as are more general and more definite, or, in other words, from synthesis to decomposition. It is, however, the tendency of civilization and of culture to suspend this course, and to render it as slow and gradual as possible.

When a language has once submitted to a fixed grammatical system, when it is rich in monuments, and spoken by powerful and cultivated classes of society, the changes which then take

* The English as well as French, in which, as a matter of course, the author gives the formula in the original.

place in it, can only be of a literary character, indicative of the variations of taste in the art of writing, and not affecting the general basis of its grammatical system. But by the side of these changes, there are always formed a number of dialects less regular and less pure, spoken by the inferior masses of the population, and in which the natural tendency of languages to decompose and impoverish themselves, by becoming easier and clearer, operates with greater liberty and success. If into this state of things some great and sudden revolution is introduced, by which the civilization of the country is destroyed; if the classes, which spoke the grammatical idiom, and which alone could maintain it in its integrity, are annihilated, then this idiom becomes likewise extinct. It may remain a learned or a sacred language, but it ceases to be spoken for the ordinary purposes of life. It becomes supplanted by the popular dialects, and they continue it under a form, which differs more or less from the primitive, and in which the principle of decomposition predominates more or less.

This is not the place for inquiring, which of these two successive forms is the most perfect in itself, nor for reconciling the idea of an indefinite intellectual perfectibility with the natural tendency of languages toward disintegration and impoverishment. I shall limit myself to the remark, that the system of decomposition, in reducing the number of grammatical formulas, and in employing only those, which have a more general value, becomes by that very means susceptible of a more expeditious and of an easier use, and that to some extent it renders the action of the mind or its ideas more palpable to itself. This will suffice to explain, up to a certain point at least, the progressive decomposition of the synthetic languages.

The decomposed idioms, however, after having once been substituted in place of the synthetic, assumes very soon an importance, which they never could have had before. They are in their turn polished and systematized, they become the organ of a poetry, of a society, and they then assume something of the fixedness and regularity, as well as of the destiny, of the languages, which they succeeded.

I should like to illustrate these generalities by a few particular facts; and there are, I believe, few languages of any antiquity, and possessed of literary monuments of a certain age, but what could furnish me with the materials. But I shall look, by way of preference, for what I want, to three distinguished languages, which have so many analogies in common with each other, and the destinies of which are so much alike, that the history of each of them could have no better commentary than that of the other two. They are the Sanscrit, the

Greek and the Latin itself. The material basis and the grammatical structure of these three languages contain so many and such striking resemblances, that it is impossible to explain them in any other way, than by the hypothesis of a common origin, and of a complete identity at an unknown epoch of antiquity.

Of these three languages, the Sanscrit is the first that had its monuments, a literature and a system of grammar. Without pretending to fix the precise date of these monuments, we may confidently affirm, that they are anterior to the most ancient writings of the Greeks, to those of Homer and of Hesiod. There is one circumstance, which in the absence of every other, I should consider, if necessary, a sufficient proof of this anteriority; and it is, that the system of grammatical forms is richer and more complete in the Sanscrit, than in the Greek. This is a certain indication, that the former had been seized and fixed by civilization and by science at an epoch much nearer to their common origin. Its declension has eight cases, all of which are indicated by characteristic terminations, and which vary according to the gender and the form of the radicals. This system of declension is consequently a very rich synthetic one. I suspect, however, that at a remoter period it must have been still richer, and that in this respect, even the language had at the time of its present grammatical fixation already lost some of its primitive forms.

The Sanscrit conjugation, equally rich and equally varied, is likewise composed of synthetic forms; but here the principle of decomposition has already insinuated itself. There are already certain tenses of the passive voice, where the action is expressed not by a simple verbal radical, modified by certain terminations or by affixes, but by adjectives or participles, which are combined with a verb signifying *to be* or *to make*, precisely as in French or English. This may be regarded as the germ of a revolution introduced into this language.

At the epoch of its earliest written monuments, the Greek, as compared with the Sanscrit, had already lost several of its primitive forms. Its declension is reduced to five cases; the sixth, which is called the ablative, differing in no respect from the dative, and being only determined by a particle, such as the prepositions *in*, etc. It thus had three cases less than the Sanscrit; or in other words, three synthetic forms of declension were supplanted by so many analytical forms. The principle of decomposition had likewise penetrated into the conjugation. The third person plural of the preterit passive was formed by adding the verb *to be* to a participle.

The Latin was reduced to writing much later even than the

Greek, and when the system of decomposed or periphrastic forms had already supplanted several forms of the opposite system. Its declension had remained in the same state as the Greek, but in its conjugation the use of the verb *to be*, in the capacity of an auxiliary, was more frequent. Entire verbs had been formed by the simple juxtaposition of a substantive or a preposition and the verb *sum*, as for example, *possum* (by euphony instead of *pot-sum*), *ad-sum*, *præ-sum*.

After having once been consecrated by religious documents, by national poems, by systems of grammar founded on the examples of the first writers, these three languages were, to a certain extent, regarded as inviolable by the chiefs and the higher classes of the respective nations. Their forms became to them the rule for writing and for speaking. Nevertheless, the natural tendency to the disintegration of these forms was always at work in the masses of the people. I have not examined the Sanscrit for the purpose of discovering traces of the gradual progress of this tendency; but they are visible in the Latin and in the Greek. We find in the best writers of both these languages examples of the unusual and anti-grammatical employment of periphrastic forms of conjugation, instead of the synthetic forms. They occur in great variety in Cicero, in Pindar, in Herodotus, in Plato, in Sophocles, and without any sort of doubt in other authors.

Nevertheless, examples of this kind are rare in good writers, and they may be considered as licenses, as exceptions to the general principles of synthetic grammar. They might be said to have been accidental irruptions of the dialect of the multitude into that of the learned and polished classes.

There can in fact be no doubt, but that languages so complicated and so rich, as were the Greek, the Latin and the Sanscrit, must have undergone in the mouth of the popular masses numerous and systematic modifications; which, without exceeding certain limits, went nevertheless so far, as to give rise to various subordinate dialects more simple and more variable than the latter, having each its peculiar vocabulary, more or less different from the general one, and tending each, in virtue of a certain intellectual indolence or hesitation, to substitute the analytic forms in place of the synthetical. The direct historical proofs of the existence of these popular dialects are very scarce, and for no other reason than that the nationality of a people is represented by the idiom cultivated by its chiefs and by the higher classes of its society. It is in this privileged idiom, that its religious doctrines, its laws, its grand poetic monuments are composed. But time, sooner or later, introduces revolutions, and thereby brings to light those obscure and despised dialects, which history at first disdained to notice.

As long as there was a great political power in India, to maintain the institutions and the antique civilization of that vast country, the Sanscrit, which was an essential part of this civilization, remained a living language, distinct from the popular dialects which sprung up under its dominion. But, when in consequence of unknown revolutions and at an unknown epoch, the Brahmins had lost the political government of Hindostan, the Sanscrit ceased to be spoken, and after that became a dead and learned language. In social life, it was supplanted by various dialects, and the relations between these dialects and itself are perfectly analogous to those existing between the Neo-Latin and the Latin of the classical period. The words have here undergone similar alterations; the synthetic formulas of declension and of conjugation have here been decomposed in the same spirit, for the same purpose and by the same method.

At a much later epoch, the precise date of which, however, we are unable to establish, the ancient Greek disappeared in consequence of a similar revolution from the Eastern Empire; and it was likewise succeeded by a dialect which was by far less complicated, less rich, and less learned, and in which the principle of decomposition that had presided over the formation of the Neo-Hindu dialects prevailed to the same extent and with the same results.

The invasions and the conquest of these countries undoubtedly contributed to their linguistic revolutions. By destroying the ancient civilization and the ancient languages of India and of Greece, they thereby transferred the place and the functions of the latter to their respective popular dialects. But they did not introduce these dialects; they found them already made, and they scarcely added a few words from the language of the conquerors.

Now the extinction of the Latin, as a spoken language, and the appearance of the Neo-Latin idioms in its place, is a revolution, similar in every respect to those, which occasioned the extinction of the Sanscrit in India and of the Greek in Greece, and which brought the popular dialects of these respective countries into vogue.

Laying aside whatever there may have been of an accidental or a local character in the history of these dialects, we find, that they all appear to have been formed in virtue of the same idea, and of the same tendency of the mind. They all result from the development of the same germ of decomposition, introduced from the remotest antiquity into the languages, from which they are derived, and introduced by way of an exception and in opposition to the synthetic principle of these languages.

In all of them the development was brought about, if not to the same extent, at any rate with reference to the same end and by the operation of the same causes. Finally, a closer inspection shows them all to be the identical expression of one and the same general fact, as the secondary form, into which the system of synthetic languages naturally tends to resolve itself.

I anticipate an objection, in the shape of an easy hypothesis. It will be urged, that, in order to account for the existence of the different idioms in question, it is not necessary to suppose them anterior to the epoch, when the synthetic languages, of which they are the decomposed forms, were altered or destroyed. They may be the immediate consequence, the pure and simple result of that alteration.

Many observations might be made in opposition to this hypothesis. I shall limit myself to a single fact, which is, however, a remarkable and a decisive one; it is, that all these idioms include elements of a remote antiquity; materials, which are foreign to the languages from which they are derived, taking these languages at the moment of their alteration or their disappearance.

Thus, for example, several of the Neo-Hindu idioms contain remains of languages, which were anterior to the conquest of India by the Brahmins. This is a discovery, made by a young orientalist, who is destined to make many others no less interesting. Now, it is very evident, that a Hindu idiom, in which such vestiges occur, could not have received them from the Sanscrit, at the moment when the latter ceased to be a living speech. They must of necessity be referred to the unknown epoch, at which the language of the Brahmins was first brought into contact with the conquered population of India.

The modern Greek has preserved words, which belong to the remotest antiquity, and which were not contained in the classical Greek at the epoch of its extinction. Such is, for example, the word *νερὸ*, water, which in the writted Greek exists only as a derivative in the name of the *Nereïdes* or Nymphs. The word *σκουτία*, which in ancient Greek signifies "skins, hides," has in modern Greek the signification of "garments, clothes." Now, it seems, that it could not have assumed this signification, except at a very distant epoch, when the Greeks clothed themselves in the skins of animals. The modern Greek contains many other terms, which could only have entered into it during the most ancient period of the language.

To give an example from a language, which is still nearer to us: the Italian has a large number of words, which do not

come from the Latin, and several of which must be quite as ancient as the latter, or even more so.

Finally, I have shown that the Romansh idioms of Gaul include many terms from the primitive languages of the country, which could only have entered into them long before the extinction of the Latin. It is evident, that all these dialects of the ancient synthetic languages, in which similar elements occur, must, for a longer or a shorter period, have been contemporary with these languages themselves.

I shall add but one observation on the hypothesis, which attributes the origin of the Neo-Latin idioms to the Germanic conquest, and to an intermixture of the Teutonic languages and the Latin; and in order to keep within the definite limits of my subject, I shall restrict this observation to the Romansh of the South.

Those, who have advanced the opinion of a Germanic influence in the creation of this idiom, have assumed a collision between the Teutonic and the Latin, of which the Provençal would have been the immediate and the necessary result. It would be easy to show the inexactness of this hypothesis. But the supporters of this hypothesis even ought not, in making it, to have overlooked the anterior collision between the ancient languages of Gaul and the Latin—a collision, which was a forced and prolonged one, and which united all the conditions, necessary for the production of an idiom like the Provençal, occupying a middle ground between the Latin and the ancient languages of the country.

Unless I am mistaken in all that I have thus far advanced, there can be no uncertainty in regard to the period of time, to which we ought to refer the origin and formation of the Provençal and of the other Neo-Latin idioms. All these idioms doubtless existed, as popular dialects, before the epoch of the Germanic invasions. It is far more difficult to ascertain, at what particular epochs they succeeded the Latin, and by what a succession of tentatives they were fixed and polished; in short, how they became what they have long since been, and what they still are. I shall say a few words on these questions, and I shall confine myself as much as possible to the Provençal.

The most ancient Provençal documents thus far known to us among those, that can shed some light on the history of this idiom, are contained in three different manuscripts. One of these, now in the public library of Orleans, and formerly in that of the Abbey of Fleury sur Loire, contains quite a long fragment of a poem or metrical romance on the tragical end of Boëthius, the Roman senator, who was condemned to death by

the order of Theodoric, the first Gothic king of Italy. The other two, from the ancient Abbey of Saint Martial at Limoges, are now in the royal library at Paris. They contain, among many Latin pieces, a few in the Provençal, of which I shall have to speak in detail somewhat later. The question here is, simply to determine their date.*

The first of these three manuscripts, that of the Abbey of Fleury, is generally acknowledged to be from the commencement of the eleventh century, at the latest; and those of Saint Martial are scarcely any less ancient. Judging from several characteristics exhibited by them, we may attribute them to the first half of the eleventh century. Now the Provençal pieces, included in these three manuscripts are, doubtless, of an anterior epoch; they were transcribed into them from other and more ancient manuscripts. Of this there is a substantial proof, at least in regard to some of them, which however do not even seem to be the most ancient of the number.

Now, supposing all these pieces to be only twenty-five or thirty years older than the manuscripts in which they are preserved, they would have been composed toward the close of the tenth century, or at the commencement of the eleventh. And these compositions were, doubtless, not the first of their kind. They must have been preceded by many others of an inferior and cruder order, which are now lost. The only one of the documents preserved, which is undoubtedly more ancient than the pieces here described, is the famous oath of 842. I do not believe that any very important conclusion could be drawn from this document with reference either to the history of the Provençal, or to that of the Romansh languages in general. Nevertheless, as the document is a celebrated one, and as it is customary to quote it in every discussion on the origin of these languages, I consider myself likewise bound to speak of it. I shall speak of it even with a certain minuteness and detail, for the purpose of establishing, on this point, a different opinion from the one generally received.

I must, in the first place, give a general idea of the event to which the document in question relates; this preliminary is indispensable to the proper appreciation of its value in relation to the question, which now occupies our attention.

The dissensions between the three sons of the Emperor Louis le Débonnaire, are a well-known and celebrated fact in the history of France. They gave rise, under the dynasty of the Carlovingians, to circumstances, which had a strong resem-

* An account of these manuscripts is given by M. Raynouard, in the second volume of his Choix des Poésies des Troubadours. The fragment on Boëthius is printed on p. 4–47. Pieces and fragments derived from the MS. of St. Martial on p. 133–153.—*Ed.*

blance to those, in the midst of which the Merovingian dynasty had declined and finally become extinct. The eldest of these three brothers, Lothaire, who had received, as his share of the paternal inheritance, the title of emperor, together with the majority of the countries subject to the Frankish dominion, was entertaining the project of invading them all, and of plundering his two brothers. One of the two, Louis, was then king of Bavaria, and the other, Charles, afterward surnamed the Bald, king of Aquitania. In order to make head against their common enemy, they formed a mutual alliance together; and the two parties, having encountered each other at Fontenay, near Auxerre, there fought the terrible battle which passes under that name. The number of the slain on both sides was more than eighty thousand, and yet the strife was not decided! The three brothers repaired their enormous losses as well as they could; they raised new armies, and the war continued with singular and vacillating changes, the details of which have nothing to do with my subject.

It suffices for our purpose to know, that in the month of March, of the year 842, Lothaire, after various unsuccessful movements, found himself at Tours, entirely at a loss in regard to his future course, while Louis and Charles were effecting a conjunction of their forces at Argentaria, a small town situated a few miles from the right bank of the Rhine, between Basle and Strasbourg. There the two brothers resolved to make a solemn renewal of their alliance in the presence of the two armies and of their *leudes* or vassals of every rank, which were all assembled in the open air, and inclosed by the same camp.

Louis of Germany, being the elder of the two, began to speak first, and pronounced a discourse in which he made a declaration of the new wrongs, of which Lothaire had been guilty, both against himself and against his brother Charles, since the battle of Fontenay, and of the firm resolution on the part of the two brothers to consolidate their alliance against Lothaire. In this discourse, Louis addressed himself to his leudes and to his soldiers—all men of the Germanic race, all from the other side of the Rhine, and he spoke in the Teutonic language. Charles the Bald commenced to speak in his turn, and repeated to his army, word for word, but in the Romansh idiom, the same discourse, which Louis had just addressed to his own in the Germanic.

After this address to their respective leudes and soldiers, the two kings proceeded to conclude the new alliance between themselves, that is to say, they pronounced the oaths, which constituted this alliance. The following is an English version of the usual formula of these oaths:

"For the love of God, for the Christian people and for our mutual safety, from this day forward, and as long as God shall give me power and knowledge, I will defend my brother, and I will aid him in every respect, as one ought to defend his brother, provided he does the same toward me, and I shall never wittingly enter into any agreement with Lothaire, which shall be detrimental to this my brother." *

Louis was the first to pronounce this formula, and he addressed himself not as he had done the first time, to the vassals and the soldiers of his own army, but to those of Charles; and on that account he spoke in the language of the latter, that is to say in the Romansh. Charles the Bald, binding himself in his turn to the men of his brother, swore in the Germanic tongue. Then the two armies pronounced in their respective languages a special oath, in which each of them promised to the king of the other to refuse obedience to its own, in case he should command anything that might be contrary to the obligations of his oath.†

Nithhard, the grandson of Charlemagne, has left us an invaluable little work on the whole of this war between the sons of Louis le Débonnaire—a war, in which he himself had figured as an actor. It is he, too, who has transmitted to us the text of the oaths pronounced on this occasion, in both languages. My task requires me to occupy myself only with those which are in the Romansh idiom.

From these circumstances, such as they present themselves at first sight, we might infer, that the language of these oaths was that of all the Gallic nationalities to which they were addressed. But here already the difficulty presents itself, as to who these nationalities were. I think we may suppose the army, with which Charles the Bald joined his brother Louis at Argentaria, to have been composed of the same national elements as that with which he had fought at Fontenay. In that event, the oath of Louis the German was taken: 1st, by the Neustrians, that is to say, by the men from the country situate between the Seine and the Loire; 2dly, by the Bur-

* I add here the original of this oath or pledge, for the purpose of giving the reader some conception of the character of the language here in question. It is as follows:

"Pro Deo amur et pro christian poblo et nostro commun salvament, dist di in avant, in quant Deus savir et podir me dunat, si salvaraeio cist meon fradre Karlo, et in adiudha et in cadhuna cosa, si cum om per dreit son fradra salvar dist, in o quid il mi altresi fazet: et ab Ludher nul plaid nunquam prindrai qui, meon vol, cist meon fradre Karle in damno sit."

† The Romansh of the oath pronounced by the followers of the respective kings, upon the same occasion, is as follows:—"Si Lodhuvigs sagrament que son fradre Karlo jurat, conservat; et Karlos, meos sendra, de suo part non lo stanit; si io returnar non lint pois; ne io, ne neuls cui eo returnar int pois, in nulla aiudha contra Lodhuwig nun li iver." Both these formulas, together with the corresponding German or Frankish version, the reader will find in the work referred to in the text, viz.: Nithhardi Hist. lib. iii. c. 5.—*Ed.*

gundians; 3dly, by the Provençals and the Aquitanians; and among the latter there were inhabitants of Toulouse, of Poitou, of Limousin, and of Auvergne.

The question now arises, whether these different nationalities, which since have spoken, and which still speak, idioms so different that they can understand each other only with difficulty, even on the simplest matters of ordinary life—whether they, at that time, had but one and the same idiom, that of the oath of 842; or whether the idioms under consideration exhibited then already the same differences, or differences proportionate to those which we have observed in them since; and, if the latter be the case, which of those idioms was the one employed in the oath of 842?

To discuss these questions, and others that might suggest themselves, with reference to this document, would, in my opinion, be attributing to the latter a kind and a degree of authority which it does not possess, and which I cannot recognize.

In the first place, Louis the German, who pronounced the oaths in question, was born in Aquitania, and probably in that part of the country where the Romansh of the South was used. But we do not know where he was educated; or whether he spoke the Romansh at all, and if he did, what dialect of it he spoke. And if he really ever spoke some one of these dialects, it is more than probable that Louis had in a great measure forgotten it, during the twenty years of his residence in Germany, and among the Germans. There is no room for the supposition, that the Romansh which he pronounced in 842, on a public occasion, and from necessity, was a very pure or a very correct Romansh, fit to be regarded as a type of the idiom. In the second place, supposing even the Romansh of Louis the German to have been very correct, difficulties of another kind will still present themselves. We know how difficult it is to indicate or to delineate (if we may use the term) in writing the words of an uncultivated language, which has as yet no settled orthography. Is there not something contrary to all the principles of philological criticism in the supposition, which is constantly advanced, at least implicitly, that two formulas of an oath in an uncouth idiom, accidentally inserted in a book composed in Latin and by a German, were inscribed there in a manner so as to represent exactly the characteristic forms of that idiom, and the delicate shades by which it was distinguished from the Latin?

We are so much the more authorized to suspect imperfections of orthography in this document from the fact, that its language is quite indeterminate. We can hardly conceive, how a

language like this could ever have sufficed for the ordinary wants and relations of society, however little advanced in civilization. In a word, if this oath was really pronounced, such as it is represented to us by the orthography in which we have it now, it is more natural to see in it a Latin disfigured by arbitrary, and we might say, by individual barbarisms, than of a Latin modified according to the rules and the genius of the Romansh idioms.

This document, however, is none the less curious for that, nor is its historical importance in the least diminished by the imperfections of the language. It proves, that from the first half of the ninth century, Gaul (with the exception of certain portions of ancient Austrasia) had but a single language, divided into dialects, which I for the present leave out of consideration; and that this language was not that of the German conquerors, but that of the conquered—that of the ancient inhabitants of the country. There is, in fact, no doubt but that this army of Charles the Bald, to which Louis addressed his oath in the Romansh idiom, contained men of the Germanic race. This being the case, we must do one of two things: we must either suppose that this language had become that of the Germans, or that the ancient idiom of the latter was no longer employed as the vehicle of their national transactions, or of the relations of the Frankish kings to the masses of their subjects. In either case, it was a victory of the Romansh over the Teutonic.

All that we know concerning the existence and the culture of the Romansh dialects previously to the year 842, is derived from historical indications. But several of these historical indications are quite remarkable. I shall presently have to speak of the measures, adopted in the year 813, for the application of all these dialects to the religious instruction of the people. Meanwhile, however, I can instance a trait from a Latin poem, composed in 814, on the death of Charlemagne. The priest or monk, who is the author of this piece, exhorts the people of Gaul to share his grief and to celebrate the deceased monarch in Latin and in the Romansh idiom. This is an indication, that at least some of the dialects of this language were then more polished and more advanced than that of the oath of 842; for any poetic attempt in the latter, however timid and crude we might suppose it, appears to be an impossibility.

There is, for example, no doubt, but that the Romansh-Provençal was from that time—that is to say, from the eighth and ninth centuries—already possessed of many of those characteristic forms, shades and peculiarities, which at a later period distinguished it from the other Romansh dialects. A certain, though an indirect and only an implicit proof of this, is to be found

in the collection of the civil acts, the legal decisions, and the transactions between private individuals, relating to the epochs in question. The Roman law, which was observed in those provinces, required the records of all these acts to be kept in Latin; but those who kept these records, had but an imperfect knowledge of the language, which was transmitted by a sort of oral tradition. They were consequently every moment liable to make the strangest blunders in writing that language. These blunders, which are copied after the forms of the vulgar idiom, furnish us, on that very account, invaluable data for the history of the latter.*

I have noticed quite a large number of them, but it would take too long to cite and to explain them here in detail. It is enough to observe the general fact. I shall add, that this influence of the Romansh-Provençal on the Latin of the civil transactions begins to make its appearance during the eighth century, and goes on constantly increasing until the middle of the eleventh. We then find civil documents, which are in pure Provençal from one end to the other. From the tenth century they had been intermingled with Romansh phrases, which, as they were destined to be comprehended by everybody, constituted the most essential part of them.

There is one peculiarity to be observed with reference to these legal acts or documents, and this is, that they are for the most part redacted by the clergy. They consequently furnish us an indication of the measure of knowledge possessed by the latter, as far as the Latin is concerned. In 589, a council of Narbonne had prescribed the rule, that no man should be ordained a deacon or a priest, who had not received a liberal education,† or in other words, who was not familiar with the correct Latin, the Latin of the books, in contradistinction to the popular dialect of this language, as spoken by the inferior classes of society. Judging from subsequent facts, however, this article of the council of Narbonne was very badly observed.

When from the commencement of the second half of the eighth century we see the priests, the judges and the notaries, that is to say the men, who were required by their profession to know the Latin, knowing it so badly, and writing it in such a barbarous manner, it is natural to suppose, that this language

* A number of the documents alluded to here by the author, will be found printed in Raynouard's Choix des Poésies des Troubadours, vol. ii.—*Ed.*

† Amodo nulli liceat episcoporum ordinare diaconum, aut presbyterum *literas ignorantem:* sed si qui ordinati fuerint, cogantur discere . . . . . et si perseveraverit desidiose, et non vult proficere, mittatur in monasterio, quia non potest ædificare populum." Can. xi. At a later date Charlemagne issued capitularies to the same effect. In one of them he requires the priest to be able to compose *cartas et epistolas.*—*Ed.*

was then no longer a living one; that society already contained no longer any class of men sufficiently cultivated to speak it; and finally, that it no longer existed, except under the decomposed and popular form of the Romansh.

It was in those same localities, where the Latin had been spoken most generally and with the greatest correctness, that the Romansh, by which it was replaced, must have preserved more of its original materials and forms, and acquired the character and the authority of a polished and regular idiom much sooner than anywhere else. This observation, added to a few other comparisons, would point to Narbonne, as the place, which gave birth to the purest, the most homogeneous of those Neo-Latin idioms, to the one which must naturally have served as a model to the rest.

It is an important fact, and one which has not been sufficiently appreciated, that in perpetuating the Latin, the Romansh may be said to have inherited its authority and its privileges. It followed up the conquest of the former over those primitive idioms of Gaul, which were then still remaining. It continued to crowd the Basque toward the Pyrenees; a language, which at that time was much more extensively spoken than it is now, in the plains and in the valleys of ancient Aquitaine. Finally, it was under this new form of the Romansh, that the Latin, by triumphing over the Teutonic idioms of entire Gaul, became the language of the German conquerors; all the influence of the latter being confined to the introduction of a few words from their idioms.

The system of decomposition, which presided over the grammatical structure of the Neo-Latin languages, did not advance to its utmost limit. The system of these languages still retained a considerable number of synthetic formulas. The wonderful harmony, with which all these languages comport themselves with reference to the Latin, either in approximating or in deviating from it, constitutes one of the most striking phenomena of the kind.*

Thus, for example, in the conjugation of the verb, they all reject the passive form, and they replace it by formulas, composed of a passive participle and of the verb *to be*. In the active voice, they all retain the same synthetic tenses, as for example, the present and the imperfect of the indicative.

They all decompose the same tenses; for instance, the perfect and the future; and with reference to the latter, there is this

* Those of the readers of this volume, who may have the curiosity to examine into the details of this interesting subject, will find an invaluable aid in Diez' "Grammatik der Romanischen Sprachen," which treats of all the languages derived from the Latin.—*Ed.*

remarkable, that all the Neo-Latin idioms compound it in precisely the same manner: the infinitive of the verb denoting the action, is joined to the present indicative of the verb *to have.*

They all connect an article with nouns, which has the grammatical value of the Latin pronoun *ille*, and which is formed from this pronoun.

Finally, they all preserve remains and the same remains of the declension of the Latin pronouns.

These circumstances lead us to observe, that such an agreement cannot be the effect either of chance, or of imitation, or of mere convention. It conld only take place in virtue of one of those general laws, which preside over the revolutions of all languages.

The Provençal, taken at the degree of development and refinement, at which the poetry of the Troubadours exhibits it, is richer in grammatical forms, than any other of the Neo-Latin idioms. It has, for example, two conditionals present, both of which are synthetic. It has a remnant of a declension for substantives, a nominative and an accusative case, both of which are capable of assuming two or three different forms, according to that of the noun. Has it preserved all this from the Latin, or has it assumed it in the course of its successive developments?

I do not hesitate to adopt the latter of these opinions; the other would be liable to too many difficulties. The literal Provençal as the poets of the twelfth century wrote it, may have been and probably was spoken in the smaller courts of the South, and by the feudal and chivalric classes. But it certainly never was the language of the multitude at large. The idiom of the latter was undoubtedly of a poorer, a homelier and a cruder kind. There was therefore a rustic Provençal and a grammatical Provençal, as in more ancient times there had been a rustic Latin and a grammatical Latin. The analogy does not stop here. In consequence of the disasters, which annihilated the Provençal civilization, the polite idiom of the Troubadours ceased to be spoken, and the countries, in which it once had flourished, had nothing left but popular dialects, which still continue to exist, though very greatly modified by the French. This was, in miniature, the same revolution with that, which had substituted the Romansh of the South in place of the Latin.

But these considerations touch already upon other questions. I shall again have occasion to return to them; but for the present I shall not pursue them any further; for I must hasten to the consideration of the first development of a popular literature in the south of France.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EARLIEST USE OF THE PROVENÇAL AS EXHIBTED IN THE LITERATURE OF THE MONKS.

At the time when the Latin ceased to be a living language in Gaul, that is to say, from the middle of the eighth century to the middle of the ninth, the difference between the popular dialects, by which it was supplanted, was much greater than it has been since. The fragmentary remains of the aboriginal idioms of the country which are still visible in them at the present time, were then more numerous, and more conspicuous, and the Latin, though constituting the foundation of them all, did not predominate in all to the same extent.

It needed a powerful and a continuous influence, an influence superior to that which the political authority of the age could supply, to subject all these idioms to some degree of approximation, to some common rules, and to adapt them to the expression of some other wants than the urgent and vulgar necessities of ordinary life. It was the authority of the church, which rendered this eminent service to the cause of civilization in France.

Toward the commencement of the ninth century, the church of the West, which had preserved the use of the Latin in its liturgy and for the religious instruction of the people, perceived, that the Christians under its spiritual direction no longer comprehended that language, and it then reflected on providing a remedy for this serious inconvenience. The first measures which it adopted with reference to this end, date from the year 813, the last year but one of the reign of Charlemagne.

Sensible of the rapid decline of his strength, and henceforth more occupied with the affairs of the church than with those of the state, this monarch desired, before his exit from life, to introduce a general plan of reform into the discipline of the churches of his empire, which really were very much in need of it. For this purpose he convoked five provincial councils, which assembled nearly at the same time in five different places of the empire, selected with special reference to the con-

venience of the end proposed. One of these councils was held at Arles, another at Maintz, a third at Rheims, the fourth at Châlons on the Saône, and the fifth at Tours.

It would not be a matter of indifference to my subject, to know the precise date of each one of these councils; but we are only acquainted with that of the three which I have named first and in the same order of succession. It is commonly supposed, but on what evidence I know not, that those of Châlons and Tours were the last.

We know to a certainty, that all these councils were convoked for the same purpose, and even if we were ignorant of the fact, it might be surmised from the manifest conformity between their respective canons, at least as far as their general purport and their substance is concerned. But the more conspicuous this conformity is in the great majority of points and on the most important of them, the more remarkable and the more difficult of explanation are its discrepancies on certain particular points and especially on that, by which all these councils link themselves to the history of the Romansh idioms of France.

In a canon of the council of Maintz the bishops are required to adapt their sermons to the capacity of the people, that is to say, to preach to them in the Teutonic idiom. But as the history of this idiom does not enter into my subject, I shall have nothing to say on the council in question.

That of Rheims enjoined it on the ecclesiastics of its jurisdiction to adopt the vulgar language of the country in the religious instruction of the people. The same injunction was made by the council of Tours, and specified with some additional details, which are an evidence of the just importance attached to this measure by the clergy generally.

The assistant bishops were ordered to employ the Tudesque or Teutonic language in instructing the Frankish inhabitants of their dioceses in the creed and in their duties as Christians, and to make use of the *Lingua Romana* or the Romansh with the ancient inhabitants of the country. The same decree contains the special provision, that the instruction, which now for the first time was to be conveyed in a language distinct from the Latin, was to discuss the rewards and punishments of a future life, the means of avoiding the one and of obtaining the other, the resurrection of the body and the last judgment. It is particularly interesting to observe, that the homilies to be preached on these various subjects were first to be composed in Latin, and to be afterward translated into the vulgar idiom.*

* The canons of the respective councils referred to by the author are as follows: Concil. Turon. Can. xvii. "Visum est unanimitati nostræ, ut quilibet episcopus

The canons of the councils of Arles and of Châlons make no provisions of the kind; they say nothing either of the religious instruction of the people or of the language, in which this instruction was to be conveyed. But, supposing the omission to have been a real, that is to say, an involuntary one, on the part of the two councils, a remedy was soon after provided for it.

Charlemagne deemed it proper to confirm by a special capitulary all the ecclesiastical reforms ordained by the five councils. As far as the application of the vulgar idioms to the religious instruction of the people was concerned, this capitulary was based on the canon of the council of Tours, to which I have alluded, and which from that time became a law of the empire, so that in every part of Gaul the clergy were equally required to use the idiom of their parishioners in their preaching.

Judging *a priori* and from probability, these decrees which imposed on the bishops and on the clergy the obligation of cultivating the respective dialects of their parishioners, must have had a prompt and a decided influence on the fixation and the culture of these idioms. It is true, that the mass of the clergy was then immersed in an incredible ignorance. Nevertheless, the majority of the priests and many of the monks had still a smattering of Latin grammar. In the north of Gaul, where the restoration of learning, brought about by the efforts of Charlemagne, had been attended with some happy results, there were a number of ecclesiastics, who must have had a tolerable knowledge of the Latin. To this knowledge some of them undoubtedly added a certain degree of intelligence and discernment, and it would seem, that the Romansh idioms could only gain by being spoken, and still more by being written by them.

I say written, because the council of Tours and the capitulary of Charlemagne made it incumbent on them to translate the exhortations, which they had first composed in Latin, into the Romansh dialect of their hearers. Now, this obligation of thus comparing the mother tongue and the derivative idiom naturally led to the perception and the determination of their analogies.

habeat homilias continentes necessarias admonitiones, quibus subjecti erudiantur; id est de fide Catholica, prout capere possint . . . . . et ut easdem homilias quisque aperte *transferre studeat in rusticam Romanam linguam, aut Theodiscam, quo facilius cuncti possint intelligere quæ dicuntur.*" Concil. Mogunt. Can. xxv. "De officio prædicationis . . . . . Nunquam tamen desit diebus dominicis aut festivitatibus, qui verbum Dei predicet, *juxta quod intelligere vulgus possit.*" Concil. Rhem. ii. Can. xv. "Ut episcopi sermones et homilias sanctorum patrum, prout omnes intelligere possint, *secundum proprietatem linguæ* prædicare studeat." The capitulary of Charlemagne, by which the injunction of these canons was made a law of the empire, is in the following words: "De officio prædicationis, nt *juxta quod bene vulgaris populus intelligere possit* assidue fiat." Capitulare anni regni sui xiii. cap. xiv.—*Ed.*

There was now a fixed and common standard, to which all the modifications to be made in the Romansh dialects, in order to regulate and to extend their usage, might be naturally and easily referred. From this moment, the Latin was destined to recover, in part at least and as a learned language, the influence, which it lost as a living one.

In all probability this must have been the course of things. In point of fact, however, we are ignorant of what it really was. So far from being able to say, what influence the councils in question may have exerted on the culture of the Romansh idioms, we do not even know to what extent their canons were observed.

This ignorance is, perhaps, as we shall see, explainable, as far as the councils of Arles and of Châlons are concerned, which do not make any allusion whatever to the vulgar idioms. It is more remarkable in regard to those of Rheims and of Tours, by which the obligation of preaching to the people in its vernacular dialects is so explicitly and so emphatically enjoined upon the clergy under their jurisdiction. Not only does the Romansh not contain the least literary fragment, the existence of which might be attributed to the injunctions of the two last-named councils, but there is not even a vestige of historical evidence, that anything of the kind ever existed.

It is in the course of the eleventh century, that mention is made of some works in the Romansh-French, composed by ecclesiastics for the instruction and edification of the public. We find, for example, allusions to certain lives of the Saints, translated from the Latin into the dialect of Rouen by Thibaut of Vernon, canon of the church of that city, about the year 1053; but facts like these are too remote to be referred to the councils of Rheims and of Tours.

I revert now to the omission, to which I have just alluded, in the two councils of Arles and Châlons. It is too remarkable and too intimately connected with my subject, to allow me to pass it over without a few reflections. This omission having taken place simultaneously in different parts of the country, in two different assemblies, and affecting an object of great general interest, it is not easy to attribute it to a mere inattention or forgetfulness. We are almost obliged to suppose, that if the two councils in question did not prescribe the same rules for the religious instruction of the people, which those of Rheims and of Tours had prescribed, it was because they did not deem this prescription as necessary, as the latter had found it to be. And if we wish to state this somewhat vague hypothesis with a little more precision, we must say, that in the countries, to which the decrees of the two councils had reference, the Latin

was still generally understood in 813, or else that at that time the vulgar dialects were already applied to the religious instruction of their inhabitants.

Taken within certain limits, these two hypotheses are by no means incompatible; and they are both admissible in regard to those countries, which came under the jurisdiction of the council of Arles. The proofs of this assertion will appear from the subsequent development of facts.

I have already had more than one occasion to remark, that the results of the restoration of learning, which took place under Charlemagne, important and decisive as they were in the north of Gaul, were scarcely perceptible in the South. One of these results was, to transfer the seat of Latin literature and culture from the latter country into another. Of about a hundred and twenty ecclesiastical personages, more or less known from their Latin writings, from the end of the eighth to the end of the ninth centuries, more than a hundred, some of which are Gallo-Romans and others Franks, belong to the North; and these are in every respect the most conspicuous of the number. Now, inasmuch as the professional learning and the duties of the Christian priesthood depended in a great measure on their knowledge of the Latin, the ignorance of the clergy of the South on this point must necessarily have proved pernicious to its discipline. This is a fact to which I have already alluded many times, and the moment has now arrived for giving direct and positive proofs of it; but this fact partly depends upon another, which I shall now explain in a few words.

The liturgy of the Christian church was originally not very definitely settled, nor very uniform. On many points of secondary importance, every church had its peculiar usages. Thus, for example, the hymns, which constituted an essential part of the cultus, were nowhere alike. Every priest adopted or composed new ones at his pleasure.

A license like this, in an age, when the reminiscences of paganism were still alive with all their seductive allurements, was attended with its inconveniences. It could introduce into the Christian liturgy compositions, which were strangely out of place in it; and indeed accidents of this kind did not fail to happen. It was the Greek priests and even the patriarchs, who gave the example of the scandal. The historian Cedrenus reproaches Theophylact for having admitted profane songs among the chants of the church at Constantinople.*

* Cedrenus represents the entire life of the patriarch as a scandalous insult to religion. He accuses him of having kept over two thousand horses in his stables, which he fed not on hay or cerealia, but on the choicest fruits, seasoned with the most delicious wines; of having introduced the custom of celebrating the festivals of the Saints

From the East the evil made its way to the West, and particularly to those countries, which by reason of their position on the coasts of the Mediterranean, were in direct and frequent communications with the capital of the Greek empire. Toward the end of the sixth century, the bishops of Spain were obliged to expunge from the ritual of several churches hymns composed by private or unclerical authors, and to interdict in the celebration of holy offices the use of every book that was not sanctioned as canonical.

The ecclesiastical history of Gaul does not inform us of what happened there in this respect. But it was probably the same abuse, that provoked one of Charlemagne's capitularies, which condemns all apocryphal histories and proscribes the public reading of any but canonical books, of any pieces, but such as were truely Catholic and sanctioned by venerable authorities.*

In regard to the churches of the South in particular, it is certain, that the abuse in question was carried to a scandalous extent by them. Agobard, the distinguished bishop of Lyons, who died toward the year 840, relates, that, in taking possession of his church, he found an antiphonary, compiled by a chorepiscopus, by the name of Amalric, and interspersed throughout with pieces, which the compiler had inserted on his own authority and according to his personal caprice. Now, these pieces were so indecent, to use the language of the pious bishop himself, "that no one could read them without being struck with shame, and without blushes in his face."

The pieces, which I am about to produce as specimens of the literary acquirements and taste of the monks and priests of the South, at the time now under consideration, contain nothing of so scandalous a character. But they are nevertheless striking examples of the prodigious ignorance of those priests and of the astonishing liberty of imagination, which they added to this ignorance. They are found in the two manuscripts from the abbey of Saint-Martial, of which I have spoken in the last chapter, and to which I cannot avoid reverting for a moment here.

These manuscripts consist of a collection of fragments of

with orgies and profanities, which Cedrenus says were yet in vogue in his day; and finally of having admitted diabolical dances, obscure vociferations, and obscene songs, borrowed from the brothel, into the cultus of the church.—He was killed by a fall from one of his horses. Cedreni Historiarum compendium (Ed. Bekker), vol. ii. p. 332–333.—*Ed.*

* The capitulary is simply: "Ut canonici libri tantum legantur in ecclesia." But it is made with direct reference to a canon of the council of Laodicea, which, with a number of others, it adopts as a law of the empire. The canon is the 59th: "Non oportet *ab idiotis psalmos compositos et vulgares* dici in ecclesiis, neque libros, qui sunt extra canonem legere, nisi solos canonicos novi et veteris Testamenti." The books considered as canonical are then enumerated.—*Ed.*

various ages and by different hands, the most important and the most ancient of which date, as I have already had occasion to remark, from the first half of the eleventh century. These fragments may have successively belonged to different monasteries or to different churches of the South. The pieces, which they contain, are with few exceptions extracts from the Christian liturgy, some in Latin and others in Romansh. They were all intended to be sung at the celebration of particular festivals or ceremonies, and the majority of them are written with their musical notation under each line. Such of these pieces, as are composed in the vulgar idiom, I shall consider presently; I must, in the first place, say a few words on those that are in Latin.

The latter are of two kinds. The one class appertains to the liturgy as sanctioned by the more or less general usage of the churches; the other consists of pieces of imagination—the works of unknown authors, apparently by monks and priests of the South, who at their pleasure introduced them into the ritual of their churches among the number of its hallowed chants and prayers. These pieces being very numerous, I shall only dwell on such as are best calculated to illustrate the facts, which I desire to establish.

There is one of them, which has nothing remarkable as far as its argument is concerned, but which still deserves some notice on account of its metrical execution. This is a poetical narrative of the heroic adventure of Judith with Holofernes; and this narrative is in stanzas or couplets of six verses each, irregularly rhymed and composed of a number of syllables, which varies from six to eight. In regard to its diction, the piece is a tissue of the most barbarous blunders from one end to the other. The words are Latin, at least the majority of them, but they are nearly always incorrectly employed, and the sentences are constructed after the manner and the genius of the romances. In regard to its character and tone, the piece is a popular romanza in the strictest sense of the term; and it is solely on this account, that I have noticed it, as one of the earliest indications of a fact, which is now about to become apparent by degrees. A few couplets of this piece, translated without the slightest change of construction and with the most scrupulous fidelity, save here and there the correction of a barbarism or of a phraseological vice, which it is impossible to reproduce, will suffice to illustrate what I wish to convey:

"Being in the thirtieth year of his reign,—Nebuchadnezzar undertook to raise a war—against the nations and the kingdoms—even against Jerusalem."

"Then he summoned Holofernes—the commander of his forces:—March against the nations, said he:—march to war against the West.—Let thy hand give grace to no one:—let it never spare the sword."

"Hereupon Holofernes assembled—generals and soldiers,—officers and tribunes,—all the archers, and undoing sundry nations,—he marched on to Betulia."

"Jews, in this city,—were the multitude:—they adored the God of heaven,—the Saviour of mankind;—and they drove back Holofernes,—battling bravely in the fray."

"With fasting and with tears,—in sack-cloth, coarse and rough,—the people were afflicted,—they prayed unto the Lord,—that from the enemy's hand—he might redeem his servants."

"Upon a certain day, Holofernes,—in a great rage—began to say to his men:—Who are these people?—Who is this nation, that will not bend—to my commandment?" etc., etc.

All the rest is in precisely the same popular style, and without any more decided reflection of the oriental tone of the original story.

I pass now to another piece, of which I would also like to give an idea, if it were possible to do so. This is a sort of hymn, an ode, an idyl; I do not know exactly how to characterize it. In a word, it is a poem, composed by some good old Aquitanian or Provençal monk, with a pious intention, and destined to be sung in the churches. This author, whoever he may be, has aimed at the graces of poetic beauty and of an elegant latinity; but the more he strives to rise above a trivial and popular tone, the more conclusively he proves, that this tone was soon to become that of the monastic literature of the South. In the first four or five strophes, the author's aim seems to be to describe the celestial choirs, celebrating the wonders of creation and the power of the Creator. The subsequent strophes contain a sort of a description of spring and an invocation of the nightingale or Philomela, as our classical monk terms the songstress of the grove,—an invocation, in which the attempt at elegance appears in the most grotesque contrast with a congeries of Latin, Greek and Romansh epithets, piled one against the other, as if they had been huddled together by the merest caprice of hazard.

The more strange and barbarous all this appears, the more it is necessary for me to give some notion of it. I therefore subjoin here what I have been able to comprehend of it, and with the sense and the consistency I have been able to put into it, I can only guarantee one thing, and this is, that I have done no injustice to the original.

"The choirs of angels in the sky make their golden tongues resound."

"They celebrate perpetually by their canticles the king of ages reigning there;"

"Him, who created the twinkling stars of heaven, who separated the land from the waters;"

"Who has created all things for his glory; the reptiles and the birds."

"Fair spring reigns in the flowering woodland; the earth produces herbs, the forest puts forth verdant foliage."

"There sing a multitude of birds; the smallest is the one which has the greatest, the most brilliant voice."

"It's Philomela, who having reached some woody eminence and agitating tree-top, continues her melodious complaint, throughout the whole of the dark night."

"Why, little bird, dost thou not cease to sing so plaintively? Dost thou desire to vanquish with thy melody the sweet sounds of the lyre?"

"The girl who plays the dulcimer stands listening to thee; and princes lie awake to lend their ear to thee and praise the sweetness of thy song."

"Weary thy little gorge no longer! cease to importune with thy warbling notes those who desire to sleep!"

"But what! Thou naughty bird, thou dost persist in singing! Thou dost neglect thy nourishment, wouldst ravish all the world with songs!"

"All listen to thee, but there are none to bring thee help, save he who has endowed thee with thy voice."

"But when the summer's come, the bird is silent; it's only occupied with its young brood; and it expires amid the frosts of winter."

It is already a matter of some surprise, that any one should ever have been found capable of producing the text, from which I have just translated a specimen. But what shall we think of the literature and of the discipline of the monks, who could chant such nonsense—chant in churches, during divine service, and carefully record it on parchment, at a time when parchment was denied the writings of Cicero?

But we have not finished yet. I have to quote one piece more. This, however, is at least no longer a prodigy of barbarity. The Latin, though insipid and familiar, is yet sufficiently grammatical to admit of an exact rendering, which the piece well deserves on account of its singularity. It is in stanzas of six verses each, and it would seem that we must regard it as a dialogue between two interlocutors, between a lover and his mistress, of whom the former is supposed to

pronounce the first four stanzas and the latter the remaining two.

FIRST INTERLOCUTOR, OR THE LOVER.

"Pray come, my charming friend, whom I love as I do my own heart: come to my chamber, which I've embellished with all sorts of ornaments."

"Seats are arranged for us in it; it is bedecked with tapestry; it's strewed with flowers intermingled with odoriferous herbs."

"A table is prepared for us in it, covered with every kind of meats; a pure wine and the most delicious cheer await us in abundance."

"The sweet harmony of shrill flutes resounds in it; a young boy and a skillful girl are singing their blithe ditties."

SECOND INTERLOCUTOR, OR THE LADY-LOVE.

"I have been solitary in the forest; I've loved sequestered spots; I have escaped the tumult, avoiding the noisy crowd of men."

"The snow and ice are already melting; the grass and foliage are putting on their green. Already Philomela sings her highest airs, and faithful love is languishing in the grottoes."

I do not intend to dwell on the inconvenience or the impropriety of pieces like these, in a Christian liturgy; I am only in search of data for the literary history of the south of France during the Middle Age.

It is impossible to determine the age of these pieces. The manuscripts, in which they are contained, along with many others, which likewise appertain to the monastic literature of the South, are no older than the first half of the eleventh century. But they were surely not composed for the express purpose of being inserted in these manuscripts, and are undoubtedly much older. Several of those, with which they are intermingled, may be traced to the commencement of the ninth century, and there is not the slightest ground for the presumption, that they themselves are any less ancient. The exact date of these compositions, however, is comparatively of little importance. They are certainly not the only ones, nor the first, of this peculiar style, this tone, this character; and there is no doubt, but that some of those, which preceded them, must be dated from the beginning of the ninth century, and even from second half of the eighth.

Now, it is extremely probable, that at these epochs the

inhabitants of the South still comprehended such pieces, which were composed in a vulgar and more than semi-barbarous Latin, already abounding in forms and imitations from the Romansh, with which it finally was confounded.

It is moreover equally probable, that one of the principal motives, which prompted the clergy of the South to introduce into the Christian liturgy profane songs bordering on scandal, was that of drawing the people to the churches and of interesting them in the ceremonies of the cultus. It was a sort of concession, made by an ignorant and ill-disciplined clergy, to the pagan reminiscences of the multitude, to the passion for excitement and amusement, which these people carried even into their religious usages.

An accommodation of this kind is still more apparent in the assiduity, with which that same clergy sought to give a material and visible representation of the ideas and facts of Christianity, by dramatizing, as well as it could, the solemnities of public worship. We know, for example, that, during the ceremonies of Christmas day, it exhibited the three Magi from the East, arriving under the guidance of the marvellous star at the cradle of the Saviour, for the purpose of knowing and adoring him. During the solemnities of Passion Week, it had a man suspended from the cross for some length of time, in order to represent Jesus Christ dying for the redemption of men. There was scarcely a church, but what had translated the legend of its favorite saint into a sort of pantomime or drama.

The famous procession of Corpus Christi, instituted at Aix by King René, was nothing more than a continuation on a grander scale of this ancient usage, so common among the southern clergy, of converting the mysteries of Christianity into a dramatic action and into a scenic spectacle. Now, the first and leading motive on the part of the clergy for a usage like this, which in its principle was wholly pagan, wholly Greek, must certainly have been the intention of attaching to the ceremonies of the Christian cultus a gay and sensual people, which still delighted in the imitative and picturesque display of its former heathenish festivals.

In behalf of these material representations of the Christian mysteries, the priests and the monks aspired to the composition of pieces in verse or prose, in a sort of barbarous Latin; and these pieces must from the very nature of their design have presented some shades of a dramatic form or intention.

Nevertheless, I have not been able to discover among all the monuments of the monastic literature of the South a single piece of this description in any kind of Latin. The only one I could quote belongs to a much later epoch; it is from the eleventh

century. I ought to add, that it is, or aims to be, in a learned Latin, and that its dramatic side is not very conspicuous. However, as it is certainly not the only nor the first composition of the kind, it may be cited as an indication and a proof of the fact, which I propose to establish.

The piece in question may be traced to the year 1048. This was the year of the decease of Odilon, the abbé of Cluni, who died in the monastery of Silviniac, in Auvergne, which was one of the dependencies of Cluni. There is still extant a funeral dirge, composed in honor of this abbot by a certain Iotsald, one of the monks of Silviniac. Now, the copies of this dirge contain the intrinsic evidence of its having been written for the express purpose of being sung at the funeral of the sainted abbot; and we are moreover assured, from other indications, that it was intended to be accompanied by a species of pantomime, where several circumstances from the eulogy of Odilon were to be represented by corresponding scenic imitations.

The poem contains, for example, verses, which the deceased is supposed to sing from the depth of his grave, shortly before his resurrection; and these verses were chanted by a personage, who acted the part of the saint and who actually rose again in his stead.

But of all the branches of the monastic literature of the South, written in a more or less romanticizing Latin, the most prolific and the most interesting was incontestably that of the marvellous histories and of the legends of saints both in verse and prose. I have found some of them quite interesting on account of the occasional hints they furnish us respecting the nature and extent of the influence, which their continual wars against the Arabs of Spain and their frequent and early relations with the latter were thus exercising on the poetic imagination of the inhabitants of the South. But the remarks I might make concerning these legends and fables are worth a place in a separate chapter. It is sufficient for my purpose to indicate here *en passant* the existence of the histories in question.

In recapitulating now what I have just said on the monastic literature of the South from the end of the eighth century to the middle of the ninth, we perceive that it already includes all the germs and rudiments of a new literature. The transition from the habit of making verses or prose in a barbarous Latin, which was already more than half Romansh, to the idea of composing them in the pure Romansh, was an easy and a natural one: it was in fact inevitable.

From the ninth century to the tenth, the indiscipline and the ignorance of the priests and monks of the South was constantly

increasing. The mass of the clergy became more and more assimilated with the mass of the people, until at last there was no longer any difference. In both these masses, there was the same grossness of manners, the same ignorance, the same wants and the same tendencies of the imagination. If the people had its remains of heathenish habits, there was likewise a tincture of paganism in the inconceivable readiness with which the clergy gave itself up to the practice of singing in the churches its erotic idyls, its invocations of Philomela, or to other indecencies, still worse than these, as we learn from the testimony of Agobard, to which I have above alluded.

In this state of things, a new approximation, and one, which all the rest had long since tended to bring about, took place between the people and the clergy. The latter made a second concession, a second innovation in the liturgy in favor of the former. Among the Latin prayers and chants sanctioned by usage, and among the profane songs in a more or less barbarous Latin, which they had introduced into it on their own authority, they now admitted other songs in the Romansh idiom.

What could have been the motive of the clergy for this new compliance? Did they think of attaching the people more and more to the ceremonies of the cultus, by allowing them to pray and sing in their own vernacular? Was it purely from a sympathy for the tastes of the people, and without the intention of exacting any return for it, that they made this concession? I am inclined to believe, that both these considerations entered into the motives of the innovation.

However that may be, the fact is a certain one, and not without its importance in the history of the idiom and of the popular literature of the South. It is, in fact, from the admission of this idiom into the Christian liturgy, that we may date the commencement of its culture, and the first literary tentatives in this idiom appear to have been songs or hymns, composed by ecclesiastics, in order to be sung by the people in the churches. It was thus, that the transition from the semi-popular poetry in monkish Latin to a decidedly popular poetry in the pure Romansh was accomplished. In regard to the epoch of this transition, I assign it on conjecture to the beginning of the ninth century.

The most curious and the most ancient specimens of the kind are contained in those precious manuscripts of Saint Martial, which I have already had occasion to quote several times. We there find a hymn to the Virgin in twelve stanzas of four verses each, composed of six syllables, and rhyming two by two. The piece is one of an extreme simplicity, both in its language and in its ideas. There is nothing remarkable about it, except the

simple fact of its existence, and it is on that account that I refrain from speaking of it in detail.*

The same manuscripts contain a piece, which is much more curious, not indeed intrinsically, but on account of certain accessories, which give us some notion of the manner in which the people participated in the services of divine worship. This is a hymn on the Nativity, and destined to be sung at the celebration of this festival. Its couplets alternate with those of the same hymn in Latin, of which they are only a translation, and not a very faithful one. It appears, that each Latin couplet was chanted by the clergy, and that the people responded to it by a couplet in the Romansh, and so on alternately to the end.

In other manuscripts there are psalms translated into rhymed Provençal couplets, likewise so arranged as to be sung by a choir composed of the entire congregation, and alternating with the Latin verses chanted by the priests.

In nearly all the churches of the South, the people likewise took a part in the celebration of the Christian festivals by chanting hymns in the Romansh idiom. In some of these churches, this usage was kept up until a comparatively recent period. We still have a hymn on the martyrdom of St. Stephen, which it was customary to sing in those of Aix and Agen.† I have seen in a manuscript of the thirteenth century a very beautiful complaint of the Virgin, on the death of Jesus Christ, which must have been sung for centuries in that of Albi.

I have already spoken of certain pieces in monkish Latin, composed for those dramatic representations of the Christian Mysteries, by which the clergy had intended to attract the people to the churches. From the moment and for the same reasons, that there were hymns and prayers in the Romansh language, there must have been, and in fact there soon were in the same language pieces, in which the attempt was made to dramatize the ideas and the facts of Christianity. We find one in the manuscripts of Saint Martial, which dates from the end of the tenth century or from the commencement of the eleventh, at the latest, and which at present is undoubtedly the most ancient of the kind.

This is a dramatic composition of the crudest description, adapted to the service of the Nativity, and representing the evangelical parable of the wise and foolish virgins. If any one should be tempted to glance at the piece, he will find it in the second volume of Raynouard's collection of the Troubadours.‡

It would be difficult to imagine anything simpler or grosser in the shape of a dramatic performance. Its action is so little marked, that it can scarcely be said to have one; and the piece

* Raynouard, vol. ii., p. 135. † Id. vol. ii., p. 146. ‡ Page 139.—*Ed.*

proceeds in sort of helter-skelter fashion, and without the slightest artifice from the beginning to the end. Its *dramatis personæ*, however, are very numerous. There are, besides the wise and the foolish virgins, Jesus Christ, the Virgin Mary, the angel Gabriel, an oil-dealer, and several distinguished personages from the Old and the New Testament, among which Nebuchadnezzar and Virgil figure by way of episodes. The virgins and the oil dealer always speak Provençal; Christ and the angel Gabriel sometimes Provençal and sometimes Latin. In both these idioms the dialogue is composed of rhymed couplets, of which some contain three and others four verses.

The piece begins with a sort of prologue in six Latin verses, rhyming two by two, wherein the angel Gabriel announces the near advent of the Messiah under the metaphorical name of the bridegroom. The wise virgins now make their appearance, and the angel exhorts them to prepare for the coming of the bridegroom. The foolish virgins are absent; but they soon arrive in their turn, lamenting that they had neglected to provide themselves with oil in order to wait for the bridegroom, and conjuring their sisters to lend them some. The latter reject their prayer, and refer them to an oil-dealer in the neighborhood. But the dealer, who is as pitiless as the wise virgins, cannot be prevailed on to accept either gold or silver for a single drop of his oil.

The foolish virgins thereupon abandon themselves to despair, and meanwhile the bridegroom arrives, singing a Latin couplet of six verses, in which he declares that he does not know them. In a second couplet, which is in the Romansh language, he pronounces their sentence, and condemns them to be plunged into the abyss of hell. At this point of the story a number of demons must have made their appearance, in order to execute the sentence, and to drag the foolish virgins into the flames. This catastrophe terminates the only portion of the piece which displays the slightest shadow of a dramatic form. The rest is but a succession of Latin couplets, in which the patriarchs, the prophets and Virgil bear witness to all the predictions by which the coming of the Saviour was announced.

In regard to the scenic accessories and the particular execution of pieces of this kind, it does not appear, that they could have been possessed of much refinement or illusion. The spectators, however, were not very fastidious, and a representation, like the one, of which I have just given an outline, in which angels, demons, virgins, patriarchs and kings successively made their appearance, probably all arrayed in costumes of a certain variety and richness, must have been a grand and magnificent spectacle at the most barbarous epoch of the Middle Age.

It remains now to point out the transition from the more or less fabulous histories or monkish legends, in a barbarous Latin, to the fables and legends of a similar type in the vulgar tongue. These compositions were certainly the most popular of all the tentatives of the nascent Provençal literature. They are those, which exercised the greatest power over the imagination, and which were naturally destined to serve as the basis or the nucleus for the future epopees. They are therefore those, which it is most important for us to know; but they are unfortunately also those, which time has spared the least, and we have now left nothing of the kind, which might be traced back to the epoch of the lyrical and dramatic attempts, of which I have just spoken. Nevertheless, it is a fact attested by history, that the most ancient works in the Romansh-Provençal belonged to this narrative or legendary species. A life of Saint Sacerdot is cited among others, who was bishop of Limoges, during the course of the ninth century. It is written in the language of the country, and immediately after the death of the saint.

The most ancient specimen of the kind that I can produce, is a prologue to a metrical legend on Saint Fides of Agen, a lady-saint, that formerly was greatly venerated in the south of France. President Fauchet, to whom we are indebted for this fragment of twenty verses, drew it from a manuscript, which he says belongs to the twelfth century. But the crudeness of its style points to an earlier origin, and the legend of which it constitutes the introduction was probably composed toward the end of the eleventh century. Inasmuch as this fragment, though a very short one, furnishes us some interesting traits in relation to the history of this monkish poetry, the vestiges of which I am now endeavoring to trace, I shall attempt to make a literal translation of it. The speaker is, as we shall see presently, a person in the character of a jongleur, ready to recite the legend in question, and addressing himself in his own name to the auditory assembled around him for the purpose of listening to his story.

"Listen to one of the finest songs you ever heard; its subject is not Spanish; its words are not Greek; its language is not Saracen, but it is blither and sweeter than honey or any artfully compounded condiment, and whoever shall recite it well after the fashion of the French, I think he'll reap a great advantage from it, and he will be the better for it in this world.*

* Canczon audi q'es bell' antresca,
One fo de razo espanesca;
Non fo de paraula grezesca
Ne de lengua serrazinesca:
Dolz' e suaus es plus que bresca
E plus que nuls piments q'omm esca,
Oui ben la diz a lei francesca,
Cuig m'en que sos granz pros l'en cresca,
E q'en est segle l'en paresca.

"All the land of the Basques, Aragon, and the country of the Gascons, will know what this song is, and that it is a true history. I have heard it read to clerks and to learned latinists, from the book, in which the heroic exploits of olden times, and other things may be read. If therefore the air is to your liking, I will continue as I've begun and I will sing it to you now."

We perceive from this fragment that the strolling minstrels, who knew these legends by heart, were in the habit of singing them in the cities and in other places, in short wherever they could find an assembly of listeners, precisely as they afterward sung the chivalric epopees of a later period. We see moreover, that the poetry of the Provençals during this first epoch of its history, and long before it became that of the Troubadours, enjoyed already a degree of reputation and of popularity on the other side of the Pyrenees, and in the circumjacent countries.

But these observations do not exactly correspond with my purpose. In speaking of these ancient monkish legends, it is far more important for me to give some idea of the peculiar turn of imagination (which is often a fantastical and bold one) displayed by their authors, and of the strange facility, with which they substituted, in place of the general belief of the church, fables of their own invention, and fictions, which must have had a decided influence on the subsequent developments of Provençal poetry. Among the more modern legends of the kind, which in the absence of more ancient ones can aid us in comprehending what I wish to convey, there are two, which to the merit of their singularity add that of being very short. Their substance is as follows:

The first of these pieces is a sort of amplification or fantastical paraphrase of the vision of Saint Paul, who, as we know, was during his lifetime carried up to heaven by the Spirit, and enabled to contemplate all its joys in anticipation of their fruition. In the fiction, to which I have alluded, Saint Paul descends also into hell, in order to contemplate the punishment of the wicked. He passes through it under the guidance of the archangel Michael, who shows him the different cantons of the infernal regions, and the different classes of sinners, each of which is tormented by a peculiar punishment, adapted to his particular sin. The author undoubtedly did not admit the doctrine of a purgatory, as he does not make Saint Paul descend into it.

Tota Basconn' et Aragens
E l' encontrada dels Gascons
Saben quals es aqist canczons,
E s' es ben vera sta razons.
Eu l' audi legir a clerczons,
E agramadis a molt bons
Si qon o mostra 'l passions
En que om lig estas leiczons:
E si vos plaz est nostre sons,
Aissi col guida 'l primers tons,
Eu la vos cantarei en dons.
Raynouard, vol. ii., p. 144.—*Ed.*

We perceive from this simple statement, that the piece in question belongs to that numerous class of mediæval compositions, whose theme was an ideal journey into the mysterious regions of the invisible world, as represented by the Christian system of opinions, and which may have first suggested to the mind of Dante the subject for his Divine Comedy. It has every appearance of being the most ancient of these compositions in the vulgar tongue. This circumstance alone suffices to invest it with some degree of interest. In other respects it is but a rapid and a dry sketch, which, however, still displays some vigorous and original traits. Its language is remarkably correct, and of a simplicity, which is occasionally so austere and naïve, that it is impossible to translate it. This is a confession I must make before translating the passage, which appears to me to be the most striking part of this little work.

"(And when they beheld Saint Peter and Saint Michael), the sinners which were in hell began to cry out, saying: Have mercy on us, thou blessed Saint Michael, angel of God, and thou, Saint Paul, beloved of the Saviour, go, pray to God in our behalf.

"And the angel said unto them: Weep on; Paul and myself are likewise going to weep for you, and God perhaps may pity you and give you a little rest.

"When those who were in the torments of hell heard these words, they cried with a loud voice, together with thousands of angels, and then the sound of them all was heard saying: Have mercy, have mercy, O Christ!

"And Saint Paul then suddenly beheld the heavens moving and the son of God descending. And those in hell cried, still repeating: Have mercy on us, thou Son of the Most High!

"And thereupon the voice of God was heard in the midst of all this anguish; and how can ye ask me for repose—me, who on your account, was smitten with the lance, nailed to the cross with nails; whose thirst was quenched with gall? I gave myself for you in order that ye might come to me; but you have been liars, misers, envious of riches, slanderous and arrogant. You've done no good, you've given no alms, you've not been penitent!

"After these words, Saint Michael and Saint Paul, with myriads of angels, fell on their knees before the Son of God, beseeching him that those who were in hell might be released from punishment on Sunday.

"And the Son of God, in answer to the prayers of Saint Michael, of Saint Paul and of the angels, and also out of his own goodness granted them release from suffering, from the hour of noon on Saturday to the hour of prime on Monday.

"Thereupon the janitor of hell, whose name was Cherubim, lifted up his head over all the torments of the pit, and he was sorely afflicted. But all the tormented were exceedingly rejoiced, and cried, saying: Blessed be thou, Son of the Most High God, who hast given us rest for a day and for two nights! This will be more of a repose to us than we have ever had in the other world."

The poem, from which I have produced this passage, is undoubtedly the work of monks; it contains the internal evidence of having served as a general reading book in the refectories and in the churches. It displays, as we perceive, a liberty of imagination, similar to that of which we have already seen so many proofs. The only difference is, that in this instance the license is of a more elevated and of a more poetical description.

The other legend, which it now remains for me to discuss, is, like the preceding one, in prose, and a little more extended. It is perhaps less remarkable for force and purity of language, but much more so for its originality of invention. It appears, moreover, to have been a favorite during the Middle Age, and we find that Troubadours of great celebrity from the twelfth century contain passages, which seem to make allusion to it.

The fiction is quite a mystical one, and it already exhibits the peculiarity of having for its subject not a personage either human or divine, but the tree, out of which the cross of the Saviour was constructed, and the history of which the author traces back to the first days of creation, in order to interweave it successively with all the grand events connected with religion. To give a proper idea of this singular fiction, it would not be enough to offer a mere extract; I shall therefore intersperse the sketch, which I am about to make of it, with some passages of the text, literally translated.

The author commences by recounting the banishment of Adam from the terrestrial paradise, his retreat to the valley of Hebron, the murder of Abel and the birth of Seth, and then continues in the following terms:

"Seth, having now grown up to be a young man, was very obedient to his father. Adam had lived four hundred and twenty-two years in the valley of Hebron. One day, when he had watered some young plants, he found himself overpowered with weariness, and leaning on his pillow, he began to lament and to think of the great calamities which he saw ushered into the world in consequence of what he had done. And being sorely afflicted and weary of life, he sent for his son Seth. Dear son, said he to him, I wish to send you to Cherubim, the

angel of Paradise, who watches over the great tree of life with a two-edged sword.

"Seth answered him: My father, I am ready to obey your commandment. Teach me only the way which I must follow, and the words I am to address to the angel Cherubim. Adam, his father, thereupon replied: Tell the angel that it afflicts me to live, and beseech him to send me the unction of mercy, which God has promised me in driving me out of Paradise. Take the road to the east, and you will find the valley which will lead you toward Paradise. But in order to be surer of your way, observe the foot-prints, which we made, your mother and myself, when we came into this valley after our exile from Paradise. The earth was singed and withered by them; for our sin had been so great, that never an herb could grow again where our feet had touched the ground."

Seth then takes leave of his father; he finds the way; he meets the angel, who after having become informed of the motives of his mission, commands him to observe from the entrance of the garden a terrestrial Paradise, the objects which were now about to present themselves to his view.

"And when Seth advanced his head into the garden, as the angel had told him, he saw delights which no tongue could express, every variety of beautiful flowers and fruits, of rejoicings, of instruments and of singing birds, and there is nothing that could be compared with the splendor and the sweet odors of the place. In the midst of it he saw a clear fine fountain, from which four great rivers issued . . . . and on the edge of this fountain, there was a large tree surcharged with branches, but without any bark or leaves. This naked tree was the one which had tempted his father and his mother Eve to sin."

Seth returns to the angel, in order to give him an account of what he had seen, and he is again sent to the gate of the terrestrial Paradise and commanded to look anew. Seth obeys, and he then sees an immense serpent coiled around the paternal tree. He comes back to the angel who orders him a third time to the gate of Paradise. This time the tree extended itself aloft into the heavens and bore upon its top an infant enveloped in shining swaddling-clothes. Seth came to tell his new vision to the cherubim, who thereupon addresses him in these words: "This infant, which you have seen, is the son of God, who has commenced to weep over the sins of your father and your mother, and who will blot them out when the time shall be fulfilled. It is he who will give to your father the unction of mercy which God has promised him. . .

"When Seth was on the point of returning, the angel gave him three seeds from the fruit of the tree of which his father

had eaten, and he said unto him: Three days after your return, your father will die. And when he shall be dead, you will put these three seeds into his mouth, and they will give rise to three great trees, of which one will be called the cedar, the other the cypress and the third the pine."

In the imagination of the author, these three trees are an allusion to the Trinity, and each of them contains its mystical analogies to one of the three persons of the Godhead. What the angel had predicted came to pass and what he had ordered was accomplished. In the time of Abraham, the three sprouts which sprung from the three seeds of the tree of life had not exceeded the height of a fathom. They were discovered by Moses in the valley of Hebron and the spirit of God revealed to him what they were. He cut them reverentially, and having inveloped them in a beautiful piece of silken cloth, he carried them with him, in the shape of relics, during the forty years of his sojourn in the wilderness, and he replanted them, before his death, in a valley which by the mystical romancer is denominated Comfrafort.

After the lapse of a thousand years, the Holy Spirit directed David to go in search of the three rods and to fetch them to Jerusalem, where they were replanted one after the other, close to the edge of a cistern. There, thriving rapidly, they grew up in the course of thirty years into a single tree of marvellous beauty. It was under the shade of this tree that David wept over his sins and composed his psalms.

After the death of David, Solomon had his famous temple built. The work was already very far advanced; he wanted but one additional beam, but a beam of such dimensions that it appeared impossible to find it in any of the forests of the country. The Sacred tree was the only one that could supply the want, and it was decided that it should be felled. It was cut into the shape of a beam, which by exact measurement was found to be thirty-one cubits in length, and this was exactly one cubit longer than any of the rest. But when they attempted to put it into its place, it was found to be one cubit short. It was taken down again, and by a new measurement, its former length of thirty-one cubits was found to be correct. They wanted to replace it, but it was again found to have no more than twenty-nine cubits in length. After several new attempts, all equally futile, the builders finally came to the conclusion, that the beam cut out of the miraculous tree was not destined to enter into the fabric of the temple. But it was the wish of Solomon that it should be at least enshrined, as an object of veneration.

And it in fact remained there for a great length of time.

But on a certain day, as a woman by the name of Maximilla was leaning against the miraculous post, her garments began to burn like tow, to use the language of the romancer. The woman, being frightened, began to cry out and to prophesy: "Jesus Christ, Son of God, save me!" were her words. No sooner had the Jews heard her invoke the name of Christ than they took her to be insane and possessed of the devil, and chased her out of the city. This woman was the first believer, who suffered martyrdom for Jesus Christ.

The Jews wishing to prevent a new scandal, had the beam dragged out of the temple and threw it into a filthy place, where the priests were in the daily habit of slaughtering their victims for the sacrifices of the temple. But an angel descended from Heaven every night to cleanse the holy beam, which continued to work miracles.

Perpetually irritated by these wonderful phenomena, the Jews drew it out of the filthy place, in which it was, and threw it after the fashion of a foot-bridge over the brook of Siloa. It was thence, that after many other miraculous adventures it was finally taken to be converted into the cross of the Saviour.

In the only manuscript, in which it is contained, this singular legend is entitled: "A treatise on Original Sin," and there is scarcely any doubt but that the bulk of the clergy of the South took all this in earnest and for theology.

Compositions of this character are sufficient evidence of the extent, to which this clergy was ignorant, credulous and greedy of fictions, and of the license with which it transformed the earnest faith of Christianity into romantic fables! And we can easily conceive, that such examples must have had a decisive influence on the popular imagination and on the ulterior developments of Provençal poetry.

CHAPTER IX.

WALTER OF AQUITANIA.

I. ANALYSIS OF THE SCANDINAVIAN SONGS.

The pious songs, the marvellous legends and the mystical fables of the eighth and ninth centuries, whether they were in the Romansh idiom or in a barbarizing Latin, were intended by their monkish or priestly authors to occupy, and in fact did occupy, a conspicuous place in the imagination of the southern Gallo-Romans. This people however began at that time to have other subjects of interest and emotion, other themes for poetry, and these were of a more human, of a more national character.

The two centuries, which I have already indicated, were to the south of Gaul a period of great events, one of those periods of trial and of heroism, which have the privilege of eliciting poetic genius, which the latter in its turn always invests with a certain halo of the marvellous, and the very history of which is itself the more poetical, the more it is complete and real.

The mass of these events constitutes a rigorously connected whole, where all the results are a necessary consequence of all the antecedents. We may, however, for the purpose of distinguishing certain details or certain characters with greater perspicuity, divide them into two distinct series, the first comprising the wars between the inhabitants of the South and the Arabs of Spain, the second embracing the various incidents of the long struggle between the same people and its Germanic conquerors.

All the primitive facts of the Provençal epopee are connected with these great struggles, with these two series of events; and they are so closely interwoven with them, that it is impossible to appreciate the former with any degree of interest or correctness without having first acquired a vivid and a definite conception of the latter. This is a fact which it will be easy for me to establish, when I shall have arrived at the examination of the epic romances of the Middle Age, but which for the present I am obliged to take for granted, having first of all to speak of a work in which I think I perceive a poetic evidence of the reactionary struggle of Aquitaine and of the rest of the South against the two Frankish conquests.

I have alluded in my general survey of the history of Provençal literature to a Latin poem, having a certain Aquitanian Prince by the name of Walter for its hero.* I have expressed it as my desire and intention to direct, if possible, the curiosity and attention of the reader to this poem. The moment for the execution of my task has now arrived; but the task is a complicated one, and I cannot accomplish my purpose without a preliminary digression of considerable length.

It is not from its intrinsic merit, however genuine that may be, that the work in question derives its greatest importance to the history of literature; it is on account of something much more special, much more accidental; it is on account of its connection with the ancient monuments of the Teutonic poetry. The action of the Aquitanian poem links itself by various threads to the action of the famous German epopee, the Nibelungen, and the connection is such an intimate one that in attributing, as we are obliged to do, the two poems to two different literatures, the supposition of a prolonged contact and of a sort of collision between these two literatures, previously to the ninth century, becomes indispensably necessary.

It is this ancient contact between the Romansh literature of the South and the contemporaneous literature of the Germans, that I wish to prove and to exhibit in the clearest possible light, as an interesting and a new fact in the history of European literature. But before attempting to do so, I must first of all give some idea of the Germanic poems on the subject of the Nibelungen and of the national traditions on which these poems are founded.

These traditions were common to all the branches of the Teutonic race; they circulated orally for centuries, and in each particular locality they underwent changes and modifications of every kind. Their ensemble is at present a very complex and a very confused one, and the poetic monuments, in which they have been collected and fixed, are still very numerous, though it is certain, that many of them have been lost.

These monuments divide themselves naturally into two distinct series, of which the one pertains to the Scandinavian and the other the Germanic branch of the Teutons. To demonstrate the ancient contact, to which I have just alluded, between the literature of the North and that of the south of Gaul, it would, strictly considered, be only necessary to make known some of the monuments of the latter of these branches. I have however a direct and positive motive for extending this obligatory excursion into the literature of the North a little

* See page 4.

further, and for including in my survey of the Germanic versions of the fable of the Nibelungen, the versions of the Scandinavians.

The manner in which the same popular traditions, the same poetic fables are modified and altered, decomposed and recomposed, combining themselves with new accessories as they increase in age or in extent of circulation, as they pass from one country and from one people to another country and another people, constitutes one of the most curious and interesting phenomena in the general history of literature. Now of all the poetries known, the ancient poetry of the North is the one, in which all these things are exhibited in the clearest light, and it is consequently the one, which includes the greatest amount of information and of light, by which we may illustrate and generalize the corresponding facts of other poetries, including those of the Provençal poetry itself.

Among the Teutons or the Germans of the South, the heroic traditions, of which the history of the Nibelungen constitutes the principal part and as it were the nucleus, have been recorded, at different epochs of the Middle Age, in various detached poems which have since been embodied into two distinct collections or cycles, as they are termed. Of these two cycles the one is designated by the expressive title of the "Heldenbuch," or the Book of Heroes, and the other by the special title of the "Song of the Nibelungen."* Among the Scandinavians or the Teutons of the North, the same traditions have been collected and arranged in divers *Sagas* or chronicles, of which the most interesting two are the *Volsunga* and the *Wilkina Sagas.*†

I shall endeavor to include in one and the same sketch the substance, the common basis of these Germanic poems and of the Scandinavian Sagas, by indicating those points in which the former differ from the latter, with the exception, however, of those variations, which are of but secondary importance.

At an epoch, which, if we wish to determine its precise chronology, may be assigned to about the middle of the fifth century, the country of Niederland or Frankenland, that is to say the land of the Franks, on the right bank of the Rhine, was governed by a king whose name was Sigmund—a powerful

* The "Heldenbuch" has been edited by V. d. Hagen and Primisser, Berlin, 1820. An English account of it by Weber, in the "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," Edinburgh, 1814. Of the "Nibelungen Lied" there are several editions, by Lachmann, V. d. Hagen, etc. Translations into modern German by Pfitzer, Busching, Simrock. An English translation by Birch, Berlin, 1848. A spirited critique by Thomas Carlyle in his essays.—*Ed.*

† The Volsunga Saga has been edited by Rafn, in the 1st vol. of his "Fornaldar Sögur Nordlanda," 1829. The Wilkina Saga by Peringskiold, Stockholm, 1815. A German version of both of them in v. d. Hagen's Nordische Heldenromane, Berlin, 1814–28. A general account of the different Sagas of the Scandinavians in Müller's Sagabibliothek, Copenhagen, 1818.—*Ed.*

and a renowned monarch of the heroic race. This king had a son, called Sigurd or Siegfried (as I shall continue to call him in this outline), who was destined to exterminate all the heroes of his race and those of the entire world.

When yet quite young, Siegfried already distinguished himself by his marvellous exploits, the most memorable of which is his victory over the dragon or serpent Fafnir. Fafnir was a dwarf, that is a sort of genius or sprite in the system of northern mythology, having the power of changing his form, and who under that of a dragon or serpent lived in a solitary mountain, in a subterranean palace, where he guarded an immense treasure. Siegfried, having combated and slain Fafnir, took possession of his treasure. The gold and the silver were but the smallest portion of it; he there found a sword called Rotter, the very best of swords, and sundry other enchanted objects, the enumeration of which varies considerably among the different authors of the story.

According to the Germanic traditions, Siegfried renders himself invulnerable by bathing in the blood of the vanquished dragon. According to the Scandinavian traditions he does not bathe in the blood of Fafnir, nor does he become invulnerable, but he eats the heart of the roasted monster and thenceforth comprehends the secrets of nature, or as the northern chronicles express it, he understands the language of the birds.

Having put Fafnir's treasure on the back of Gran, his noble charger, Siegfried takes the route toward the Rhine, with the intention of entering into a powerful kingdom situated along the banks of that river and designated by various names. I adopt that of the kingdom of the Burgundians, which it bears in the Germanic traditions, and which appears to be the most historical of them.

This kingdom was governed by three brothers, the three sons of King Gibich. They were Gunther, Hagen and Gudorn or Giselher, all of them valiant warriors. They had a sister, called Chrimhild in the Germanic poems and Gudruna in the Scandinavian chronicles; I shall use the latter of these names, which is more easily pronounced than the former.

Gudruna was the most beautiful of women; the renown of her beauty had spread in every direction, and it was for the purpose of seeing her that Siegfried came to Burgundia.

But while pursuing his journey, he encountered a marvellous adventure which arrested his progress for some time. He discovered on a high mountain a young beauty in complete armor and wrapt in a profound sleep. She was called Brunhild, and was a Valkyria, that is to say one of those secondary divinities in the mythology of the North, which assisted the warriors in combat over which they presided.

Brunhild had vanquished and slain a king, to whom Odin had promised the victory. It was for the purpose of punishing her, that Odin had plunged her by enchantment into a sleep, from which she could only be resuscitated by the intrepidity of the bravest of heroes. She had moreover been forbidden to lead the martial life of the Valkyriæ any longer and condemned to take a husband. But in order to elude or thwart the sentence of Odin, Brunhild had sworn that she would only wed the man who was not afraid of anything in the world, and who would submit to all the trials to which she was going to subject him.

Siegfried and Brunhild had scarcely met before they were charmed with each other's company and swore eternal tenderness and mutual love. Nevertheless, Siegfried, after having spent a few days in the society of his fair Valkyrie, resumed his journey to the kingdom of the Burgundians. He arrives there safely and meets with a reception corresponding to his heroic air and his marvellous exploits. He sees Gudruna, and having suddenly lost every recollection of Brunhild in consequence of the effects of an enchanted beverage, he becomes desperately enamored of the Burgundian princess; he asks and obtains her in marriage.

The oblivion wrought by the fatal beverage did not stop here. Gunther or Gonnar, the eldest of the three Burgundian chiefs, who is not yet married and who has heard of the vaunted beauty of Brunhild, took it into his head to have her for his wife. He is aware that there are great obstacles to be overcome, and that Brunhild would subject those who aspired to her hand, to the most frightful ordeal. But he hopes, with the aid of Siegfried, to get to the end of his adventure, and immediately departs in order to make the attempt.

This part of the action is one of the strangest, of the most complicated and one of those concerning which the different traditions contain the greatest number of discrepancies. I shall not dwell on these variations; they touch upon details on which propriety forbids too great precision. It will be enough for me to say briefly, that Gunther soon finds himself incapable of surmounting the trials to which he is subjected by Brunhild. It is Siegfried, who, invisible or transformed by enchantment, surmounts them in his place and who receives Brunhild for his wife. But Gunther had made him take an oath, that he would not violate his honor nor abuse the momentary intimacy in which he would find himself with a young beauty who took him to be her husband. He keeps his oath, thanks perchance to a sword, keen-edged like fire, which he had placed between Brunhild and himself during the hours of sleep.

Gunther and Siegfried, resuming at last their natural features, return to Burgundia, whither they also conduct Brunhild, as if in triumph. Their return is celebrated with magnificent festivals and everything around them is joy and happiness.

This happiness, however, is not of long duration. Gudruna and Brunhild, who are both women of an impetuous and haughty temperament, become embroiled in a quarrel of vanity, which growing warmer by degrees at last runs into the extreme of a mortal outrage. Gudruna, to whom Siegfried had disclosed all that had taken place between him and Brunhild, reproaches the latter with having been the wife of two men.

Brunhild seemed disposed to pardon Siegfried's want of faith as an involuntary guilt and the effect of an enchantment; but she had not ceased to love him, and her life was full of bitterness without him. The affront which Gudruna had offered her is a new cause of spite and of chagrin. She makes a desperate resolve; and by dint of instigations, of complaints and menaces, she finally prevails on Gunther to make Siegfried perish by treachery.

The manner, the circumstances, and the immediate consequences of this murder are also one of those parts of the action of the epopee, which contain the greatest number of different or opposite versions. It will suffice to state here, that subsequently to the death of Siegfried, Brunhild disappears entirely from the scene in the Germanic versions. We only know that she is not dead, and that she enjoyed for a long time and without remorse the satisfaction of her vengeance. In the Scandinavian Sagas she dies, being unwilling to survive Siegfried, whose murder she had instigated.

The despair and grief of Gudruna, her rage against her brothers after the death of Siegfried, may be readily imagined. She passes several years in a sombre melancholy, and the memory of Siegfried continues ever as fresh as it had been on the first day of their meeting. At last Etzel or Attila, the king of the Huns, sends an embassy for the purpose of demanding her in marriage. Gudruna resists his solications for a long time, but she finally yields and passes into the country of the Huns.

Some time after, Etzel or Attila, the king of the Huns, invites his brothers-in-law, the Burgundian kings, to his court on a visit. They make their appearance there with an immense retinue and with great display, but they are all massacred in a series of combats into which they are forced by the Huns and by the Nibelungen. The latter are Goths under the command of Dietrich of Berne or of Verona, the most conspicuous hero in the Germanic traditions of the Middle Age, and the poetic

representative of Theodoric, the celebrated monarch of the Ostrogoths. All the Teutonic traditions speak of him as being at this epoch an exile at the court of Attila.

The Germanic poems represent the massacre of the Nibelungen or of the Burgundians as a consequence of the treachery and vengeance of Gudruna. In the Sagas of the North, the treachery is the work of Attila himself. Gudruna does all she can to save her brothers.

Such is, considered independently of the beauty, the originality and the variety of the particular developments and the details, the common basis of the epopee of the Nibelungen, of several poems of the Heldenbuch, of the Scandinavian chronicle, which bears the title of the *Volsunga Saga*, and finally of the corresponding portion of the *Wilkina Saga*.

Considering the elements or subject-matter of these various compositions, we easily can recognize in them two kinds or two classes of traditions combined and blended into one. Of these traditions some are mythological and evidently connected with the religious beliefs of the North, with the cultus of Odin and of other Scandinavian divinities. There are even learned Germans, who have seen in all this nothing more than mere mythology, than theological symbols. They thought they had discovered in the Nibelungen a grand myth, by which it was intended to express the introduction of evil or of sin and death into the world, through the agency of woman or of beauty. This idea is not deserving of a serious examination; it can only be cited as an evidence of the excess, to which the mania of symbolism has been carried by some of the Germans of our age.

In conjunction with the mythological elements, the poetic fable of the Nibelungen doubtless contains others that are properly historical, or at any rate possessed of historic probability, and these relate for the most part to the epoch of the great migration of the Germanic nations toward the south of Europe. The action of these poems supposes the Franks and the Burgundians to be where they actually were at the epoch in question. It speaks of the conquest of Italy by that branch of the Gothic nation, which recognized the race of the Amales as its chief heroes. It makes allusion, though vaguely and anachronistically, to the conquests and even to particular traits of the history of Hermanric, the famous chief of the Goths. The relations which it represents as existing between the Germans and Attila are of a domestic and a private nature, concerning which history is silent, but which contain nothing that is incompatible with the public events attested by the historians of the time.

We may also say, that the intrepidity, the prodigies of bravery and of physical force, attributed to the heroes of this poem, are better accounted for by the epoch already indicated than by any other. The nations commanded by these heroes were at last triumphant in their long struggle with the empire. They had taken Rome twice; they had conquered Spain, Gaul, and Italy; they had defeated Attila in the zenith of his glory and power; they had shattered his yoke immediately after his death.

Moreover, many of the characteristic traits of the ancient Germanic manners are faithfully reproduced in these poems; as for example, the point of honor in regard to personal or private vengeance; the custom of pecuniary compensations for delinquencies and crimes and that of justificative trials or ordeals by water and by fire. The habitual curiosity in regard the future, the respect for, and I had almost said the worship of gold are other traits of Teutonic manners, which the same poems bring out in bold relief. Finally, that which is still more striking than all this, is a certain general tincture of barbarity, which pervades the whole; a certain exaltation and a ferocious ruggedness of courage, which takes as much delight in insult and in bravado, as it does in victory. There is a fundamental and a striking resemblance between the heroes of these tragical adventures and the Franks, as they are delineated by Gregory of Tours. The former are in many respects but the poetic ideal of the latter.

The mythological and historical elements of the action of the Nibelungen are far from being contained in the same proportion in the Scandinavian redactions, as they are in the Germanic. This will appear more clearly in the sequel. I shall here confine myself to the general remark, that the myths and the marvellous occupy a much more conspicuous place in the former. The historical data and allusions occupy on the other hand a very subordinate place.

The converse of all this is true of the Germanic poems; the marvellous and the mythological in the antecedents of the fundamental action are there, as it were, effaced or rejected from the beginning in a very general and summary manner. The victory of Siegfried over the dragon and his conquest of the treasure are there related only incidentally, and in the shape of an episode. The narrative is an obscure and a fragmentary one. On this point, the Germanic poems have the air of being but a confused echo of the Scandinavian traditions,* where this

* On the subject of these refusions of previous legends, compare Wilhelm Grimm' preface to his "Altdänische Heldenlieder," and his "Deutsche Heldensage," Göt-

marvellous account of Fafnir and his treasure has its ground and source in consecrated myths.

It is just so with the character Brunhild. In the Germanic version, as in the other, she is represented as a prodigy of physical force, as a sort of Bellona; but in this instance the cause of the phenomenon is not given, as she is but a woman of the race of mortals.

All the heroes of the Nibelungen are Germans of the ancient type by their ferocity, and Christians by their faith. There is not one of them, not even Attila himself, but what is half a Christian and seems ready to become one entirely.

The historical or probable data of the action, on the other hand, are much more distinctly developed in the Germanic poems than in the Scandinavian Sagas. This inverse ratio is easily accounted for.

The Scandinavian nations had no part, at least none that we know of, in the great movements of the Germanic conquests and migrations; they had no difficulties to settle with Attila; they had neither been his tributaries nor his conquerors. It was therefore natural, that they should have adopted these distant events only as a sort of new frame-work, to which they might adapt their ancient traditions, more marvellous than these events, and more intimately connected with their ancient pagan creed. Siegfried, or as they call him, Sigurd, is a personage of the ancient world, a mythological hero, transferred by a poetic anachronism into a comparatively recent epoch, which was however one that might seem worthy of him.

The same observations may be made with reference to the character of Brunhild; she is also, properly speaking, a Scandinavian personage.

In the Germanic fable on the contrary, the heroes, who constitute the principal theme of the poems, are manifestly actual ones; they are the chiefs of the recent conquests. The highest aim of this poetry is to celebrate the vanquishers of the Romans, the allies of Attila.

After these general considerations on the different versions of the fable of the Nibelungen, it will be easier for me to enter into some details respecting the history of the compositions, to which this grand fiction has given rise.

The poem of the Nibelungen, properly so called, the portions of the Hero-book, and the Icelandic Sagas, which treat of the same argument, have all of them this in common, that every one of these works contains the internal evidence of not being

tingen, 1829, *passim*. Also Lachmann, "Über die ursprünglische Gestalt der Nibelungen Noth," Berlin, 1816.—*Ed.*

a primitive and original composition, but a new redaction of materials supplied by anterior traditions, a more or less bold modification of a subject already old. We are perfectly convinced, that their ensemble, as it now exists, could only have been formed at a later period, and that it is composed of different pieces, primitively isolated and independent of each other, though relating to the same subject, though representing but different moments and different incidents of one and the same event.

In a word, every one of these works is but the union, the fusion into a single regular and complete whole of various popular or national songs, more ancient than themselves and composed in an isolated manner, at different times and by diverse authors.

This assertion is but the enunciation of a very general fact in the history of poetry, and which in the history of the ancient Teutonic poetry is more obvious than in any other.

We know historically, that the Germans had national songs, in which they celebrated the glory of their chiefs. Jornandes had those of the Goths before him, and to all appearances made use of them, though very ineptly, in composing his wretched history of that people.

The emperor Julian speaks of the national songs of the Germanic tribes on the right bank of the Rhine. He had heard them resound terribly in his ears; he had been struck by their barbarous melody.*

Charlemagne ordered the historical songs of the Franks to be collected and reduced to writing.†

That there existed songs similar to all these, isolated epic songs on the principal incidents connected with the history of the Nibelungen, and that these songs, anterior to all the subsequent redactions of this history, had served as the common basis of them all—these are facts, which it is easy to prove, especially in regard to the Scandinavian chronicles. In fact, a number of the particular songs, of the poetic fragments, after which these chronicles were composed, are still extant in our day and in precisely the same form, in which they circulated long before the epoch of the latter.

Nearly all the historical songs of the *Elder Edda* relate to the history of the Nibelungen, and every one of them has for

* Oratio I. Ὁ δὲ . . . ἐφευγὲ καρτερῶς, ἐκπλαγεὶς τὸν κλόνον τῶν ὅπλων, οὐδὲ τὸν ἐννάλιον παιᾶνα τῶν στρατοπέδων ἐπαλαλαζόντων ἀδεῶς ἀκούων. So Tacitus, Hist. iv. c. 18. "Ut virorum (sc. Batavorum) *cantu*, feminarum ululatu, *sonuit acies*."—*Ed.*

† "Barbara (i. e. Germanica) et antiquissima carmina, quibus veterum regum actus et bella canebantur, scripsit et memoriæ mandavit. Inchoavit et grammaticam patrii sermonis." Einhardi (*or* Eginhardi) vita Caroli M. in Pertz' Monumenta Germ. Hist. vol. ii.—*Ed.*

its argument some one of the principal adventures, which enter into the composition of this history. There is one on the combat of Sigurd with the dragon *Fafnir* and on the conquest of his treasure, another on the hero's marvellous adventure with Brunhild, the fair warrior-heroine; a third on the murder of Sigurd; another one is consecrated to the delineation of Gudruna's sorrow and despair in consequence of that murder; in fine, there are not less than twenty of them and they embrace nearly the entire cycle of the Nibelungen.*

From the examination of these songs, either separately and one by one or in their mutual connection, it manifestly results, that they were not made to be arranged in a regular order, so as to form a consecutive and systematic whole. We see, on the contrary, that they were composed as distinct rhapsodies, each of which was intended to be complete in itself, and that they were composed at different times and by different authors. This is a point, on which there cannot be any doubt, when we consider, that several of these songs are nothing more than a more or less developed, a more or less embellished repetition of one and the same incident, and that in a single and regular narration they would be a double or a triple redundancy.

The truth of this position becomes still more apparent, when we observe that in these different songs there are contradictions, which prove that their respective authors have followed different traditions. In some of them, for example, Sigurd is designated as the king of the Huns, while in others again he figures as king of the Franks. In some of them again we meet with contradictions or variations still more remarkable, and much more closely related to the fundamental conception of the legend. Thus, for example, in one of these songs, it is in consequence of her quarrel with Gudruna and on account of the insulting reproach, which the latter flung at her, of having been in the arms of Siegfried before becoming the wife of Gunther, that Brunhild forms the resolution of having Siegfried assassinated. Others again and on the contrary contain passages, which are incompatible with the idea of a quarrel between the two women, or at any rate this quarrel would have no effect upon the action and would be perfectly superfluous.

There is, for example, a song entitled "The Predictions of Gripir," in which Sigurd, yet quite young, pays a visit to one

* These songs the reader will find, in Icelandic and Latin, in the "Edda Sæmundar hins Froda, sive Edda antiquior vulgo Sæmundina dicta." Hafniæ, 1787–1828. Compare also Cottle's "Edda translated into English verse:" Ettmüller's "Lieder der Edda von den Nibelungen," Zurich, 1837, and other works indicated at the beginning of this volume.—*Ed.*

of his uncles, by the name of Gripir, who is represented as being endowed with the gift of prophecy, in order to consult him respecting the future events of his life.* The latter predicts them exactly, though not in detail; and these predictions confirmed by the events, form as it were a rapid and consecutive sketch of all the subsequent adventures of Sigurd. There is, however, one point, and an important one, on which the fulfillment differs from the prophecy.

The latter conveys the idea, that Brunhild, after being married to Gunther and Sigurd to Gudruna, would be full of regrets and mutual love, when they would come to recollect their former promises of perpetual fidelity. Sigurd however remains faithful to Gudruna and resigns himself to suffering in silence. But the impetuous and haughty Brunhild will not be resigned. Finding herself united to a husband, whom she deems unworthy of her hand, she conceives the project of avenging herself and of making Sigurd perish, resolved on following him herself into the other world immediately after. She consequently instigated Gunther against him, and she does so by accusing herself directly and without any hesitation of having violated her oath and of having abused the error in which she had at first been involved in regard to him, by taking Sigurd for Gunnar, and considering herself his wife.

This trait, which it is difficult to reconcile with the quarrel between Gudruna and Brunhild, is not the only one in the songs of the Edda (which seem to point to a particular version of the action of the Nibelungen), in which the quarrel between Gudruna and Brunhild is either entirely overlooked or treated as a matter of no importance.

The striking difference of character and tone, which is displayed by several songs of the Edda, is another proof that they are neither of the same age nor by the same authors, and that they were not composed with reference to any strictly symmetrical arrangement or connection.

It is generally believed that these songs were collected and committed to writing by a learned ecclesiastic of Iceland, by the name of Sæmund, who lived between the years 1056 and 1121. Having undertaken to write the history of his country, Sæmund had naturally occasion to make use of the documents relating to this history; and it is supposed, on very plausible grounds, that he made this collection of the mythological and poetical traditions of the Scandidavian nations as a sort of preparation for his historical work. We do not know the pre-

* This song is the "Quida Sigurdar Fafnisbana I.," on pages 124–148 of the second volume of the Edda Sæmundina.—*Ed.*

cise epoch at which this collection was made ; but if it was the work of Sæmund, as it has every appearance of being, it is extremely probable, that the latter must have occupied himself with it, while in the vigor and maturity of manhood, and not during the later years of his life. It may therefore be safely referred to the end of the eleventh century or to the first years of the twelfth. Up to the epoch, at which Sæmund committed them to writing, these songs had been preserved among the oral traditions of the country, and more especially by the Skalds, the majority of whom appear to have combined with the exercise of their talent as poetic inventors the function of reciters of the ancient poetry. But there is every indication, that at the epoch, at which these precious monuments were collected, many of them had already been lost and others mutilated. Some of the songs of what is called Sæmund's Edda are only fragmentary remains of pieces, that were primitively more considerable.

Now, where and at what epoch were these songs composed? These questions can only be answered by conjectures; but the data, on which these conjectures are based, are positive enough ; and, as they are closely connected with the general history of Scandinavian literature, they have an additional intrinsic interest of their own.

The history of the New or Younger Edda, for example, throws considerable light on the songs of the Elder ; and it is on this account that I shall now say a few words on the former.

The Scandinavians, who had been converted to Christianity at a very late date and very imperfectly, were in the thirteenth century still very much attached to their ancient poetical traditions, they had remained pagans by their recollections and their imagination, and the Skalds, though nominally Christians, continued to imitate to the best of their ability their pagan predecessors both in the choice of their subjects and in the form and manner of their poetic execution. Nevertheless, the doctrines and the traditions of the heathen times began to lose themselves gradually and the poetry founded on them to become rare. A Norwegian scholar, Snorro Sturleson, who lived from 1179 to 1241, considered it expedient to make a collection of both the one and the other, to serve as a rule and an example to the Skalds of his time. It is this collection, which has been designated by the name of the New Edda or the Prose Edda, in contradistinction to the Ancient Edda of Sæmund, composed of those poetic songs, of which I have just endeavored to give you an idea.*

* On the Younger Edda compare Rask's "Snorra-Edda ásamt Skaldu," Stockholm, 1818.—Resenius' "Edda Islandorum per Snorronem Sturlæ conscripta," Hauniæ,

The New Edda consists of two principal parts; of a collection of *myths* in prose and of a collection of *kenningar*, in other words of epithets or of poetical periphrases, consecrated by the authority of the ancient Skalds. To comprehend the motive and design of this collection properly, it must be remembered, that in the thirteenth century, and even long before, the poetry of the Scandinavians had become a sort of labored mechanism, the beauty of which consisted in substituting for the proper names of objects and of persons metaphorical synonyms and circumlocutions of every kind, the most fantastical and the most obscure of which were considered the best, provided, however, they were founded on the precedent of some pagan Skald. Thus, for example, ships were called the *animals of the sea;* the blood was termed *the dew of pain;* a warrior was *an armed tree, the tree of battle;* a sword *the flame of wounds*, etc.

A hundred and fifteen different denominations, more or less periphrastic, have been found for Odin alone; the word island had as many as a hundred and twenty poetic synomyms; the earth had, I believe, still more.

The poetic synomyms collected in Snorro's Edda are derived from the works of more than eighty different Skalds and are illustrated with citations. We know the names of all or nearly all these Skalds, and we also know at what epochs and under what Norwegian kings they flourished. We perceive that they formed an uninterrupted series during three entire centuries, from the tenth until the thirteenth, in which Snorro lived and wrote.

Now, among all the many poets and poetical fragments quoted in the new Edda we cannot find one that may be said to appertain to the songs of the Ancient Edda. There is not one of these latter songs, of which the author is known or mentioned anywhere; and none of these authors are to be found among the eighty quoted in the collection of poetic synonyms. This is a strong presumption, that they were more ancient than the latter.

This presumption receives additional force, if we consider the songs of the Ancient Edda in their relation to the end, for which the didactic portion of the New Edda was composed. What Snorro wanted to offer to the Skalds of his time, were examples of the artificialities, of the obscurities, and of the puerile mechanism into which the poetry of his countrymen had then degenerated. Now, the ancient songs in question were grave and simple in their form; they did not contain enough

1665. Simrock, "Die ältere u. jüngere Edda nebst den myth. Erzählungen der Skalda," Stuttgart, 1855, and other works mentioned at the beginning of this volume. —*Ed.*

of those poetic synonyms or periphrases of which his contemporaries made so much account, and those even which they did contain were not out-of-the-way enough, or learned enough, to content the intellects of the age, who had sunk so low as to take the miserable artificialities of diction for the sum and substance of art.

These considerations seem to me to lead to the result, that the songs of the Elder Edda, in the form in which they have come down to us, are, for the most part, anterior to the tenth century, which is the epoch at which the series of Skalds enumerated and cited in the New Edda began to sing.

It is a fact, which may be adduced in support of this opinion, that several of the Skalds belonging to this latter series are known to have been familiar with, and to have recited, some of the songs of the Elder Edda. Olaf the Saint, king of Norway, who died in 1030, had a Skald, that recited or sung the poem of the Edda on the combat of *Siegfried* with the dragon *Fafnir*.

The precise date of these songs is, however, a matter of comparatively small importance. To whatever epoch we may assign them, they were certainly then already nothing more than a new redaction, a reproduced form of other songs on the same subjects which had preceded them, and the commencement of which it would be as difficult to indicate, as it would be to determine the origin itself of the nation for which they had been made.

It now remains to give some idea of the poetic character of these songs; a few passages translated from them will answer our purpose.

I give here in the first place a song, which portrays the grief and desolation by which Gudruna is seized immediately after the assassination of Sigurd.

"Seated by the side of Sigurd's corpse, Gudruna was ready to expire; she heaved no sighs; she did not wring her hands, and she lamented not like other women. Men of noble rank in rich habiliments approached her to distract her from her melancholy thoughts, but Gudruna could not weep, so greatly was heart oppressed with grief and ready to break!" *

"Before her there were seated women of high birth, prin-

* This is the GUDRUNAR-QUIDA IN FYRSTA of pp. 270–284, vol. ii. of the Edda Sæmundina. I add here two couplets of the original.

Ar var that Gvdrun
Gördiz at deyia
Er hon sorg-fvll sat
Yfir Sigvrthi.
Gerthit hon hiufra
Ne höndom sla
Ne qveina um
Sem konor athrar.

Gengo jarlar
Al-snotrir fram
Their er hardz hvgar
Hana lavtto.
Theygi Gvdrún
Grata matti.
Sva var hun mothvg
Mvndi hon springa, etc. etc.—*Ed.*

cesses adorned with ornaments of gold, and each of them began to relate the cruelties of her afflictions."

Guifloga, the sister of Gibich, first spake and said: "No woman upon earth was ever more afflicted than myself. I have lost, one after the other, five husbands, two daughters, three sisters, eight brothers, and I'm now left alone."

"Gudruna heard these words, but still she could not weep, so greatly was she afflicted by the death of her husband! So deeply was she wounded by the loss of her hero."

"The queen of the country of the Huns, Herborga, then commenced: I have the most frightful calamities to relate, said she. My seven sons and my eighth husband were all killed on the battle-field in the countries of the South. My father, my mother and my four brothers have been the sport of the winds at sea, and their vessel was shattered by the waves. I was myself reduced to the necessity of collecting and honoring their remains, of giving them a burial! And all this has happened to me in the course of a single year, without my having received the condolence of any one! Six months after I was taken prisoner in war, and surcharged with fetters. I was condemned to clean the shoes for the wife of the warrior-chief, and to tie them every morning to her feet. She was jealous of me, she menaced me and beat me cruelly; I never shall find a better master, and never a worse mistress."

"Gudruna heard these words, and yet she did not weep, so greatly was she afflicted by the death of her sweet spouse, so deeply was she wounded by the murder of the hero."

"Gullranda, the daughter of Gibich, then spoke in her turn: O my nurse," said she, "discreet as you are, you nevertheless know little of the words to be addressed to a young woman in affliction."

"And thereupon Gullranda raised the pall spread over the corpse of Sigurd; she laid it bare, and turned its face toward Gudruna: Look at thy well-beloved spouse, said she; impress thy lips upon those of the hero, as thou wouldst do if he were yet alive."

"Gudruna looked; she saw the hair of the warrior's head besmeared with gore, his brilliant eyes now dim, his breast pierced with the glaive."

"Then starting back, Gudruna fell upon her pillow; the fillet round her head relaxed, her countenance turned red, the first tear fell upon her cheek."

"And she began to cry so much, that her tears would no longer cease to flow, and that the geese and the fair fowl which the young queen had raised in the palace-court, gave utterance to plaintive cries at it."

"Gullranda, the daughter of Gibich, then resumed: Your love was never equalled among men that tread the dust of earth. Within doors or without, you never, O my sister, could be contented, except you were with Sigurd."

"My charming Sigurd, said thereupon Gudruna, was as superior to the sons of Gibich, as garlic in blossom is superior to the meadow-weed. Sigurd was the pearl, the diamond of kings."

"And I myself was, in the eyes of the companions of Sigurd, the first among the daughters of the royal race. But now that Sigurd is dead, I am no longer of any account; I am but a withered branch in the forest."

In another song, Gudruna, long after her second marriage to Attila, relates herself the death of Sigurd to Dietrich of Verona. This narrative, which differs essentially from the former, is in other respects no less replete with beauties. The following are some passages from it:

"A young maiden, brought up by my mother, I shone among the maidens, loving my brothers tenderly, until Gibich my father adorned and covered me with gold, and gave me to Sigurd as his wife." *

"Sigurd surpassed the sons of Gibich, as the verdant garlic surpasses the meadow-herb, or as the lofty-footed stag surpasses the other tawny deer, or the reddish gold the pale silver."

"But my brothers could not endure it, that I should have a husband superior to all the rest; they could neither sleep nor attend to their affairs, until they had made Sigurd perish."

"One day I heard a great noise; I saw Gran (the excellent charger) returning from the army, but Sigurd did not return. All the horses were stained with blood, they all were smelling blood."

"I went, bathed in tears, to speak to Gran. His jaws were moist; I asked the excellent charger for the news; the excellent charger was disconsolate; he hung his head upon the grass; he looked about the earth, but the monarch of the earth was dead. The whole retinue was agitated for a long time; they all were pierced with sorrow, nor did I dare to question Gunther, the king, on the subject of my spouse."

* This is the GUÐRÆUNAR QUIDA EN ÖNNER, of the Edda Sæmundina, vol., ii. pp. 290–324. The original of the first two couplets is as follows:

Mær var ek meyia
Mothir mik fæddi
Biört i buri.
Vnna ek vel bræthrom.
Vnz mik Giuki
Gvlli reifthi
Gvlli reifthi
Gaf Sigvrthi.

Sva var Sigvrthr
Of sonom Giuka
Sem veri grænn lavkr
Or grasi vaxinn.
Ethr hiörtr habeinn
Vm hvössom dyrom.
Ethr gvll glod-ravtt
Of gra-silfri, etc., etc.—*Ed.*

"Gunther hung his head without reply; but Hagen recounted to me the cruel death of Sigurd: Sigurd lies stretched upon the ground beyond the stream; his body has been given to the wolves."

"Go toward the countries of the South; there thou wilt hear the ravens croak, the eagles cry, and hungry wolves howl all around thy spouse."

"O Hagen! thou who art so eager to acquaint me with a great calamity, would that the ravens might tear thy heart out of thee in some corner of this vast earth!"

"I left him then, and I went all alone to rescue the remains of Sigurd from the wolves. The night I passed with Sigurd seemed to me a month. I should have deemed the wolves compassionate, if they had devoured me, 'twould have delighted me to be consumed by fire like a forest of birch trees!"

The character of Brunhild is one of the most striking points of these songs. It is my intention to give passages from one of them, in which this character is developed with the greatest vigor and originality. But in order to comprehend these passages properly, it will be necessary for me to explain some of the preliminaries with a little more detail, than I was able to bestow on them above.

As I have already mentioned, Gunther or Gunnar, the king of the Nibelungen or of the Burgundians, sets out in company with Sigurd on a journey, for the purpose of winning the hand of Brunhild. They betake themselves to Heimir, the uncle and guardian of the fair warrior-heroine, whose habitation is in the vicinity of hers. Heimir receives them well, and shows them the palace inhabited by Brunhild, surrounded by a blazing fire, kindled by the power of Odin, and which seems to rise up into the heavens. The fair Valkyria had declared, that she would only accept as her husband the man who was intrepid enough to pass through this fire; in the full persuasion that Sigurd, who loved and who had disenchanted her, was the only man in the world capable of approaching her across these flames. Gunther offers to pass the ordeal himself, but he immediately shrinks from it. Sigurd thereupon by dint of an enchantment exchanges forms with him, plunges boldly into the flames, gets through them safely; and appearing before Brunhild under the features of Gunther, he claims the fulfillment of her promise. . . . Brunhild becomes resigned, though not without grief and surprise, to the fate of accepting as her consort the man whom she takes to be Gunther. She retains him three days at her palace, and then follows Gunther to the land of the Nibelungen. There she sees Sigurd united to Gudruna, and at the sight of this her former love for the

hero is rekindled into fury. Sigurd himself now recollects the solemn promises by which he had formerly been linked to Brunhild, and his first love returns, together with its reminiscences. Nevertheless he observes silence, and is resolved to remain faithful to Gudruna; but Brunhild cannot curb her passion so easily. It is at this point, that the old Scandinavian poet takes up the thread of the story.

"One evening, as she was sitting alone in her retirement, Brunhild began to say quite loud: I will have Sigurd, the young hero, in my arms or I will die!"*

"But afterward, correcting herself immediately, she said: I have uttered a word, of which I now repent. Gudruna is the wife of Sigurd and I of Gunnar. The cruel Norns † have prepared long sufferings for us. Often at evening, at the hour when Sigurd and his fair consort were retiring to rest, Brunhild, with her heart full of bodeful thoughts, was wandering about on mountains covered with ice and snow."

"It is thus I'm wandering about without a husband and without friends, said she one time; I needs must rid myself of these cruel thoughts. With her heart full of this bitterness, she commenced to instigate Gunnar to the murder of Sigurd: Renounce my kingdom, renounce myself, said she to him; I desire to live with thee no longer; I wish to return to the place from whence I came, to the presence of my parents, unless you make Sigurd die."

Gunnar, who is troubled by this proposition, hesitates for a great while to consent to it, but weakness and the fear of losing a wife without which it is impossible for him to live, prevail on him at last to resolve upon the act. It is not without some difficulty, that he succeeds in winning his brother Hagen in favor of his project, and they together incite Guttorm their younger brother to assassinate Sigurd. Guttorm was naturally ferocious, but not sufficiently so, to strike a hero so valiant as Sigurd; they therefore fed him for some time on the flesh of wolves and serpents, to render him more sanguinary,

* The passages on Brunhild here translated are from from the SIGURDAR-QUIDA FAFNISBANA III., in the second vol. of the Edda Sæmundina, p. 212–244. The translation begins with the sixth couplet:

VI.

Ein sat hon uti
Aptan dags.
Nam hon sva bert
Vm at mælaz.
Hafa skal ek Sigvrth
Ethr tho svelta
Mavg frvm-ungan
Mer a armi.

VII.

Orth mæltac nu
Ithromk eptir thess.
Qvan er hans Gvdrun
En ek Gvnnars.
Liotar nornir
Skopo oss langa thra, etc.—*Ed.*

† The Norns were the *Parcæ* or Fates of the Scandinavians.—*Ed.*

until Guttorm at last found that he had courage enough to plunge a sword into the heart of Sigurd while the latter was asleep. Sigurd, roused from his slumber by the mortal blow, snatches the sword from the wound and hurls it after Guttorm, who endeavors to escape; the sword reaches him and cleaves his body in two. Sigurd dies consoling Gudruna, who gives utterance to frightful shrieks.

I will now recommence my translation: "When Brunhild, the daughter of Budli heard from her couch the shrill cries of Gudruna, she began to laugh, once in her life, with all her heart." *

"Thou wicked woman, said thereupon King Gunnar; do not laugh at these lamentations; they presage no good for thee."

"Be not incensed at me and listen to me, Brunhild replied; I was in the flower of youth, I was free, I was abundantly provided with gold and I desired no man for my master. Ye came, thou and thy brothers, to search me out in my palace, and would to God ye never had made this journey! I had pledged my faith to Sigurd, who excelled you all by the beauty of his eyes and countenance, though ye were likewise princes of the royal blood. . . . All know that I did violence to my heart in marrying you, and that I wanted to be the wife of Sigurd. But one man ought not to be loved by several women, and the death to which I am about to subject myself will show, that a woman who has once been loved by one man ought not to spend her life in wedlock with another."

"King Gunther, then arising from his seat, hastened to Brunhild for the purpose of appeasing her, and he was about to throw his arms around her neck; all those who were attached to him ran likewise up, one after the other, in order to divert her from her resolution; but she repelled them all and persisted in her determination to die. She ordered all that she possessed to be collected in a heap, she took a look at all her slaves and servants who had just killed themselves on her account, nor would her anguish cease until the moment when she plunged the trenchant sword into her heart."

Mortally wounded, Brunhild in the first place predicts to Gunther whatever was to happen to him in the future, and then continues in these words:

"I have one more request to make of thee, O Gunther; and it will be my last request in this world. Command thy men to dig, out in the fields, a large ditch, large enough for all of us who are dying now with Sigurd. Bid them inclose it with pavilions and with shields. Let them then burn King Sigurd on one side of me, and on the other my servants adorned with

* Sigurdar-Quida Fafnisbana iii. Stanzas xxviii, seqq.—*Ed.*

necklaces of gold; at my head two dogs and two owls. All will be equally divided then."*

"And I beseech thee furthermore, to put the sword, adorned with buckles, the sharp-edged steel, between Sigurd and myself, as when we entered, he and myself, the same couch and were considered married."

"I have said much and I should say still more, if the Creator of the world would leave me time for it; but my voice is failing me; my wound is swelling; what I have said is true, as it is true that I am dying now." . . . .

This combination of ferocity and of tenderness, this indomitable resolution to destroy the man she loves sooner than to see him united to another, and to die herself after him and for him, are contrasts and phases of refinement, such as we can only expect to meet with in manners and usages as savage, as were those of the ancient Scandinavians. And this complex character of Brunhild is not the only one of the kind in the songs of the Edda. Gudruna is a character of the same species; that is to say she is controlled by two contrary passions, which counterpoise each other for a long time. In spite of all the horror with which she is seized for her brothers, after they had assassinated Sigurd, she does not cease to love them. So far from accepting the invitation, which Attila had extended to them to come and visit him at his court, as an occasion for revenging herself on them, she employs every manner of contrivance and means to save them and to deter them from this fatal journey; and after the failure of all these attempts to save them, she avenges them on Attila himself, whom she murders in his sleep.

I have a word to add on the metrical form of these songs of the Edda. It is the primitive form of the Teutonic poetry, and, as far as I have been able to ascertain, exclusively peculiar to this poetry. These songs are in verses of a definite number of syllables, which do not rhyme, but each of which contains at least two alliterations, that is, two words commencing with the same consonant. It was not until a much later period, and after it had become considerably modified by its contact with the methods of the South, that the poetry of the North adopted the use of the rhyme.

Such are the historical songs of the ancient Edda relative to the action of the Nibelungen, as far as it was possible for me to give an idea of them in a limited sketch like this.

It is extremely probable, that Sæmund, in spite of all the zeal and perseverance, with which we may suppose him to have made the collection of these songs, nevertheless did not suc-

* Sigurdar-Quida iii. Stanzas lx.-lxvi.—*Ed.*

ceed in bringing together all of those which still existed in his time. Some of them undoubtedly escaped his researches and continued to circulate orally, to keep alive in the memory of the people and of the Skalds. And even those, which Sæmund had collected, were not on that account destined to disappear from oral circulation all at once.

Nevertheless, as the ideas of Christianity were gradually better known and comprehended, and as the ascendency of Christian manners became more general in Scandinavia, the chances, by which these ancient pagan songs were destined to fall into oblivion, were multiplied in proportion. The ancient poetry had, moreover, prodigiously degenerated; it was scarcely anything more than a play, the chief merit of which consisted in overcoming a certain purely mechanical difficulty. A taste for severer studies and for the truth of history had been introduced into the country by scholars, and it was in consequence of this taste, that men, whose minds still vacillated in uncertainty between the ancient poetry and nascent history, conceived the idea of classifying and arranging the ancient pagan songs, so as to form a regular whole, a continuous historical series in the style and on the plan of the chronicles then in vogue.

To carry out this design properly, it was not enough to arrange the poetical songs in the chronological order of the events, which constituted their theme. These songs had become obscure in consequence of their antiquity; they were, moreover, replete with traits of a high and vigorous poetry, which the men of the epoch could no longer appreciate or relish; they were consequently translated into current prose, into the prose of the chronicles.

Thus was composed, we do not know precisely at what epoch, but in all probability toward the commencement of the thirteenth century, the celebrated chronicle, to which I have already alluded above, and which is known under the name of the *Vosunga Saga*. This chronicle is nothing more than an abstract, a sort of prose compendium of the poetic songs of the Edda relating to the Nibelungen, arranged in the order supposed to represent the succession of the events.

As these songs, however, are full of variations, of discrepancies and repetitions, those only of their number could be adopted, which contributed to the unity and consistency of the historical narrative, and several were of necessity excluded, which in a purely poetical point of view are among the most beautiful.

On the other hand, a number of these songs were fragments, and there were besides blanks or *lacunæ* between the several

songs and fragments. It is obvious, that the compiler of the prose chronicle did not fill up these *lacunæ* by matter of his own invention, but by odds and ends borrowed from other poetic songs, which did not enter into the composition of the Edda, and which the compiler had found in his day, either in the mouth of the people, or in some unknown collection, different from that of Sæmund.

These remarks would be susceptible of a much more extended development; but this is not essential to the establishment of the only conclusion at which I desire to arrive, and which is, that the *Vosunga Saga*, the most ancient connected redaction of the Nibelungen in Scandinavia, is wholly composed of materials far more ancient than itself; that these materials consist of a multitude of detached and independent songs, in which the same incident of the principal action is treated in several ways or with different circumstances, varying according to the caprice or the personal conviction of the poet, without however departing from the original substance of the story, which always remains the same and which is only modified in its accessories and details. The more particular and more methodical analysis of the poem of the Nibelungen, which will be the subject of the next chapter, will, however, illustrate and corroborate such of these observations, as are yet in want of it.

CHAPTER X.

WALTER OF AQUITANIA.

II. ANALYSIS OF THE NIBELUNGEN.

I HAVE been led, from considerations, which I have already explained and to which I shall have occasion to revert again hereafter, into quite a long, but at any rate a curious, digression on the ancient monuments of Northern Literature, relative to the poetic cycle of the Nibelungen. I have spoken in the last chapter of such of these monuments, as appertain to the Scandinavian branch of Teutonic literature, and of which the historical songs of the Edda are by far the most ancient and the most interesting. I have endeavored to give an outline of these songs, so remarkable for their beauties, for the original, and we might almost say, the local physiognomy under which human nature there appears, and even for their variations and discrepancies, which attest the long traditional life they had already enjoyed before the epoch at which they were collected and recorded.

I have now to speak of the corresponding monuments of Germanic literature, and more especially of the poem of the Nibelungen, the most prominent of these monuments—the one, which it is the most important for us to know, and which deserves the most attention, both on account of its intrinsic beauties and on account of the high renown, which some of the most distinguished minds of Germany have attributed to it, or rather resuscitated, since the commencement of the present century.

Unfortunately I shall not be able to give to this part of my task all the extension, of which it would admit and which it really deserves. The German poem of the Nibelungen is quite a long one; it contains nearly six thousand verses. I can therefore only give a general synopsis of its contents, which will necessarily appear somewhat dry.

Another inconvenience of this analysis will be the repetition of certain details, which must already have struck the reader in the general outline I have given of the fundamental action of

the Nibelungen. But these repetitions will not be very numerous; and taking for granted, that they will not be very offensive, I have not endeavored to avoid them.*

Toward the middle of the fifth century, there flourished (according to the old poet of the Nibelungen) a kingdom of Burgundia, extending along the two banks of the Middle-Rhine, and having Worms for its capital. This kingdom was governed by three brothers, whose names were Gunther, Gernot and Giselher; all three of them valiant and renowned princes, having under them as their vassals other chiefs, as valiant and renowned as themselves. Among these was Hagen of Troneg, a warrior of extraordinary strength and prowess, but also equally passionate and ferocious. This is one of the principal characters of the terrible drama of the Nibelungen.

These three princes had a sister by the name of Chrimhild, a young princess of incomparable beauty, whom they loved most tenderly and guarded with the utmost care.

In the vicinity of the Burgundians, there lived another powerful king, whose name was Sigmund and whose kingdom, called the kingdom of the Niderland, or of the Lower Country, is supposed to have extended along the Lower Rhine, below that of the Burgundians. Sigmund had a son, by the name of Siegfried, who, though as yet in the flower of youth, was already the strongest, the bravest and the most celebrated of heroes.

Siegfried had looked about in the world at quite an early age and he had adready encountered many a marvellous adventure.

* Those of the readers of this volume, who may he desirous of following this analysis with the original before them, will find an excellent text in the superbly illustrated edition of this epos, from Baron von Lassberg's MS., Leipzig, 1840. Those unacquainted withthe original may derive some assistance and pleasure from Birch's translation, Berlin, 1848. I add here only the beginning of the German Ilias:

Uns ist in alten mæren . wunders vil geseit .
Von heleden lobehæren . von grozer arebeit .
Von freude unt hochgeciten . von weinen unt klagen .
Von kuner recken striten . muget ir nu wnder horen sagen .

Ez wuhs in Buregonden . ein vil edel magedin .
Daz in allen landen . niht schoners mohte sin .
Chriemhilt geheizen . diu wart ein schone wip .
Dar umbe musin degene . vil verliesen den lip .

Legends of bygone times reveal—wonders and prodigies,
Of heroes worthy endless fame—of matchless braveries—
Of jubilees and festal sports—of tears and sorrow great,
And knights, who daring combats fought—the like I now relate.

In Burgundy there lived and throve—a truly handsome maid;
Such as in all the countries round—was not, might well be said.
Chriemhilda fair, the maiden hight—a beauteous dame was she;
On her account did many knight—lose life and high degree.

V. Lassberg's text and Birch's translation.—*Ed.*

Among the exploits by which he had distinguished himself, he had conquered the treasure of the Nibelungen, hidden in the recesses of a great cavern, in mountains supposed to be situated in the proximity of Niderland; and he had left this treasure in the charge of Alberich, a dwarf of prodigious strength, whom he had vanquished and compelled to serve him. In this treasure of the Nibelungen he had found the sword of Balmung, the very best of swords; he had, moreover, extorted from Alberich a riding-hood or cap of miraculous power, which rendered its wearer invisible, and which added to his natural strength that of a dozen men beside. Siegfried had afterward slain a monstrous dragon, and had become invulnerable by bathing in his blood.

The fame of Chrimhild's incomparable beauty made Siegfried fall in love with her, and he resolved to repair to the court of Burgundia, in order to demand her in marriage. Her father and her mother, who have unhappy presentiments in regard to this alliance endeavor to prevent it. But Siegfried it not the man to yield to disquietudes of this description; he sets out with a small retinue of twelve warriors, and arrives at Worms, where everybody is amazed at his heroic appearance. He is well received by King Gunther, and spends an entire year at the court of Burgundia without however obtaining an opportunity of seeing Chrimhild. But the latter, who has seen Siegfried on several occasions from her window, is struck by his air and by his personal beauty; she has in fact become enamored of him.

The love of Siegfried and Chrimhild was still at this stage of its progress, when the Saxons and the Danes declared war against Gunther. Siegfried having applied for the command of this war, sets out at the head of only a thousand men; and at the end of a fews days he returns, leading the two hostile kings as prisoners. Brilliant festivals are now given in commemoration of this victory, at which Chrimhild also makes her appearance; and Siegfried, in requital of the important service he had rendered Gunther, obtains permission from the latter to entertain the princess. The reciprocal love of Chrimhild and the hero is increased by these occasions, but Siegfried does not venture as yet to speak of marriage; a favorable opportunity for explaining his wishes was, however, soon to present itself.

There was at that time in Iceland, or in some other distant island, a young queen whose name was Brunhild and who was as famous for her beauty as she was for the singularity of her pretensions and her destiny. She was fond of nothing but war and martial exercises; and there was not a man that could approach her in point of physical strength and agility. No one

could hurl the javelin as well as she; no one could lift a stone of an enormous size as easily as she could fling it to a distance, and at the same time follow it with a bound. She had declared that she would never consent to become the wife of any one save him who could excel her in these exercises, and every pretender to her hand whom she might conquer was doomed to lose his head. Many a valiant warrior had tried his luck in the adventure, but all of them had miserably failed and perished.

When King Gunther, who was as yet unmarried, heard the beauty and strength of Brunhild so highly lauded, he desired in his turn to submit to the perilous trial, and he requested Siegfried to accompany and, if necessary, to aid him in the adventure. The latter engaged to do so, but on the condition of obtaining after his return the hand of Chrimhild as his recompense. This being agreed upon, Gunther sets out, accompanied by two men only, besides Siegfried, that is to say by Hagen and by Dankwart, the brother of the latter.

The journey was performed by water. Having in the first place descended the Rhine, they entered upon the ocean and at the end of twelve days they landed at Isenstein, the kingdom of Brunhild. Siegfried was the only one of them who knew the country; he had been there before and he had some reason to apprehend that he would be recognized. To avoid this inconvenience, it was agreed that he should pass for the vassal or the servant of King Gunther.

The arrival of the four adventurers produced a great sensation at Isenstein. They were, however, well received by Brunhild, who, on perceiving Siegfried, recognized him at once and said to him: "Be welcome, my Lord Siegfried! May I know what brought you to this country?" Siegfried thereupon declares the name, the rank and the intentions of Gunther. The trial is no sooner proposed than it is accepted; Brunhild hastens to put on her armor, and Siegfried on his part hurries to the ship on which he had arrived. He goes to look for his magic cap, of which he presently was to be in perishing need. He returns invisible under this cap and takes his place by the side of Gunther.

Brunhild on her part appeared in a magnificent martial attire. The field in which the trial was to take place is marked and measured. An enormous round stone which twelve men were hardly able to carry, is deposited at the feet of Brunhild. Hagen is so frightened at the sight of it, that he exclaims: "The devil alone could desire a woman for his wife, who is capable of hurling a stone of one quarter the size of this!" Gunther is still more amazed at it; he turns pale and could

have wished himself far off; but Siegfried is invisibly at hand, whispering words of encouragement into his ear. He tells him to make simply the movements, while he himself proposes to perform the act. Thereupon he takes up Gunther's shield, with which he covers himself and the king, in expectation of the javelin which was already brandished by the haughty Brunhild. The javelin flies; it pierces Gunther's buckler, and would have upset the two warriors, had it not been for the effect of the magic cap. Nevertheless, Siegfried is shaken by the blow, and streams of blood are issuing from his mouth; but he soon recovers his foothold, picks up the javelin and sends it home to Brunhild. The latter is prostrated by the shock; but rising again nimbly, she runs up to the rock which had just been brought to her; she raises it aloft, hurls it and follows it with a leap which measured the whole of the distance described by the projectile. It is now Gunther's turn; he makes the motions for lifting the enormous stone; Siegfried raises it in fact, hurls it and in leaping carries Gunther along with him. He hurls it and he leaps much further than Brunhild had done.

When Brunhild saw this, she turned to her followers and said: "Approach now, ye, my relatives and my men; Gunther is henceforth your king." Then taking him by the hand, she courteously recognized him as her master.

To crown his wishes, Gunther then conducted Brunhild to Worms, and on his arrival at home gave Chrimhild in marriage to Siegfried, as he had promised. The two marriages were celebrated at the same time; and for a number of days in succession, the palace and the city were full of fêtes, of banquets and of tournaments. Chrimhild and Siegfried were now in the zenith of happiness; they had never entertained a wish but what was now fulfilled and even surpassed.

Not so with Gunther and Brunhild. The latter wanted to be a mere nominal wife. The supernatural force with which she had been endowed depended on the condition of her virginity, and there was but one man in the world who was capable of triumphing over that force. It was the same individual that had already triumphed over it once before; it was Siegfried. Gunther was obliged to apply to him again, and to commission him to break in Brunhild a second time. Still invisible and again taken for Gunther, Siegfried, in a second struggle with Brunhild, achieved a second victory over her, the advantages of which he had engaged, for the honor of the king, not to push too far. He contented himself with carrying off Brunhild's girdle and a ring she wore on her finger. But he had the fatal indiscretion of giving this girdle and this ring to Chrimhild, and to inform her how he had obtained them.

After the consummation of all these ceremonies and festivals, Siegfried conducted Chrimhild into the kingdom of Niderland, the crown of which his father Sigmund now resigned in his favor. Ten years passed away, at the end of which he had a son to whom he gave the name of Gunther; and during the same interval King Gunther likewise had obtained a son to whom he had given the name of Siegfried.

Brunhild, however, bore at the bottom of her heart a certain mysterious grief, which she endeavored to suppress, but which returned in spite of her with ever increasing importunity and sharpness. There was something in the destiny of Siegfried and Chrimhild which she did not comprehend and which wounded her. She had really taken Siegfried to be the vassal of Gunther, and had revolted at the sight of his marriage to Chrimhild. She had then been told, that Siegfried was a king as well as Gunther, and at least as powerful as he; she had been loth to believe it. She was constantly astonished to see Siegfried tranquil in his realm and never dreaming of performing any act of homage to the monarch of the Burgundians. She thought herself above Chrimhild, and sighed for an occasion to enforce her pretensions. She had also an ardent desire of seeing Siegfried again, as if in the hope of obtaining a solution for the mysterious doubts by which she was tormented on his account. She therefore requested Gunther to invite both of them to Worms on a visit.

Gunther extended the invitation with pleasure, and it was accepted in the same manner on the part of Siegfried and Chrimhild, who in the course of a few days arrived at the court of Burgundy, followed by a brilliant retinue. At first there was nothing but a succession of festivals and sports; but the demon of pride and jealousy which tormented Brunhild soon began to disturb the harmony of these fêtes.

A perilous conversation ensued between the two queens. Brunhild, in speaking of Gunther and of Siegfried, always affected to regard the latter as the vassal or inferior of the former, and Chrimhild did not fail to repel these pretensions with disdain. The conversation gradually degenerated into a quarrel, and the quarrel soon reached the highest degree of exasperation. Chrimhild discloses the fatal secret in her rage. She reproaches Brunhild with having been twice subdued by Siegfried, before becoming the submissive wife of Gunther and a woman like others of her sex; and in proof of her assertion, she exhibits in the presence of her rival the girdle and the ring which the latter had lost in her second encounter.

At this disclosure, the rage of Brunhild exceeds all bounds; and the entire court of Worms, disordered by the quarrel of the

two women, is now a scene of desolation and of tumult. Though Siegfried swore, that he had never boasted of any triumph which might offend the pride or honor of Brunhild, the latter nevertheless continues to lament, to cry and to consider herself the most outraged and the most unfortunate of women.

When Hagen saw the wife of his master in this condition, he swore that he would avenge her, and he immediately plotted a mortal conspiracy against Siegfried, to which King Gunther himself at last consents, and which Giselher, the youngest of Chrimhild's brothers opposes in vain.

Hagen and his accomplices circulate the rumor, that the Saxons and the Danes, who had already been vanquished by Siegfried, were preparing to revenge themselves and to make a new descent upon the Burgundians. Misled by this false rumor, Siegfried, ever generous and eager to embrace every opportunity for distinguishing himself, expresses his readiness to march against them. His services are accepted and the Burgundians assemble from all quarters, for the purpose of following him. When all are ready to depart, Hagen goes in search of Chrimhild, under the pretence of taking leave of her and of receiving her commands.

Chrimhild, who is at this time more solicitous than usually about Siegfried's departure for the war, tenderly commends her husband to the care of Hagen. When the latter desires to know what sort of service he could render to a warrior like Siegfried, who was invulnerable and invincible, Chrimhild, betrayed into undue confidence by her disquietude, discloses to him a fatal secret. She tells him, that as Siegfried was bathing in the blood of the dragon which rendered him invulnerable, a large willow-leaf had fallen on his back between his two shoulders, and that the spot covered by this leaf had remained vulnerable.

Hagen promises to remain constantly by the side of Siegfried and to see that no blow should take effect upon the fatal spot. But in order to insure the success of his vigilance, he engages Chrimhild to sew on the coat of the warrior some sign by which he might distinguish the vulnerable spot, and the credulous queen informs him that she would sew a small cross on it.

Hagen, now in the possession of these precious secrets, retires quite delighted, and immediately circulates the report that the Saxons and the Danes, who had menaced the Burgundians, had renounced their project of an invasion, and retreated to their own country. The question is now no longer of war, but of a brilliant hunting-party for which all the preparations are already made, and to which Siegfried is invited by King Gunther himself.

Before setting out for this chase, the hero went to take leave of Chrimhild. The latter, disquieted by sinister dreams which she had recently had, and full of bodeful presentiments and of regret for having intrusted Hagen with such important secrets, endeavors by all sorts of prayers and caresses to prevent Siegfried from joining the projected hunting-party; but the hero, smiling at her fears, tranquillizes her and leaves her with the tenderest adieus.

The chase took place in a vast and dense forest; and after the chase a repast was served in the same forest—a repast at which the viands were abundant, but where wine was entirely wanting. It had been forgotten on purpose. Siegfried was mortally thirsty. Hagen proposes to conduct him and the rest of the party to a fine spring which was quite near there, and where they all might quench their thirst at pleasure. The invitation is gratefully accepted, and they proceed toward the spring. Siegfried puts his sword and bow into the hands of Hagen, places his shield upon the ground, and in a kneeling posture bends over the spring from which he is about to drink. Hagen, seizing the moment, strikes him with his lance on the spot indicated by the cross, and flees, frightened at the blow which he had just inflicted.

Though mortally wounded, Siegfried rises again, looks for his sword and, failing to find it, starts in pursuit of his murderer without any other weapon except his buckler, which he has picked up from the ground. He hurls it after Hagen with such violence, that the buckler is shattered to pieces and Hagen laid prostrate. But the hero falls likewise into his blood, and breathes out his last with a torrent of imprecations and reproaches on his perfidious enemies.

The murderers would probably have left his corpse in the forest; but Hagen had his reasons for having it carried into the palace. He ordered it to be thrown, unwashed of its blood, before the door of Chrimhild, and to be placed in such a position, that it would be the first object to strike the attention of the unhappy queen in the morning, when she would be coming out to church.

We can easily imagine the shrieks, the tears and lamentations of Chrimhild at a sight like this, and the desolations which the rumor of the horrible news must have spread in the palace, through the city and throughout the entire country. At the obsequies of Siegfried, Chrimhild openly accuses Hagen of being the assassin, and challenges him to undergo the ordeal of blood. It was a very generally prevalent belief during the Middle Age, that if a man had fallen as the victim of a secret murder, the wound of the dead body would open again and

bleed anew at the approach of the murderer, whose guilt was thus discovered; and the tribunals of justice had sometimes recourse to this test. Upon the summons of Chrimhild, Hagen advances toward the corpse of Siegfried, from whose wounds the blood immediately begins to stream afresh. Hagen perceives it, but he is not the man to be disquieted by things like these.

Chrimhild having thus become a widow, it was at first her intention to return to the country of her deceased master, for the purpose of spending the remainder of her life there in tears and mourning. But her mother Ute, and her two younger brothers, Gernot and Giselher, who had had no share in the murder of Siegfried, and who loved her tenderly, prevailed on her by their prayers to remain with them at Worms, promising her all the attentions and all the devotion, that brotherly affection could bestow. She had a spacious mansion built in the proximity of the church, and led from that time forward a life of godliness and devotion, without however being able to console herself for her loss.

An interval of two years passed away, during which she lived in fraternal concord with Gernot and Giselher, but without exchanging a word with Gunther or enduring the sight of Hagen. Finally, however, she became reconciled to Gunther; the ferocious Hagen was the only one whom she excluded from her pardon, and he indeed could easily do without it. She had the famous treasure of the Nibelungen brought to Worms, which Alberich, the dwarf, to whom Siegfried has intrusted the care of it, had pronounced to be her property.

With such a treasure, Chrimhild had a superabundance of means for doing good and winning friends. But Hagen, who has become a sort of an evil genius to her and a persecuting demon, envied her this consolation. Having persuaded Gunther, that this fatal treasure in the hands of Chrimhild would be a power she might use to his detriment, he took it upon himself to plunder her of it by main force. He kept it in his own charge for some time, and finally threw it into the Rhine, in the hope of appropriating it at some future time.

Thirteen years had now elapsed since the death of Siegfried. During this interval, Attila, the King of the Huns, had lost queen Helke, his first wife, and was now on the look-out for a second. Chrimhild's name was mentioned to him; her beauty was so highly lauded, that he was resolved to demand her in marriage, although she was a Christian. Rudiger, the margrave of Bechlare on the Danube, one of his most powerful vassals, is charged with the commission of making this demand.

This Rudiger plays from this moment a conspicuous and an

interesting part in the action of the Nibelungen. He is the most amiable and the noblest character of the whole poem, which the poet appears to have drawn with the greatest care, and we might say *con amore.* This is a fact which I can simply notice here, and of which the reasons will become apparent hereafter.

Rudiger arrives at Worms with a magnificent escort and is received there accordingly. He at once explains to Gunther the object of his mission. Gunther demands three days for deliberation. His friend and counsellors are all of the opinion, that he should accept the alliance of Attila, and consent to his marriage with Chrimhild. Hagen alone is of an opposite mind. He is apprehensive of some misfortune from this union; but Gernot and Giselher, who spoke and acted for the interest of their sister, repel the sinister suspicions and insinuations of Hagen, and it is decided, that Chrimhild should remain the mistress of her lot.

Having become informed of the intentions of Attila, the latter at first promptly and positively rejects the proposal, and it is with great difficulty that her two brothers prevail on her to listen at least to Rudiger and to have some explanation with him. Eager to succeed in a mission in which his master was so intensely interested, Rudiger tries every variety of entreaties and of arguments to overcome the obstinate resistance of Chrimhild; but the latter persists in her refusal and rejects the advice and prayers of her brothers a second time. Rudiger, however, discovers at last a means of moving her. He represents to her, that by marrying Attila she would have a chance for avenging herself on her enemies, and he pledges himself personally to aid her in this vengeance. The unexpected hope, which these words kindle in her heart, decides the question, and she consents to marry Attila.

The necessary preparations for the journey are soon made, and Chrimhild, attended by a retinue of Burgundians, who are unwilling to quit her, takes her departure for the land of the Huns, under the escort of Rudiger. Her three brothers accompany her to a certain distance. At the moment of separation, she takes the tenderest farewell of Gernot and of Giselher, who have not ceased to love her, and who are still ready to do her every favor. To confirm her reconciliation with Gunther, she embraces him tenderly; the poet, however, assures us that this was done by the inspiration of the devil.

Chrimhild and her escort arrive safely at Bechlare, the capital of Rudiger's margraviate, where Gotelind, the wife of the margrave, and the beautiful young Dietelind, his daughter, prepare her a magnificent reception. But nothing

can equal the splendor and the joy of the fêtes that await her in the land of the Huns, at Vienna, where Attila has come to meet her, and where the royal marriage is to be celebrated. Amusements of every kind, martial sports and banquets, are kept up uninterruptedly for eighteen days in succession. Chrimhild is very far from finding any pleasure in these festivals; they call to her memory others which were dearer to her—those of her marriage with Siegfried—and the comparison only contributes to increase her melancholy. Nevertheless, she makes an effort to restrain herself, and to reciprocate the assiduity of Attila to the best of her ability. The rejoicings of the nuptial ceremonies being at an end, the king of the Huns, with all his court, retraces his journey, to regain his ordinary residence on the lower Danube.

After the lapse of seven years, Chrimhild gives birth to a son whom she does not fail to have baptized. Six more years pass away, and Chrimhild, who daily becomes more popular and beloved among the Huns, who is honored by all the world and in the possession of all the influence and power she could desire, might have been a happy woman, if she could only have forgotten Siegfried. But she does not forget him, she forgets nothing that has the slightest reference to him; she does not cease to weep, to have ominous dreams and to meditate on projects of revenge, until at last she has decided on one of them.

Feigning an affectionate desire to see her friends and relations from Burgundia again after so long a separation, she entreats Attila to invite them to a visit. Attila, who never dreams of any insincerity in her request, immediately commissions two of his minstrels as the bearers of a fraternal invitation to the three princes of the Burgundians. Chrimhild does not fail to give her special instructions to the messengers. She studiously enjoins on them not to mention to any one in Burgundia, that she was leading a cheerless and an anxious life in the country of the Huns, and to convey, in her behalf, the great desire she had of seeing Hagen on that occasion.

The minstrels take their departure. They arrive at their place of destination and deliver their message faithfully. Gunther demands eight days for reflection, and in the mean time consults his friends. They are all in favor of undertaking the journey. Hagen alone is of a contrary mind. He is mistrustful of Chrimhild, and apprehends some treacherous design on her part. But Gernot and Giselher, anxious to see their sister, are for accepting the invitation.

The expedition to the country of the Huns is therefore resolved upon. It is however determined that they should only

proceed with an escort sufficiently strong to guard against the dangers of a stratagem. The princes then set out with a retinue consisting of sixty braves or heroes, of a thousand select warriors, and of nine thousand ordinary ones.

Hagen, as we may well surmise, does not remain behind. The dangers and fatigues which he foresees, are not the thing to trouble or detain him. Another warrior, nearly as redoubtable as Hagen, and destined to act a conspicuous part in the tragical adventures of this journey, figures among the personages of the martial escort. This is Volker, who is also an excellent player on the flute, and the minstrel of the little army.

At the end of twelve days the Burgundians arrived at the banks of the Danube; but they find there neither boat nor ferryman. Hagen leaves the rest of his companions and walks along the stream in search of some means for crossing it. He first encounters a company of sirens, who are bathing in the waters of the river, and who give utterance to various predictions respecting the issue of the journey of the Burgundians. "Warrior," says one of them to him, "retrace thy steps whilst thou hast time to do so. If ye arrive among the Huns, ye are all doomed to perish, thou and thy companions, except the priest which accompanies you." Hagen is unwilling to believe the prediction; another siren repeats it to him, but he nevertheless persists in searching for the means of conveying the company across the stream.

After a number of adventures, he discovers at last a bark lying on the shore, of which he takes immediate possession, and in which he himself ferries the Burgundians to the opposite side. In the midst of the passage, he seizes the priest of the company by the throat and throws him overboard into the river. The unfortunate man, who does not know how to swim, is twenty times on the point of being swallowed up by the waves; but by an actual miracle he escapes at last without injury, and having regained the shore which the Burgundians had just left, he proceeds on his way back toward Worms. By drowning the chaplain of the expedition, Hagen had desired to falsify the predictions of the Danubian sirens. He is indeed a little troubled about the issue of his project, but the idea of returning never occurs to him.

In passing through Bavaria, along the right bank of the Danube, the Burgundians are obliged to force their way, and to repel the attack of one of the chiefs of the country. Having arrived at Bechlare, they find Rudiger, who gives them a most generous and hospitable reception. Giselher, the youngest of the Burgundian princes, becomes enamored of the fair

Dietelind, and asks her in marriage of the margrave, who consents to the proposition. This union is celebrated by four days of feasting and rejoicing, at the end of which the Burgundians again prepare to pursue their journey under the conduct of Rudiger, who desires to present them in person at the court of Attila. The lady of the margrave, the good Gotelind, makes magnificent parting-presents to the most prominent of her guests. She gives Hagen a very valuable shield, and Volker bracelets.

On their arrival in the land of the Huns, the visitors are received by Dietrich of Verona, and by his old and trusty servant Hildebrand, whom Attila had sent ahead to meet them. This Dietrich is, as I have already remarked, the most conspicuous and the most popular of the heroes mentioned in the ancient poetic traditions of the Germans. Obliged by circumstances, of which there can be no question here, to quit the country of the Amalungen, that is to say, Italy, of which he was then king, he had fled with a company of brave followers to the court of Attila, for refuge, where he had since lived for many years, respected by all as the chief of heroes. He is the very ideal of martial honor, of justice and fidelity. He is very uneasy in regard to the consequences of the Burgundian visit to the court of Attila; and he informs them at the very outset, that Chrimhild is not yet reconciled to the loss of Siegfried, which is tantamount to saying that they should be on their guard.

Disquieted by such an admonition, the Burgundian chiefs take Dietrich aside for the purpose of eliciting from him some further and more special information respecting the intentions of Chrimhild. "What would you that I should tell you?" said Dietrich in reply, "unless it be that I hear her weeping and lamenting every morning?"

This information comes too late. The Burgundians pursue their journey until they finally arrive at the palace of Attila. The Huns, full of curiosity to see the strangers, flock together from every quarter, filling the avenues through which they were expected to pass. Hagen, who had long since been notorious among them as the murderer of Siegfried, attracts particular attention. His tall form, his haughty step, his terrible figure strike the eyes of all.

Attila, who had really and sincerely desired the visit of the Burgundians, had made every preparation for their reception. As for Chrimhild, as soon as she was ushered into the presence of her brothers, she embraced them all most tenderly, and particularly the youngest of them, on whom she showered her most affectionate caresses. But she paid no attention to any

one else. When Hagen perceived this, he began to tighten the knots of his helmet, and said: "Aha! they are embracing kings here, and do not even salute their warriors!" Chrimhild overhearing these words, replied: "Be welcome to whoever sees you here with pleasure! But, as for me, what reason have I to salute you or to bid you welcome? and what do you bring me from the banks of the Rhine?" "If I had known that you were in want of presents, I should have better provided myself with some," was Hagen's reply. "But it was quite enough for me to carry my helmet, my cuirass and my trusty sword!"

"I want none of your presents. I have no need of your gold," replied the queen; "I have enough of my own, to give to whosoever merits it. But I have suffered from the embezzlement of my treasure and from a murder, and this indeed were well worth some indemnity!"

Thereupon Chrimhild, before ushering the Burgundians into the hall prepared for their accommodation, requests them to surrender their swords and the rest of their arms, promising to return them again afterward. But Hagen protests and says: "No, no, my charming queen! This must not be! You shall not have the trouble of caring for my buckler or my arms. You are a queen, and I have learnt from my father, that it is the part of armed men to protect their queens." "Alas!" Chrimhild then exclaimed, "the Burgundians are on their guard; they must have been informed of my design. Oh, could I but know the man who told them! I should make him perish."

It is to be supposed that Chrimhild uttered these words aside, and without having had the intention of being understood. Dietrich, however, either heard or divined them, and replied indignantly: "It is I, who have cautioned these noble princes and the valiant Hagen to be on their guard, and none but a malicious queen, like yourself, could blame me for the deed."

Chrimhild, abashed and furious at this declaration, retires without uttering a word; but she darts a glance at the enemies behind her, and in this glance resides the whole of her design. Then Dietrich, taking Hagen by the hand, said: "The words just uttered by the queen afflict me and I am sorry to see you here." "I am prepared for all," replied Hagen, and thereupon the two warriors separate.

Whilst the three princes and their retinue are most fraternally received by Attila, Hagen and Volker, to whom the ceremonies appear tedious, step aside and are about to seat themselves together in front of Chrimhild's apartments, for no other purpose than that of defying the queen, who had already been so mortally offended. Chrimhild perceives them; and on recog-

nizing Siegfried's sword in the hands of Hagen, she begins to cry and to lament exceedingly. Some of Attila's men, who are present, inquire of the queen for the cause of her chagrin. She accuses Hagen, and exhorts them to avenge her.

The Huns arm themselves immediately to the number of sixty. "How now! What? Sixty of you think of fighting Hagen!" Chrimhild then exclaimed: "Arm yourselves in greater numbers! Let all of you be armed, as many as are now present here." They then arm themselves to the number of four hundred and express themselves ready to march. "Wait yet a moment longer," added the queen, "I wish to appear in person before Hagen, with my crown on my head, and to reproach him in your presence for the wrongs he has done me. He will not deny them, so ferocious and so proud is he! And then you must do your best to do me justice."

Hagen and Volker were fully aware of what was going on against them; and yet they remained from motives of pride and of defiance; they dreaded the reproach of being deserters. Chrimhild then advanced at the head of her four hundred men, and addressing herself to Hagen in an angry tone, she said: "Well, now, Hagen! How couldst thou be so audacious, as to show thy face in a country where I am queen? How couldst thou be so far wanting in sense as to make thy appearance in my presence?" Hagen replied: "I have followed my masters, it's not my custom to stay when they are marching." "But hast thou not merited my hatred?" continued Chrimhild, "didst thou not assassinate Siegfried my husband?" "A truce to useless words!" replied the warrior; "yes, my name is Hagen, it is I that murdered Siegfried! He was to pay the tears of Brunhild with his blood. Yes! and once more yes, queen! I am responsible for all you now impute to me. Let whoever will, man or woman, call me to account; I shall be guilty of no falsehood for so small a matter!" "Ye hear it," said Chrimhild to her men, "ye hear it, my brave warriors; do me then justice and revenge me now!"

At this appeal, the four hundred Huns look at each other, without venturing to commence the combat. The aspect and renown of the two champions inspire them with dread. They retreat, and the two champions likewise retire on their part, in order to rejoin their companions in the hall where Attila received them.

When the hour for the banquet had arrived, the Amelungen, the Burgundians and the Huns all take their seats at the table, and they protract their merriment and feasting until midnight. The Burgundians then ask permission to retire, and they are conducted into a hall of vast dimensions, where beds had been

prepared for them. Giselher shows some uneasiness in regard to the designs of Chrimhild; but Hagen and Volker dispel his fears and engage to watch in arms for the common safety throughout the night.

The precaution was not superfluous. Chrimhild had given directions to some of her devoted followers to massacre Hagen during the night in the midst of his companions. But Volker, perceiving one of their casques gleaming in the dark, rouses Hagen from his sleep, and Chrimhild's men retire without making the attempt.

At daybreak the Burgundians rise and repair to church in arms. Attila and Chrimhild likewise make their appearance, attended by a powerful escort. Attila is surprised to see his guests completely armed and asks them for the reason. Hagen simply replies that this was their custom. They are too proud to confess their suspicions and to complain of Chrimhild's attempts, of which Attila is entirely ignorant.

After the mass—for it was customary among the Huns to say and to attend mass—commence the amusements, the jousts and tournaments, at which the chiefs of the different nations there assembled to vie with each other in distinguishing themselves. But the festival soon changes into a scéne of combat. Volker having deliberately and from a pure caprice of ferocity killed one of Attila's men, a fray ensues between the Huns and the Burgundians, the former wishing to kill Volker in return and the latter rushing to his defence. It is with great difficulty that Attila restores order and saves the murderer.

Everybody now returns to the palace; but everybody enters it with defiance, with anger and with feelings of resentment which wait but for an occasion to burst forth in a blaze. No one is willing to lay aside his arms; every one expects to be in want of them. Attila protects his guests most generously and utters the most terrible menaces against whoever of his men should venture to attack them.

Chrimhild, however, more and more incensed, endeavors secretly by all sorts of bribes and promises to gain Attila's warriors over to her side, in order to make them the instruments of her vengeance. She addresses herself in the first place to one of the chiefs of the Amelungen, to old Hildebrand, who, however, rejects her offers and her prayers with disdain. She is more fortunate with Bloedel, one of Attila's most important vassals. She seduces him by the offer of a beautiful woman and a duchy, and obtains his promise to engage in the battle against the Huns. Contented and full of happy expectations, she enters now the hall, where dinner is already served. They are

seated; and the gaiety of the occasion commences with good cheer and wine.

In the course of the banquet, Attila sends for young Orteliebe, his son, and introduces him by way of friendship to the Burgundian princes. "Here," says he, "is my son and the son of your sister; I hope that he will grow up to serve you, and it is my desire that you should take him with you to the Rhine, to bring him up and make a man of him." "And how can we make a man of, and what service can we expect from, an abortion like this?" was Hagen's hasty retort. "I swear that I shall not be seen much in his company at the palace of Worms." This brutal affront shocks the feelings of Attila very much. All the hilarity of the banquet evaporates in the twinkling of an eye. Every one is silent and thoughtful, and his sinister presentiments return.

But the war had already recommenced from another quarter. Bloedel had kept the promise he had made to Chrimhild. He had assailed the servants of the Burgundians in the separate hall where they were eating their repast, with Hagen's brother, the intrepid Dankwart, at their head. Bloedel is killed at the commencement of the fray, and his warriors are repulsed with a loss of five hundred men. But they return with a reinforcement of two thousand, and the nine thousand servants of the Burgundians are all massacred to the very last of them, together with twelve chosen warriors beside.

Dankwart alone remaining, defends himself against the flood of his assailants. Forcing a passage to the door of the hall, he plunges out, constantly fighting while retreating toward the hall where the kings were dining, and where no one knew as yet anything of the massacre that had just taken place. He arrives and rushes in, covered with blood, with his sword in his hand and without his shield, at the very moment when the young prince Orteliebe was going about from table to table and introducing himself to guest after guest.

"You are too much at your ease here, brother Hagen," exclaimed Dankwart; "know that all our servants and their twelve chiefs have been butchered by the Huns!" At this announcement, Hagen draws his sword. With the first blow he levels he hews off the head of little Orteliebe, and makes it fly into the lap of its mother; with a second he kills the governor of the child, and with the third cuts off an arm of the minstrel who is playing the flute for the amusement of the company. "Receive now," says he to him, "the reward for thy message to the Burgundians," and he continues to strike and to kill to the right and to the left, whilst Volker, his faithful companion, is imitating his example. The Huns defend themselves as well as they can.

All this had been done in the twinkling of an eye, and before the three Burgundian kings had time to prevent the carnage by their interference. They make a momentary attempt to stop it; but when they see that it is impossible to do so, they themselves draw their swords and likewise commence the work of destruction. The Huns, who had pursued Dankwart to the very entrance of the royal hall, hearing the confusion and the cries of the fray, endeavor to force an entrance for the purpose of aiding their friends. But Dankwart, who is stationed at the door, repulses them and keeps them at bay.

Attila and Chrimhild are in the most terrible agonies at the sight of the combat. Chrimhild then turns to Dietrich and says: "Noble chief of the Amelungen, wilt thou suffer me to perish without succor?" "And what succor can I bring thee, my noble queen?" was Dietrich's reply; "I am in dread for myself and for my friends. The Burgundians are so furious in their carnage, that it is impossible to stop them." Chrimhild renews her entreaties, and Dietrich bestirring himself at last rejoins: "I will try what I can do;" and thereupon the chief of warriors lifts up his voice of thunder—a voice which, in the language of the ancient poet, resounded far through the palace like the sound of a buffalo-horn.

At this voice and at the command of Gunther, the Burgundians suspend the combat for a moment. Dietrich then demands permission to withdraw his Amelungen and to take along with him whomsoever he pleased. His request is granted. Then, extending one hand to Chrimhild and the other to Attila, he conducts them out of the hall with six hundred men. Rudiger asks and obtains the same favor. He retires with five hundred of his followers.

After the departure of these two chiefs, the combat commences anew and continues till all the Huns present are completely exterminated. The Burgundians, now victorious, take a few moments' rest, while Volker and Hagen, leaning on their shields at the entrance of the tower which led to the hall, insult and defy the Huns who had remained without.

In this state of affairs, Giselher, under the apprehension that the Burgundians were going to be assailed again by new floods of the enemy, proposes to clear the hall of the dead bodies with which it was encumbered. Seven thousand of them, either dead or dying, are thrown out of the windows before the very eyes of their friends or relatives, who lament that they are obliged to see the wounded perish in this manner, whose life might have been saved by a little timely aid. "I have been confidently assured that these Huns are good for nothing cowards," says Volker at the sight; "look at them, how they are crying like women, instead of taking up and attending to those

of them who are merely wounded." A noble margrave of the Huns, hearing Volker speak in this manner and taking his advice to be a friendly one, advances for the purpose of carrying off one of his relatives whom he perceives wounded amid the pile of the dead, and Volker kills him with an arrow.

Meanwhile Attila, who is henceforth as furious against his guests, as he had at first been benevolent and generous toward them, has also armed himself and takes his place at the head of his men, while Chrimhild on her part again resorts to tears, to promises and to entreaties in order to excite her warriors against Hagen. Inflamed by these her exhortations, Iring, a young Danish chief, attached to the service of Attila, demands his arms for the purpose of trying his luck against the redoubted Hagen; several of his friends propose to follow him, but impelled by a generous love of glory, Iring, throwing himself at their feet, conjures them to allow him to fight the enemy alone.

He first directs his attack against Hagen and Volker both successively; and finding himself unable to gain any advantage over them, he falls upon other warriors of whom he kills several; then suddenly turning again to Hagen, he wounds him and escapes without any hurt. But he scarcely gives himself time to breathe. Encouraged by the encomiums of Chrimhild and challenged by Hagen, he returns to the combat. But his hour is at hand, and Hagen strikes him with a mortal blow. Two of his friends, Irnfried and Haward, advance in order to avenge him, but they are likewise slain. Their men then rallying force a passage into the hall, and the combat commences again within. The new assailants fall, one after the other, and the Burgundians, wearied by their desperate efforts, repose upon the bodies of the slain.

Their repose however is soon interrupted. At the behest of Attila and Chrimhild, the Huns precipitate themselves against them; they defend themselves with the same intrepidity and with the same success, until the hour of midnight strikes. When, on the morning of the following day, they deliberate in regard to their position, they become convinced of the impossibility of offering any further resistance to an enemy, whose numbers they perceive increasing every moment, while their own is necessarily diminishing, and they resolve on making an attempt to come to terms of peace. Gunther and his two brothers come out to treat with Attila and Chrimhild in a conference which the latter had agreed to. But Attila declares, that after all the mischief they had done they had no peace to expect from him. Gernot solicits at least the favor of leaving the hall in which they were shut up, and of dying by fighting in the open air.

Attila and the Huns would probably have consented to this request, but Chrimhild refuses to grant it. Giselher renews it in his turn, and craves the pardon of his sister in consideration of the tenderness and affection which he had ever exhibited toward her. "You deserve no pardon," replied the queen, "Since Hagen has murdered my son. Nevertheless, ye are the children of my mother, and I will consent to let you go in peace, if you will but surrender Hagen." "Never!" exclaims Gernot; "this can never be! And if there were ten thousand of us, we would sooner perish, all of us, than deliver up a single one of our number!" "Yes, let us die!" adds Giselher. "No one can prevent us from dying like brave men."

The parley being broken off, Chrimhild sets fire to the four corners of the palace, and in an instant the flames envelop the hall of the Burgundians, who are either suffocated by the smoke or devoured by the heat. Cries of horror and dolorous groans are arising in every direction: "Oh, how frightful it is to perish in the midst of the fire! How sweet it would be to die fighting in the open air!—ah! what a horrid thirst!"

When Hagen heard these lamentations from the door of the hall, which in conjunction with Volker he had undertaken to defend, he shouts with a loud voice: "Let him who is athirst drink blood! In the midst of a conflagration like this, blood is better than wine." At these words one of the Burgundians kneels down by the side of a corpse, and undoing his helmet begins to drink of the blood that flowed from its wounds, and though this was the first time he had ever tasted it, he still finds it very excellent. "Thanks for your advice, Sir Hagen," exclaimed the refreshed warrior, as he rose; "I am much obliged to you; I have quenched my thirst completely!" And others, who heard him say that the blood was good, drank of it in their turn and felt themselves relieved.

Meanwhile the flames continue to penetrate into the hall. The Burgundians, driven into the background, protect themselves with their shields as well as they can, and in order to prevent the bands of their helmets from taking fire, they steep them in blood. The conflagration, however, gradually abates at last. The hall was roofed in such a way as to resist the effect of the flames. But of all the number of the Burgundians six hundred only remained; four hundred had perished either in combat or in the flames.

After a few hours, which had been a century of inexpressible anguish, Giselher says: "I think it must be nearly daylight, I feel a fresh breeze rising." "Yes," says another, "I perceive the day approaching, but the day will bring us no advantage over the night. Let us prepare to die with honor!"

His word was true; for, scarcely had daylight made its appearance, before the Burgundians were assailed anew by multitudes of Huns which kept increasing around them every moment.

Rudiger, the good margrave, touched by their distress, makes a final attempt to reconcile them to Attila. But Dietrich, to whom he addresses himself, declares the king's unwillingness to listen to any proposals of peace. Rudiger is disconsolate; he is unable to restrain his tears; he laments the frightful destiny of the valiant warriors, who had been his guests, and one of whom was his son-in-law. One of Attila's men, who witnesses this anguish, loudly denounces him to Chrimhild as a traitor and a coward, who only desires peace from a lack of courage to fight and to fulfill his duty as a vassal. Rudiger's grief is quelled for a moment by his anger. He kills his traducer by a blow with his fist, and openly declares that he can not in consistency with good faith fight against men, who had come to the court of Attila under his escort and protection. But Attila reproaches him sharply for this refusal to serve. Chrimhild presses her suit still more urgently; she reminds him of the promise he had formerly made at Worms to aid her and to avenge her on her enemies, and finally throws herself at his feet to implore his assistance. Attila carries his importunity to the same extent, and the generous Rudiger is thus divided between two contrary duties, both of which are equally imperious and equally painful. "Oh, how unfortunate I am!" he then exclaims in his distress, "to have lived to see a sight like this! To-day I am compelled to lose my honor, my faith, my probity and all that God has given me. Whichever party I may serve, or whichever I may abandon, I still shall be in the wrong, and if I keep neutral and undivided, I shall be blamed by all."

Then turning toward Attila, he said; "My liege and master, take back whatever I hold in fief from you; take back your lands and castles; I want no more of them. I am going to depart. I shall take my daughter by one hand and my wife by the other, and I shall go begging my bread throughout the country, but I shall never be wanting in my faith and honor."

Chrimhild and Attila, however, are not yet ready to accept the refusal; they redouble their entreaties and their prayers, until at last they succeed in shaking the resolution of Rudiger. "The matter is therefore settled now," exclaimed the noble margrave, "and I shall have to give my life to-day for the benefits you have conferred on me! I'll die, then, since you'll have it so! In a few moments my lands, my castles will revert

to you through a hand of which I am now ignorant. I commend to you my wife and daughter."

Then turning to his warriors, he said: "Quick, arm yourselves, ye braves; let all of you be armed! We are about to march against the Burgundians." When the latter perceive him advancing at the head of his men, they are struck with surprise and grief. They are now troubled for the first time. The idea of fighting against the generous Rudiger, whom everybody honored, and to whom they themselves were under so many obligations, fills them with horror.

But Rudiger has already arrived within speaking-distance of the enemy. He sets his superb buckler down upon the ground for a moment, which was a sign that he had something to say to them. "Defend yourselves, ye valiant Burgundians!" he exclaims, "I am constrained to attack you." Protestations of amity and of regret are interchanged on both sides, and at the moment when the combat was to commence, Hagen suspends it once more by exclaiming: "Noble Rudiger, here is the magnificent shield which your good lady, the margravine, presented to me, and which I carried with me as a precious gift of friendship to the country of the Huns. But see, it is now completely mutilated by the blows of the Huns. How gladly would I exchange my cuirass for a shield like yours!" "By giving you this shield," says Rudiger, "I shall perhaps offend the queen. But here it is, notwithstanding! Take it, brave Hagen, and may you safely carry it to the land of the Burgundians!"

On seeing Rudiger thus depriving himself of his buckler, many warriors who had never wept before, were moved to tears. Hagen himself was touched, and declared that he would not fight against him.

Volker, having witnessed this scene, advances in his turn toward Rudiger. "Behold," says he, "behold the bracelets which your kind lady the margravine gave to me, recommending me to take them with me to the fêtes, when we were coming on. Will you inform her that I am wearing them?" "Yes, brave Volker," was Rudiger's reply, "I promise you to do so, if I see her again!"

"After this admirable incident, the effect of which may be compared to that of a pure ray of the sun in the midst of a most terrible tempest, the combat recommences. Rudiger, after having made great havoc among the Burgundians, is assailed by Gernot; they both fight for a great while with equal valor, and they conclude by killing each other. After the fall of Rudiger, all his followers are cut to pieces to the very last of them.

Meanwhile the rumor of Rudiger's death spreads in every

direction, and with this rumor an inexpressible consternation and sorrow. Attila and Chrimhild particularly are full of despair. Dietrich is unwilling to credit the odious news. Old Hildebrand is sent to ascertain the truth of it, and he is accompanied by a numerous troop of Amelungen, all armed and ready for action in case of an emergency.

Hildebrand sets out, and having come within speaking distance of the Burgundians, he asks what had become of Rudiger. The reply was that he was dead, and at this reply the Amelungen begin to weep and to lament until their beards and cheeks are completely inundated with their tears. "Now, then, ye Burgundians," replied Hildebrand with a voice broken with frequent sobs, "give up the body of Rudiger, that we may render the last service to him whom we would have so gladly served alive!" "The body of Rudiger! No one shall bring it to you," replied Volker. "You may come yourselves and take it, as it lies here all besmeared with blood. The service ye wish to render him will be all the more complete for it."

After these insolent words, the altercation between the Amelungen and the Burgundians becomes still sharper, until it finally ends in a combat in which all of Dietrich's warriors are killed, with the single exception of Hildebrand, who retreats, wounded by Hagen. On the side of the Burgundians, Hagen and Gunther are the only warriors left alive.

Completely covered with blood, Hildebrand returns to Dietrich, who, seeing him wounded, and without giving him time to explain himself, says to him: "You have suffered no more than you have merited! Why did you break the peace which I had promised to the Burgundians?" "We have only demanded the body of Rudiger and the Burgundians have refused it." At these words, Dietrich, no longer now in doubt about the death of Rudiger, gives vent to tears and lamentations for the first time in his life. "Give orders to my men to arm themselves at once," he thereupon exhorted Hildebrand; "and bring me my arms, too; I will proceed myself to question the Burgundians." "You have no other man besides myself, dear master," was Hildebrand's reply; "all the rest are dead."

New source of anguish to Dietrich this, who arms himself with all possible speed and then marches with rapid strides toward the Burgundians, followed by Hildebrand. Having arrived at the door of the hall where Gunther and Hagen are stationed, ready to defend themselves, the hero puts his shield upon the ground, as a sign of pacific intentions. He complains of the death of his men, of that of Rudiger, and of their refusal to give up the body of the latter. "All this," he adds, "requires some reparation. Surrender yourselves therefore at

discretion into my hands; I will protect you with all my influence and power, so that none of the Huns will dare to do you the slightest injury. I pledge you my word to reconduct you to your country and to die, if need be, in your defence." "May God forbid," exclaimed Hagen, "that two brave warriors, still in possession of their arms wherewith they may defend themselves, should ever surrender to any man whoever he may be!" "Very well, then, let us see how you will defend yourself!" was Dietrich's reply.

Hereupon the combat between the two powerful warriors commences. Dietrich is at first obliged to employ all his agility and skill to avoid the blows of Hagen and of his redoubtable Balmung, Siegfried's former sword. But after a while, seizing the moment when the Burgundian exposed his side, he wounds him with a large, deep gash. "There you are wounded, Hagen!" said Dietrich then; "I should acquire but little honor, were I to make an end of you; I prefer to make you prisoner." While uttering these words, he throws aside his shield, and rushing suddenly upon Hagen incloses him in his iron arms, binds him and carries him thus bound to Chrimhild, saying: "Spare him his life; who knows but that at some future day he may, by his faithful services, repair the mischief he has done you?"

Chrimhild is filled with joy at a spectacle like this; and making Dietrich many acknowledgments, she orders Hagen to be transported into a dark dungeon. Dietrich returns to Gunther, and after a long combat throws him at last upon the ground, surcharges him with fetters and brings him before Chrimhild. "Know, noble lady, know," says he then to her, "that never valiant men like these were delivered prisoners to a queen. Permit my friendship to preserve their lives." Chrimhild assures him that his prayer would be granted, and the hero retires weeping.

But scarcely had he departed, when the queen ordered Gunther and Hagen to be thrown into separate prisons. Then making her appearance before the latter, she accosted him thus: "Hagen, if you will restore to me the treasure of which you have robbed me, I will permit you to return to the country of the Burgundians." "My noble queen," replied Hagen, "your words are spoken to the wind. I have sworn, that I would never indicate or surrender the treasure of the Nibelungen to any one, as long as one of my masters is alive."

At these words of Hagen, Chrimhild leaves him; but after the lapse of a few moments, she returns, holding a bleeding head by its hair. "You have no longer any master," says she to Hagen, as she presents the head to him, "and now you

may reveal to me the secret of the treasure." Hagen, darting a glance at the head, recognizes it at once as that of Gunther, and overwhelmed with the intensest grief, exclaims: "It all has come to pass, as I have wished it. God and myself now only know where the treasure of the Nibelungen is. Thou, demon of a woman, wilt never know, nor ever own a particle of it."

"I shall have at least this sword of it," was Chrimhild's reply; "it is my Siegfried's; he wore it when I saw him last." She then seizes the sword by the hilt, and having drawn it out of the scabbard brandishes it over Hagen and with a single blow cuts off his head.

Attila, Hildebrand and Dietrich, meanwhile arriving and perceiving what Chrimhild had done, are seized with horror. Hildebrand cannot restrain his anger; he rushes upon her and strikes her with such violence, that he kills her. Thus ends the barbarous tragedy.*

* The poet concludes the terrible action of his epopee with the following two stanzas:

Jne chan iuch niht bescheiden . waz sider da geschach .
wan christen unt heiden . weinen man do sach .
wibe unt knehte . unt manige schone meit .
die heten nach ir friunden . diu aller grozisten leit .

Jne sage iu nu niht mere . von der grozen not .
die da ersiagen waren . die lazen ligen tot .
wie ir dinch an geviengen . sit der Hunen diet .
hie hat daz mære ein ende . daz ist der
Nibelunge Liet .

I cannot tidings give, of what did afterward take place,
Further than this;—fair wife and knight were seen with weeping face;
And eke the trusty yeomanry, wept for their friends no less.
Thus have I brought unto an end THE NIBLUNGER'S DISTRESS.

† V. Lassberg's text and Birch's translation.—*Ed.*

CHAPTER XI.

WALTER OF AQUITANIA.

III. ANALYSIS OF WALTER.

The author of the "Song of the Nibelungen" is entirely unknown. We can only judge, from the dialect and from various features of his work, that he must have belonged to that numerous and brilliant series of Minnesingers, which flourished in Suabia from the end of the twelfth to the commencement of the fourteenth centuries. The composition of the poem must therefore be referred to that interval, and certainly rather to the beginning than to the end of it. In fact, we have every reason to suppose it to be from the first half of the thirteenth century.

Among the different monuments of ancient Germanic poetry, which are by their subject related to the poem of the Nibelungen, there are two that are more immediately and more expressly connected with it. The one is vaguely entitled "The Lamentation," and is generally appended to the "Song of the Nibelungen." It is merely a sort of compendium, a somewhat diversified recapitulation of that portion of the latter which describes the scenes at the court of Attila. Its merits are in other respects quite indifferent. It is the work of an unknown poet of the fourteenth century.*

The other work, which forms a sort of counterpart to the latter, is a short poem of seven or eight hundred verses under the title of "The Horned Siegfried," and constitutes a part of the poetic cycle of the "Heldenbuch," or Book of Heroes.† The

* This poem may be found in Lachmann's edition of the original text of the Nibelungen Lied. It is, however, not now generally printed in connection with the epos, to which it was once regarded as an indispensable appendix. "It is not in the same metre as the Nibelungen Lied, but in eight-syllable couplets, and contains 4560 lines. In the beginning the adventures of the Nibelungen are shortly recapitulated; after which King Etzel is introduced, accompanied by Dietrich of Berne and Hildebrand, searching for the fallen heroes among the ashes of the hall, where the combat had taken place, and lamenting over every one of them, as they discover their features." Compare Henry Weber in the "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," p. 211.—*Ed.*

† The original of this "Hürnen Seyfried" may be found in the second volume of Von der Hagen and Primisaer's "Heldenbuch in der Ursprache," Berlin, 1825. This poem has the same metrical structure as the Nibelungen, and contains 179 stanzas.—*Ed.*

poem treats only of the early adventures of Siegfried, of his combat with the dragon, and of the antecedents of his marriage to Chrimhild. There is a prose version of it, which circulates as a popular tale in all the provinces of Germany. It is a favorite volume of the *bibliothèque bleue* (popular literature) on the other side of the Rhine. All these different works are like so many threads, by which the traditions relative to the particular fable of the Nibelungen, link themselves to the great body of the ancient poetic traditions of the Germans.

The most important peculiarity to be observed in all these poems is, that each of them has its peculiar physiognomy: that in all of them the same substance has undergone a number of characteristic variations, which prove that they are neither the copy nor the imitation of each other, but that each of them derives its origin directly and through distinct channels from the common source of the primitive traditions.

In my remarks on the Scandinavian redaction of the fable of the Nibelungen, such as it is presented to us in the Volsunga Saga, it was easy for me to show, and I have shown conclusively, that this poetic chronicle was nothing more than a union or fusion of different popular or national songs on the isolated incidents of the event, which constitutes its subject.

There is no doubt, but that the great poem of the Nibelungen is likewise only a more extended or more consistenly arranged redaction of several detached songs and poems on the same subject, more ancient than itself. It is however not so easy in this instance to demonstrate this proposition to a certainty.*

Inasmuch as the Germans were converted to Christianity much sooner than their Scandinavian brethren, the poetic traditions of pagan times must likewise have been lost, and in fact were lost, at a much earlier date among the former than among the latter. The literature of the Germans can show nothing that corresponds or is equivalent to those songs of the Elder Edda, in which we have recognized the members of the fable of the Nibelungen in their primitive, disjected and detached shape, still forming each of itself a separate and independent whole, apart from all the rest.

The history of Germanic literature, however, exhibits nevertheless some vestiges of modifications or of successive transformations, which the same fable has undergone before assuming the final form, in which it is now fixed, and in which it seems

* On this subject consult Wilhelm Grimm's "Deutsche Heldensage;" Lachmann's "Nibelnngen Lied in seiner ursprünglichen Gestalt;" Grimm's "Altdänische Heldenlieder," Preface; Gervinus' "Deutsche Dichtung," vol. 1st.—*Ed.*

destined to remain immortal. These vestiges deserve to be noticed.

The author of the "Lamentation," or the "Complaint of the Nibelungen," of which I have just spoken, concludes his work with a very curious historical epilogue, in which he conveys to us the following information:

It was a certain bishop of Passau, in Hungary, by the name of Pelerin, that ordered all the adventures in the history of the Nibelungen to be collected and written out in Latin.*

The work was undertaken from motives of affection for his kinsman Rudiger, the margrave of Bechlare. He employed a certain master Conrad for this purpose, but we know not exactly in what capacity; whether it was as translator or as a simple copyist.

The author adds, that it was after and on the authority of this first Latin history of the Nibelungen, that various poets, his predecessors, translated the same adventures into German, which afterward became familiar to all the world.

Pelerin, the bishop of Passau, mentioned in this epilogue, lived in the course of the tenth century, until the year 991. Rudiger, the margrave of Bechlare, who is designated as his kinsman, died in the year 916. In making this collection of the ancient poetical traditions, relative to the Nibelungen, which were then in circulation in the southeast of Germany, it is supposed to have been his intention to interpolate a eulogy on this margrave Rudiger, who, as we have already seen, really plays a conspicuous and an admirable rôle in it.

According to these conjectures, all of which are plausible enough, the present poem of the Nibelungen would have had for its basis a Latin narrative, redacted during the second half of the tenth century (from 960 to 980).

But this narrative itself was based on old popular songs of the epic kind, on narratives or traditions, which were anterior to itself, and of which we here and there still discover some vestiges.

In a Saxon poem entitled "Beowulf," and composed during the ninth century at the latest, we find allusions to the history of Siegfried and of the famous dragon Fafnir, which however according to this Saxon tradition was not slain by Siegfried himself, but by his father Sigmund.†

* Von Pazowe der bischof Pilgerin . durch liebe der neven sin .
hiez schriben disiu mære . wie ez ergangen wære .
mit latinischen buochstaben . daz manz für ware solde haben .
wan im seit der videlære . diu küntlichiu mære .
wie ez ergienk unde geschach . wan er ez horte unde sach .
er unde manic ander man . daz mære do briefen began .
ein schriber, meister Kuonrat .
Klage, v. 2145–2151.—*Ed.*

† This precious fragment is printed in Eccard's "Commentarii de Rebus Franciæ

I have already alluded to those barbaric songs in the Frankish idiom, which Charlemagne ordered to be collected and committed to writing. No one has said anything concerning the theme of these songs. It is however natural to suppose, that some of them has direct reference to those famous adventures of the Nibelungen, which are so intimately connected with the heroic epochs of the Goths, the Burgundians and the Franks themselves. All these songs were lost at a very early day, especially among the Franks of Gaul. The bigoted repugnance, which Louis le Débonnaire exhibited for these remains of the ancient Germanic paganism, may perhaps have accelerated this oblivion.

All that is now left to us of the kind, is a single fragment of sixty verses in one of the Germanic dialects, which we may suppose with considerable probability to have formed a part of the songs collected by Charlemagne, and which might serve to give us a general idea of them all. The subject of this precious fragment is an adventure of old Hildebrand, of that valiant servant of Dietrich of Verona, with whom we are already familiar as one of the most conspicuous characters of the Nibelungen, in which he kills the ferocious Chrimhild. Without belonging directly to the fable of the Nibelungen, the piece is nevertheless connected with it through the medium of this Hildebrand, and might perhaps be strictly classed among those isolated songs, which at a later period were reproduced in the present form of the fable.*

In the twelfth century some of these songs were still preserved by memory. In 1130, a Saxon poet or minstrel apprised Knod, the duke of Schleswick, of a conspiracy then plotted against him by singing to him of the treachery, by which Chrimhild attracted her three brothers to the court of Attila.

In the sixteenth century, or but a short time before it, the Danes still sung their short detached poems on the principal adventures of the Nibelungen. Three of these poems are still preserved in the Danish collections of popular songs. All three of them treat of Chrimhild's revenge, and of the massacre of the Nibelungen among the Huns. It is quite a remarkable fact, that the authors of the three poems or songs in question have followed the Germanic traditions in preference to those of the North, although the Danes belong to the Scandinavian branch of the Teutons.†

Orientalis," tom. i. p. 864, sq.—It has also been edited by Jacob Grimm, in "Die beiden ältesten Gedichte aus dem 8ten Jahrhundert," etc., Cassel, 1812.—A reprint of the original text, with a Latin and English version of it, is furnished us by the author of the "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," p. 215–220.—*Ed.*

* Compare Kemble's notes to his edition of Beowulf, London, 1835. Vol. 1st, page 258–263. Also Thorpe's edition of the same, Oxford, 1855.

† A few of these Danish songs are given us in English by one of the authors of the

There is, however, a great difference between the details of those Danish songs and those portions of the Nibelungen, to which they correspond. They do not appear to have been derived from the latter, but seem rather to ascend, by a living and an uninterrupted tradition, to that primitive mass of shorter epopees, which preceded and entered into the composition of the final and the great one.

In default of all these indications concerning the different transformations, through which the Germanic fable of the Nibelungen must have passed before it became the celebrated poem, which we now have under this title, an attentive examination of the work will suffice to enable us to discover the successive labor of diverse authors, and the impress of different epochs. The traits of barbarous haughtiness and courage, of indomitable ferocity, of inexorable hatred, must be referred to the primitive elements, to the pagan ingredients of the subject.

The beliefs and the external practices of Christianity were forced into a violent adaptation to these primitive barbaric elements, we do not know exactly at what time, but very probably in the course of the tenth century, when the bishop of Passau ordered the above-named collection and Latin translation of all the songs and detached legends concerning the adventures of the Nibelungen, which were afloat in the popular traditions of his day. The ancient Germanic manners had certainly then already lost much of their primitive rudeness. The age had probably commenced to conceive a heroism of a more humane and of a milder type, than that of the old Burgundians and Huns. I doubt, however, whether the character of Rudiger, as it is portrayed in the present poem of the Nibelungen, could have been invented in Germany at the epoch of the Latin redaction, that is to say, between 970 and 980. Several traits of this character were, in all probability, added by the poet, who, in the thirteenth century remolded the narrative composed in the tenth, under the auspices of the bishop of Passau.

But, that the allusions to the manners and usages of chivalry contained in the poem must all of them be attributed to the unknown Minnesinger, who was its last redactor—this can not be a matter of any doubt. The tinge of gallantry, with which he sometimes invests those parts of his subject, where he treats

"Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," q. v.—A collection of them, in the German language, in W. C. Grimm's "Altdänische Heldenlieder, Balladen, u. Märchen." This editor vindicates a high antiquity for these heroic songs, and points out their relation to those of the Germanic tribes, now no longer extant, in his learned preface to the volume: "Was die Heldenlieder betrift, so tragen wir kein Bedenken, sie für uralt auszugeben, und ihre Entstehung weit zurück, in die heidnische Zeit des 5ten u. 6ten Jahrhunderts, zu schieben. Es lebt der Geist jener furchtbaren alten Zeit in ihnen, und das Geschlecht der Riesen, welche am Eingange jeder Geschichte stehen."—*Ed.*

of fair princesses, of enamored warriors and of nuptial rejoicings, is unquestionably of his own invention.

I have not the time for carrying these observations any further, but there are some of them, to which I shall naturally have to return again in the parallel I propose to draw between the poem of the Nibelungen and that of Walter of Aquitania. The latter is now to occupy our attention; and I shall endeavor to give such an idea of it, as may serve as a basis for those ulterior researches and considerations, which a work of such varied interest and importance requires and deserves.*

This poem is not a long one. It has only fourteen hundred and fifty verses. It is, however, still too much to admit of my translating it entire. I shall translate the greater part of it, and of the rest I shall add a sufficiently detailed epitome, to indicate the progress and the ensemble of the action with something like completeness.

Attila, having become king of the Huns, was ambitious of making for himself a great name by his victories, and he accordingly commenced to march at the head of his armies in search of conquest. The Franks were the first enemy he encountered on his expedition. They had a king by the name of Gibich, whose queen had just given birth to a son to whom he gave the name of Gunther.

When it was announced to him, that an army of Huns had passed the Danube, more numerous than the grains of sand along the stream, and than the stars of heaven, he assembled his counsellors in order to deliberate on what was best to be done. They came to the unanimous conclusion, that they would rather submit, pay tribute, and give hostages, than expose themselves to ruin, or see their country devastated, their infants and their wives led captive.

There was then among the Franks a noble chief of Trojan descent, having a son called Hagen, who, though yet a little boy, already promised to become a valiant man. It was decided, that Hagen should be sent to Attila, as a hostage, in place of Gunther, who was as yet an infant at the breast.

After the conclusion of this peace, Attila directed his course toward the kingdom of the Burgundians, then a flourishing and powerful country under a king called Herric. This was a noble king, but he had no other heir to his crown except a little daughter by the name of Hildegunde.

The Huns had already passed the Rhone and the Saône, and

* Such of the readers as may chose to follow the author in this analysis with the text of the poem before them, will find it in Grimm's "Lateinische Gedichte aus dem 10ten Jahrhundert," Göttingen, 1838; fragments of it in the "Chronicon Novaliciense," which is to be found in Pertz's "Monumenta Germ. Hist.," vol. ix., p. 75, in Muratori's "Antiq. Ital." vol. iii., col. 695. A German translation by Molter, Carlsruhe, 1818.—*Ed.*

in scattered bodies were pillaging the country. Herric was at Châlons, when one of his sentinels, directing his looks to the distant fields, began to exclaim: "What a huge cloud of dust! This is an enemy advancing. Quick! Close the gates!" Instead of accepting, however, this call to arms, the king deliberates and decides on treating. Going out of the city, he repairs to the camp of the Huns with immense treasures and concludes a peace, leaving his daughter as hostage; while Attila pursues his march toward the west.

A prince by the name of Alfer was then reigning in Aquitania. He had a son, as yet a little boy, who was called Walter. This king and that of the Burgundians had promised each other that their children should be united in marriage as soon as they were of a proper age. When informed of the approach of the Huns, and of the submission of the Franks and the Burgundians, Alfer was in great distress, and gave up the hope of defending himself. "Let us make peace," said he to himself, "we shall not be dishonored for having acted like the Franks and the Burgundians." Thereupon he sends his tribute and his son Walter as a hostage to the Huns, who having now arrived at the furthermost limits of the West, resume their journey to their own country with alacrity and joy.

Attila treated the three children, which he had brought with him as hostages, with the utmost tenderness, and had them educated with the same care as if they were his own. He wanted to have the two young boys constantly under his eye, and he had them instructed in everything, especially in martial exercises, in such a manner, that they soon surpassed in point of bravery and prudence the bravest and the wisest of the Huns.* Attila placed them at the head of his army; they brought several wars, which happened to occur, to a glorious termination, and the king loved both of them more and more every day.

Hildegunde, on the other hand, pleased the wife of Attila so much by her graceful manners, her gentleness and her address, that the queen intrusted her with the care of her treasures; and the young captive was thus herself a queen and the mistress of her own actions.† Meantime, Gibich, the king of the Franks, had died, and his son Gunther, who had succeeded him, broke the treaty of peace with the Huns, by refusing to pay them the stipulated tribute. Hagen was no sooner informed of this than

* V. 103: Qui simul ingenio crescentes mentis et ævo,
Robore vincebant fortes animoque sophistas,
Donec jam cunctos superarent fortiter Hunnos.
Militiæ primos tunc Attila fecerat illos;
Sed non immerito. . . . .—*Ed.*

† V. 114: Et modicum deest, quin regnet et ipsa;
Nam quidquid voluit de rebus fecit et actis.—*Ed.*

he fled secretly by night, and returned for the purpose of rejoining his new monarch. Walter was at this moment carrying on war at the head of his Huns, and his movements were everywhere attended with success.

Ospirn, the queen, having become informed of Hagen's escape, and fearing that of Walter, who was universally regarded as the pillar of the empire, earnestly exhorted Attila to marry him to a princess selected from the daughters of the Huns, and provided with a rich dowry, in order to be surer of retaining him in his service. The king approved her advice, and when Walter, who was then away on some campaign, had returned with his army, he offered the young warrior a beautiful wife and immense riches. But Walter, who had already other designs in his head, refused, under the pretext of being unwilling to contract an alliance which might divert him from his military life and from the service of the king. A new war having broken out soon after, Walter again had the command of it, and distinguished himself even more than ordinarily. Upon his return to the capital he is received with great demonstrations of delight on the part of the people. But the hero withdraws from the scene of congratulation and of joy at an early hour, and without thinking of his repose, although very much fatigued.

Having entered the palace, he immediately repairs to the apartments of the king, where he finds Hildegunde all alone. Embracing her in the most affectionate manner, he says to her, "I am dying with thirst, go and get me something to drink." They both were aware that they had been affianced to each other from their infancy. Hildegunde bestirs herself; she immediately fills a large and costly goblet with wine, and presents it to Walter. The latter takes it in one hand, while making the sign of the cross; and with the other he holds and presses that of his affianced, who, standing before him, looks at him without saying a word. After having quaffed the beverage, the youth returns the empty cup to her with these words: "Our lot is a common and a mutual one, Hildegunde; we are both of us exiles; we have been betrothed to each other; have the affianced nothing to say to each other?"

Hildegunde, under the impression that Walter was merely jesting, hesitates a moment and then replies: "Why dost thou say what thou really dost not desire and what is not in thy heart? Canst thou still recognize me, poor captive that I am, as thy betrothed?"

"Far be it from my intention to trifle with thee," was the young warrior's reply, "there is no deceit in what I say, Hildegunde. We are alone here, and if I could believe thee pos-

sessed of a little tenderness for me and of confidence in my advice, I should instantly reveal to thee the secrets of my heart."

At these words, Hildegunde, courtesying to Walter, said to him: "Command, my lord, and whatever thy command may be, it shall be done with more alacrity than if it were my own desire." "I am weary of exile," rejoined Walter, "I cannot help thinking every day of Aquitania, my sweet native land. I have therefore resolved to flee secretly, and I should already have departed, had it not been for the chagrin of abandoning Hildegunde." "Whatever my master may ordain, pleasure or pain, my love for him will make it all agreeable and sweet to me," was Hildegunde's reply.

Thereupon Walter, continuing the conversation, said to Hildegunde in a low voice: "The queen has intrusted thee with the care of her treasures. Select in the first place, one of the king's helmets, a coat of mail and a cuirass, bearing the mark of its workman. Take then two small boxes and fill each of them with pearls and jewels, to such an extent that you can scarcely carry them. Make four pair of shoes for me and as many for thyself, which thou shalt put into the boxes to fill up the vacant space. Order the queen's workmen to fabricate hooks for catching birds and fishes; this will be our food on our way, and I shall myself be the fisherman and the fowler. Be careful to have everything ready within a week from now.

"I will now tell thee how I propose to manage in regard to our flight. Seven days hence, I shall prepare a great banquet to the king, the queen, the princes and all the chiefs of the land. I shall use all the means in my power to make them drink to such an excess, that not one of them shall be capable of perceiving anything around him. Thou shalt drink no more wine than is absolutely necessary to quench thy thirst, and when they all shall be buried in the sleep of inebriety, we will take our departure for the West."

Hildegunde did all that her lover had commanded. On the seventh day, Walter prepares a magnificent feast, of which it would be superfluous to give a description here. I may also omit relating in detail how all the guests present ended by falling asleep pell-mell, and to such an extent that Walter and Hildegunde were the only persons in the palace, that remained in a condition to will or to do a rational thing.

Walter then calls his lady-love, and orders her to bring the different articles she had prepared for the way, while he himself leads forth from the stable his excellent charger, the very best of horses, which from its strength and courage he had called the lion. After having saddled and bridled him, he loads him with some provisions, and with the two boxes filled

with precious objects. He himself thereupon dons his cuirass, puts on his helmet, fits his golden greaves to his feet, and girds on two swords, according to the usage of the Huns, a two-edged one on his left side, and a single-edged one on his right. In his right hand he holds a lance, in his left a buckler and a fishing-rod, and thus provided and equipped he sets out on his march, which he begins with somewhat faltering and uncertain steps. Hildegunde follows, leading the horse, that carried their treasure, their baggage and a few arrows, by its bridle.

Thus they commenced and thus they pursued their journey. They were in the habit of travelling all night long; but at sunrise they sought the woods for some sequestered spot where they might hide themselves and take their rest. Poor Hildegunde was disquieted by everything. Everything inspired her with dread, the noise of the wind, the rustling of the leaves, the flight of a bird. But she was fleeing from the land of exile, she was returning to her native soil, and this thought was to her a source of strength and hope. They carefully avoided the merry boroughs, the fertile plains, and sought by way of preference the uninhabited and wild places of the mountains and the forests.

Meanwhile they at the palace of Attila awake at last from their long slumber, and the king himself is the first of the number. He looks for Walter, he orders his attendants to search for him, he inquires of every one, but none can give him any information in regard to him. Nevertheless he has as yet no sinister suspicions, until queen Ospirn, whom the disappearance of Hildegunde had enabled to divine the whole, comes to announce the truth of the story to the king.

Attila, transported with rage at the news, tears his garments, gives utterance to broken and delirious words, and refuses to admit any one into his presence; he rejects all nourishment and drink. At night he throws himself on his bed, but he can find no rest. He turns over from one side to the other; he rises suddenly and then falls back again. After having thus passed a restless night, he summons his officers and counsellors in the morning, and he accosts them thus: "Is there any one among you that can bring me back Walter, bring him back bound, like a dog that has escaped from his master? If there is, let him show himself and I will cover and overload him with gold."

Among those present, there were dukes, counts, valiant heroes ambitious of glory and renown; there were others again, who were fond of gold, and yet none of them was bold enough to venture on the pursuit of Walter, and to run the risk of encountering him face to face or of having a passage of arms with

him. His valor and his strength were too well known to them; they had seen him too often cutting down entire troops of warriors, without even being wounded himself. The king could therefore not prevail on any one to go in pursuit of the fugitive.

And the fugitive continued to pursne his journey by night, and to pass his days in the woods where he occupied himself by catching birds with every kind of snares. But whenever he arrived at the banks of some river, he took out his tackle and began to fish, thus providing, sometimes in one way and sometimes in another, food for himself and for his lady-love, with whom he never took the slightest liberty.*

Forty days had thus elapsed, since the young hero had left Attila's residence, and on the evening of the fortieth day he arrived at the banks of a great river called the Rhine, which flows by a certain city, the capital of a kingdom, called Worms. There Walter gave in payment of his passage some fish which he had caught before in another place, and after having been instantly ferried across the stream, he again pursued his homeward journey with increased rapidity.

On the morning of the following day, the boatman, who had conveyed him across the stream, rose at a very early hour, in order to go to Worms, and there carried the fish, which he had received as payment, to the king's cook. The fish were cooked, and served up on Gunther's table, who on examining them said to his *cuisinier:* "I never saw such fish before in the country of the Franks; they must be foreign fish. Pray tell me where they come from."† The cook replied that it was the boatman who had given them to him. The king then immediately sends for the latter, who on his arrival recounts the manner in which he had obtained them in the following terms:

"Yesterday, as I happened to be on the banks of the Rhine, I saw a traveller advancing toward me with rapid strides, who seemed ready for combat, clad in steel from head to foot, his lance in one hand and his buckler in the other. He had the appearance of being a man of great strength; for under the enormous weight of his arms he marched with an easy and a rapid step. He was followed by a young lady of enchanting beauty, leading a horse by the bridle, surmounted by two boxes which at every movement of the horse emitted a sound similar to the chinking of little bits of silver and of gold. This is all

* Sicque famis pestem pepulit tolerando laborem.
Namque toto tempore fugæ se virginis usn
Continuit vir Waltharius, laudabilis hero.—*Ed.*

† V. 443: Ergo istiusmodi pisces mihi Francia nunqnam ostendit,
Dic mihi quantotius, cuihas homo detulit illos.—*Ed.*

that I can tell about the man who has given me the fish in payment for his passage."

When Hagen, who was among the number of the guests, heard these words, he exclaimed joyfully: "Congratulate me! From what I now hear, I am sure that my friend Walter has returned from the country of the Huns!"* "Congratulate me too!" was King Gunther's exclamation then, "for God returns me now the treasures which my father long ago was forced to send to King Attila."

No sooner has he said these words, than he strikes the table with his foot, and rising abruptly orders his horse to be saddled and brought to him, mounts it and commands twelve of the strongest and most daring of his warriors, with Hagen at their head, to follow him. Hagen, who has not forgotten his old friend and companion in exile, endeavors to divert the king from his design; but the latter, so far from listening to him, is all the more impatient for it and exclaims: "Quick! my gallant warriors, make haste! Let all of you be armed; put on your coats of mail; let us not suffer a treasure to escape."†

In a moment they were all ready; a moment more and they were on the traces of the king, anxious to overtake Walter, eager to despoil him of his booty. Hagen alone made another attempt to check the king, but the latter still refused to listen to his advice.‡

Meanwhile the brave Aquitanian was advancing further and further from the banks of the Rhine, until at last he reached the forest of the Vosges. This was a dense forest of immense extent, full of wild beasts and perpetually resounding with the din of horns and the barking of hounds. In an out-of-the-way part of this forest and in a narrow defile of the mountains there was a cavern, formed not by a subterranean chasm, but by the falling of the mountain-top, and within its limits grew many green herbs which were good to eat.

"Let us ascend thither," said Walter; "there I shall at last

* V. 446: Congaudete mihi, quæso, quia talia novi.
Waltharius, collega meus, remeavit ab Hunis.—*Ed.*

† V. 481: Ne tardate viri! præcingite corpora ferro!
* * * * * *
V. 515: Accelerate viri! jam nunc capietis eumdem.
Numquam hodie effugiet; furata talenta relinquet.—*Ed.*

‡ Hagen uses the following language in his attempt to divert Gunther from his purpose:

V. 520: Si toties tu Waltharium pugnasse videres,
Quotiens ego nova cæde furentem,
Nunquam tam facile spoliandum forte putares,
* * * * *
V. 527: Quisquis ei congressus erat, mox Tartara vidit.
O rex et comites, experto credite, quantus
In clipeum surgat, qua turbine torqueat hastam.—*Ed.*

be able to repose at my ease and in safety." And indeed, he was very much in want of it; for ever since the commencement of his flight he had never had any rest except by leaning on his shield, and he had scarcely ever closed his eyes. This time he lays aside his armor, and placing his head upon the knees of his affianced, he says to her: "Be on thy guard, Hildegunde; the air is pure and here is a fine prospect over all the country. Look carefully on every side, and if thou seest clouds of dust arising anywhere, then wake me gently, gently with a light touch of the hand; and even if thou shouldst see a whole army advancing toward our hiding-place, beware, my darling, of rousing me too suddenly." In uttering these words he falls asleep.

Meanwhile Gunther, while riding along with full speed, discovers footsteps in the dust, and he exclaims, delighted: "Onward! my brave warriors, we've found it! we've got the treasure he has stolen!" But Hagen replied: "My master, hadst thou seen Walter as often as I have seen him, with his arms in his hands, thou wouldst not be in such a haste to join him; thou wouldst not deem it so easy to rob him of what he holds. I have followed the Huns to the battlefield; I have seen Walter at their head combating the nations both of the North and of the South, and I have witnessed the fall of all who ventured to attack him." Hagen's expostulation was in vain. The king was constantly advancing closer toward the mountain, until Hildegunde from the top discovered the cloud of dust raised by the feet of their horses. She then awakens Walter gently and by degrees, and the warrior, with his eyes half open, asks her whether she saw anything. "I see," says Hildegunde, "I see something like a troop of men advancing from below."

Then Walter, shaking off his sleep entirely, puts on his armor, resumes his lance and buckler, and prepares for combat. At this very moment Hildegunde perceives the glittering of lances and distinguishes a body of mounted warriors. "There are the Huns!" she then exclaims while falling on her knees, "alas, there are the Huns! O, my sweet master, cut off my head; and let not her who was to be thine own be touched by another!" * "Do not say so, do not speak thus, my gentle friend," replied the youthful hero; "banish all fear and let me manage, Hildegunde! God, who has so often rescued me from danger, will also be my help in this emergency."

While pronouncing these words, he lifts up his eyes and then immediately adds with a smile: "No, no, these are not the Huns; they are Frankish bandits, men of the country, and I

* —— Hunos hic, inquit, habemus.
Obsecro, mi senior, mea colla secentur,
Ut quæ non merui thalamo tibi sociari,
Nullius jam ulterius paciar consocia carnis.—*Ed.*

perceive among them my friend Hagen; I know him by his helmet." Thereupon he takes his position at the extremity of the cavern and continues to encourage Hildegunde who stands trembling behind him. "No, no, I venture to predict that not one of the Franks who comes to seek me here will ever return to boast to his wife of having taken anything from me."

But scarcely had he finished these words, when he condemns them again as too haughty, and on his knees beseeches God to pardon him. He then takes a second look at the Franks and examines them more closely. "Of all those whom I see below," says he, "I am afraid of none but Hagen. He alone knows my way of fighting, and though I also know his own, I am well aware how strong and brave he is. If I get through with him, I have nothing to fear from the rest, Hildegunde; I shall then still live for you."

When Hagen on the other hand saw Walter so well intrenched, he turns to the king and says: "I beseech you again, my lord, do not provoke this warrior! Send first a messenger to him to inquire after his name, his family and country; from whence he came, and whether he would not rather surrender his treasure than risk a hostile encounter with us. If, as I presume, this man is really Walter, Walter is a discreet and prudent man, and will perhaps comply with your request from motives of generosity and honor."

Gunther approves the advice. He orders Kamelon to go and make this proposal to the stranger. Kamelon was the governor of the famous city of Metz. He had been sent there from the country of the Franks and it was then his place of residence. He had come to the court of Gunther for the purpose of bringing him some presents, and he had only arrived the day before the news from Walter became known. When he had heard the order of the king, Kamelon flies with the speed of wind; he traverses the plain, ascends the mountain, and having approached the young warrior within speaking distance, he thus accosts him: "Stranger, tell who thou art, whence thou comest and whither thou art going?"

"Tell me thyself first," replied Walter, "whether thou comest of thine own accord or at the behest of another." "It is the powerful King Gunther who sends me to get some information in regard to thy affairs," was Kamelon's reply. "I do not know what inducement thy king could have to inquire into the affairs of travellers," rejoined Walter; "but I am quite willing to satisfy his curiosity in regard to mine. My name is Walter and I was born in Aquitania. When yet an infant, my father gave me as a hostage to the Huns. I lived among them for a

long time; but I have left them at last, desirous of revisiting my dear country and my friends."

"This being so," says Kamelon then, "the king orders thee by my mouth to deliver up this horse, these two boxes and this young lady. If thou obeyest, he will spare thy life and grant thee an unmolested passage." "I do not think that I ever heard such nonsense before," replied Walter with a smile. "What dost thou offer me on the part of thy king?—that, which he as yet does not possess and which will probably be never at his disposal? Is thy king God, to promise me my life? Am I in his hands? Does he keep me in prison with my hands tied behind my back? Listen, however, to my word: if thy master, whom I can see from here all armed, does not challenge me to combat, I am willing out of respect for his royal name to offer him a present of a hundred golden bracelets."

Kamelon leaves, for the purpose of conveying this proposition to the king and his companions. "Accept this hundred of golden bracelets," says Hagen; "thou wilt then have something wherewith thou mayest make presents to thy men. Accept the bracelets and renounce the combat! Thou dost not know nor canst thou even imagine the force and courage of this Walter. I had a dream last night, by which I was informed, that all will not turn out according to our wishes, if we fight. Methought I saw thee fighting with a bear, which after a long struggle seized and devoured one of thy legs. I rushed to thy assistance, and then the beast darted at me and robbed me of an eye."

"How much thou art like Agarim, thy father!" was the king's contemptuous reply. "He too was wont to tremble at every forebodement, and always had his reasons for declining combat." At these words the gallant Hagen is transported with rage. "Very well then, let the rest of you fight! There is the enemy you are in search of. As for myself, I'll be a looker on, and I'll relinquish to you my share of the spoils." He had scarcely uttered these words, when he dismounted from his horse and ascended a neighboring hill, from which he could conveniently survey the scene that was about to take place.

Then the king, turning to Kamelon, said to him: "Return to the stranger instantly, and tell him that I want all his gold; and if he still persists in his refusal, if he be brave and valiant like thyself, then fight with him and bring to me the spoils." Kamelon, the duke of Metz, returns at once to the eminence and calls to Walter from a distance: "Holla! friend, hearken! The king wants all thy gold, and on that price alone depend thy life and safety." The young warrior makes him repeat

these words once more and nearer to himself than he had done the first time, and then replies: "Thou art really very importunate, my friend. Have I then robbed King Gunther? Or has this Gunther ever lent me aught, for which he might exact exorbitant usury, like this? Have I, in passing through your country, committed so many depredations, as to be forced to pay such heavy damages? But no matter! Since this people is so greedy after the property of others, I will consent to pay my passage dearly. Instead of one hundred bracelets of gold, I will therefore offer two hundred to thy king."

Kamelon, indignant at these words, retorts: "No more of thy empty talk! If I get not thy gold, I'll have thy life." Thereupon, protecting himself with his shield, he hurls the javelin, which he was holding in his hand, with all his might. Walter avoids the javelin, which is buried in the ground. "You have desired it," says he, "you have desired to fight; very well then, let us fight!" While uttering these words, he hurls his javelin in his turn, which, striking Kamelon on his left side and transfixing the hand with which he was endeavoring to draw his sword from its scabbard, nails it to the shoulder of his horse. The wounded animal becomes restless and rears in its agony, endeavoring to throw its rider; the latter, however, remains riveted to it with one of his hands. Kamelon then throws away his shield and endeavors with his left hand to extract the javelin that had pierced his right; but at this very instant Walter pounces upon him, and after having plunged his sword up to the hilt in his body, extracts the javelin himself. The knight and his horse both fall together, one upon the other.

The description of Walter's contest with eleven of the twelve champions who successively assail him for the purpose of robbing him of his treasures is a very long one, and although there is no lack of picturesqueness and variety in its incidents, I yet have thought it proper to abridge it considerably. I shall therefore only translate its most characteristic portions. Of the rest it will be sufficient to give an abstract.

The second champion, that presents himself for combat, is a young man by the name of Kimo, a nephew of Kamelon, whose death he is full of eagerness to revenge. But in spite of his ardor and his bravery he falls after a few moments, and makes room for Gherard, an expert archer, who is also prostrated in his turn, without having inflicted even a scratch of a wound on Walter. The fourth assailant is a Saxon by the name of Egfried. At this point of the story the text offers some remarkable peculiarities, which I now propose to translate.

Gunther is not at all discouraged at the sight of the three corpses of his warriors. He urges others to march forward to

the combat. Egfried the Saxon advances in his turn, mounted on a spotted charger. No sooner does Walter perceive him within proper distance and ready to fight, than he exclaims: "Tell me whether thou art a tangible body, a veritable being of flesh and bone, or whether thou art not rather a mere airy phantom? Never have I seen any one that resembles the savage spirits of the woods as much as thou dost." Egfried replies with a smile: "Thy Celtic speech betrays too clearly, that thou art born of that race of men which nature has made buffoons above all others. If thou approachest within the reach of my sword, thou mayst hereafter relate to the Saxons that thou hast combated a spirit of the woods in one of the mountains of the Vosges. But far off as thou art, this javelin will soon tell me whether thou art made of spirit or of flesh." Thereupon he hurls his javelin, the point of which is broken in Walter's shield, and the latter, discharging his missile in his turn, says: "Here, take what the buffoon of Aquitania sends in exchange to the spirit of the woods." The missile piercing Egfried's buckler and breaking his coat of mail, transfixes his lungs.

The fifth combat I shall pass over in silence, but the sixth is extremely interesting. A young warrior by the name of Patafried, Hagen's nephew, now advances against the Aquitanian hero.

His uncle, perceiving him from the top of the hill, endeavors to check him and halloas: "Stay, I beseech thee! Where art thou going, giddy youth? Dost thou not see that death's before thee? 'Tis thy presumption that has made thee blind, dear nephew. Thou hast not strength enough to combat Walter." But Patafried is unwilling to listen to the friendly advice; the love of glory impels him onward, and Hagen's lamentations at his obstinacy are in vain. Walter, though yet at a considerable distance, nevertheless perceives the chagrin of his former companion, and addressing himself to Patafried as he advances toward him, he says: "Brave youth, permit me to give thee an advice. Do not listen to thy blind impetuosity, and preserve thyself for a better lot. Look at these corpses here; they too were gallant men. Renounce this combat, I entreat thee; do not constrain me to deprive thee of thy life; do not render me odious by thy death."

"Why dost thou trouble thyself about my death, thou insolent Aquitanian?" was the youth's reply. "Desist from further words and be ready to defend thyself." He then launches his pike at the Aquitanian. The latter wards it off with his own, and the pike flies on until it strikes the ground before the feet of Hildegunde, who in her fright shrieks out aloud; and

after recovering to some extent from her agitation, scarcely ventures to raise her eyes to see whether her friend was still alive. Walter requests the young man a second time to retreat; but the latter without replying draws his sword. Walter having at last become incensed, protects himself with his buckler and evades the blow, but the miss stretches his antagonist flat upon the ground. And it would now have been all over with him, if in his movement to parry the blow, Walter had not fallen on his knees. They both rise at the same time. But in the twinkling of an eye, the obstinate young man falls again to rise no more.

After the death of Gerwit, the count of Worms, and the seventh of the champions immolated by the hand of Walter, the remaining warriors begin to vacillate in their resolution and to beseech the king to refrain from further hostilities. But the king, unable to reconcile himself to the shame of failing in an attempt which he had thought so easy, exhorts them not to lose their courage and to avenge their companions like brave men. Several of them would have proceeded together to attack the invincible Aquitanian, but the position which the latter had adopted did not admit of the approach of more than one at a time.

Walter, perceiving their hesitation and embarrassment, makes haste to profit by it. He doffs his helmet and suspending it on a tree he wipes his face which was completely covered with sweat, and inhales for a moment at his ease the sweet freshness of the air around him.

But lo! the hero is attacked by the eighth champion, who darts at him in full gallop before he has had the time to put himself on his guard again or to don his helmet. But in spite of these disadvantages, Walter soon gets the better of the importunate assailant without any difficulty.

The ninth assault has this interesting peculiarity about it, that it presents to us a picture of a mode of combat which is quite peculiar to the Franks. Four adversaries unite their efforts against Walter. Helmnod is the first to advance, with his *angon* in his hand, which was to be launched at Walter. The angon was a sort of iron trident or triple arrow with recurvate barbs, attached to a long cord or line, the end of which rested in the hand of him who was to hurl it. Helmnod's angon was attached to three cords. He hurls it at Walter, and the weapon becomes instantly riveted to the hero's buckler, Helmnod holding on to one of the cords, while Trogunt and Tenaste, the tenth and the eleventh champions, aided by the king himself, pull at the three cords at the same time, in order to make the hero fall to the ground. They finally succeed in wresting

his buckler from him, and they now flatter themselves with the prospect of an easy victory, which appears so much the more certain, as Walter has not yet found leisure to take up his helmet again.

But Walter remains erect and immovable, in spite of all the desperate efforts of the four champions. Finally, however, irritated at a struggle in which he expended his strength in vain, he throws away his buckler and rushing upon the four champions kills Helmnod and Trogunt, before they were able to take up their arms again, which they had laid aside in order to pull at the cord of the angon. Tenaste, though already in possession of his lance and buckler, is likewise vanquished and slain. King Gunther alone escapes from the blows of Walter, and having mounted his steed flies straight to Hagen, who from the eminence on which he had remained had been a witness to all these proceedings. Here I shall stop abridging and recommence translating.

Having come up to Hagen, the king conjures him to come to his assistance, and to join him in his attempt to combat Hagen. "What a requirement," was Hagen's reply; "am I not a coward?—a man whose blood is chilled at the approach of danger? Did not my sire turn pale at the sight of an arrow, and did he not always have his reasons for refusing to fight? Hast thou not said all this before my companions in arms? Very well! I owe no longer anything to a king who has spoken after this fashion."

But Gunther redoubles his entreaties: "In the name of heaven, Hagen, lay aside thy anger, give up thy spite! I have offended thee, it is true, and I acknowledge it. But ask any reparation thou mayst see fit, and there is none but what I am willing to make thee. See here thy comrades stretched dead upon the ground! Art thou not ashamed to let them molder without revenge? Could words have inflicted deeper wounds on thee than the blows which struck them dead? Alas! thy resentment ought rather to be directed against him who slew them, and who to-day will probably deprive us all of our honor. To have lost all these our gallant men is a great calamity, but to lose our fame and glory, too, is much worse still. Oh! how shall we wipe away so terrible a disgrace? Where are our chiefs? the Franks will presently ask us with a derisive smile. What! have all of them been slain by a single man, by a stranger, by an unknown combatant?"

Hagen still hesitates in spite of all these prayers; he thinks of his former friendship toward Walter, and of the years they had spent together; but he sees his king a suppliant before him, and, more than all, he dreads the loss of his heroic fame,

in case he should persist in his resolution not to fight. And yet he at last works up his mind to it: "What is it thou art commanding, my lord?" said he to Gunther; "whatever it may be, I am ready to obey thee. Only let us not attempt the impossible, let us not perpetrate any folly. I know Walter well; he would have made of all of them what he has made of eleven; he would have accomplished in the open field what he has done in this narrow mountain-pass. Nevertheless, since thou meditatest a new assault, since shame even more than grief impel thee to revenge, I'll sacrifice my sense of gratitude and I'll be ready to assist thee. But let us not combat here. Let us retreat, and let us draw Walter from his vantage-ground. Let us lay an ambuscade somewhere, until, under the impression that we have left, he descends from his eminence and pursues his journey across the plain. Then let us attack him from behind with all our force united. Since thou desirest to fight, be careful to be ready for stern effort on the occasion. I'll guarantee that Walter will not flee, though he may be assailed by both of us."

Hagen's advice meets with the approbation of the king. He embraces him with joy, and both of them depart in search of a place where they might hide themselves conveniently and find suitable pasture for their horses.

At the approach of night, the Aquitanian deliberates within himself whether it was expedient for him to pursue his journey directly across the plain, or whether it was best to spend the night in safety in the mountain cave. He is distrustful of Hagen on account of the embrace which he had seen the king bestow on him. Sometimes he apprehends that his two adversaries might only have returned to the city, in order to return again by night with reinforcements, and to attack him again by daybreak; sometimes he again suspects that they might both be concealed in ambush somewhere in the vicinity. He is moreover totally unacquainted with the by-ways of the forest; he might go astray, or he might lead his lady-love to the verge of some precipice or to the haunts of savage beasts. After having duly considered all these things, he says to himself: "My part is chosen; I shall pass the night here, and this insolent king shall not be able to say that I've escaped into obscurity like a robber."

After having uttered these words, he proceeds to cut bushes, branches and stakes, wherewith he closes the entrance of the defile. This being accomplished, he bends sobbing over the corpses of those whom he had slain, embraces them one after the other, and kneeling with his face toward the east, and his sword unsheathed in his hand, he pronounces the following

prayer: "I thank the Creator of all things, him without whose permission nothing can take place, for having protected me against the attacks and insults of my enemies, and I humbly beseech the Lord, who desires the destruction of evil but not of evil-doers, to permit me to see all these departed enemies again in heaven."

After having finished his prayer, he rises and begins to wattle some small twigs into the shape of ropes, wherewith he fastens the six remaining horses of those which had been brought by Gunther's men. He then disencumbers himself of the weight of his armor, and turning to his young friend consoles her with tender and affectionate words. They take a little nourishment, and Walter, reclining on his shield, commits the first watch of the night to his fair companion, reserving the second, the matinal and the most perilous of the two, for himself. Hildegunde, sitting by his side, keeps her vigils according to her custom, warbling various songs in order to keep herself awake. On awaking from his first nap, the Aquitanian invites his love to rest in her turn, while he himself, in a standing attitude and leaning on his lance, keeps watch in his turn by her side. He thus passes the rest of the night, sometimes listening attentively, in order to assure himself whether he did not hear some noise, either close at hand or afar off, sometimes looking toward the east to watch the approach of day.

At daybreak, Walter strips the dead, not of their garments, but of their armors, their bracelets, their baldricks, their helmets, their swords, and with all this he loads four of the six horses of which he had despoiled his enemies; he places his affianced on the fifth and keeps the sixth himself.

After removing the obstructions from the entrance of the cave, he first advances a short distance for the purpose of reconnoitering the country around him and of listening whether the wind might not bring some noise, that of a horse marching or shaking its bridle, or that of the clashing of steel. He hears nothing, and he decides on setting out. He puts the four horses loaded with the newly-acquired booty in front; his fair companion on her charger follows next, while he himself in complete armor closes the rear, leading the horse, which carried their treasure, by its bridle.

They had scarcely advanced a thousand paces, when Hildegunde began to tremble in every limb; on looking behind her, she perceived two men descending precipitously from an adjoining eminence. "Alas! our death has only been retarded," she then exclaims; "flee, my lord, flee, they are approaching toward us!" Walter turning around, perceives the two men, and recognizing them at once, exclaims: "No,

dear Hildegunde, no, I shall not flee. I would rather fight once more, I would rather die. But we must not yet despair; I have had many an escape from greater perils than the one before us. Come! Take Lion by his bridle and retire as quick as possible to the neighboring woods. I will remain here to await the emergency and to reply to those whom I see coming." Hildegunde retires in obedience to his request, while Walter arms himself with his shield and brandishing his lance tries the unknown charger he had mounted.

He had scarcely finished, when the two adversaries were already close at hand; Hagen behind and King Gunther in advance, who thus accosts the Aquitanian hero: "Here then thou art, fierce enemy of ours, out of the lair, where thou hadst lain concealed and where thou didst grind thy teeth, like a dog! Thou comest here to fight on open ground, and we shall see whether the issue will correspond with thy beginning, whether thou wilt keep the treasure thou hast stolen and which renders thee so brave."

The Aquitanian hero scarcely deigns to look at the king, nor does he favor him with a reply. Turning to Hagen then, he thus addresses him: "Listen to me for a moment, Hagen; thou art the only one I wish to speak to. Tell me, what is it that could have changed thy former amity so suddenly? What have I done that thou shouldst lift thy sword against me? Alas! I had expected other things of you! I had imagined, that if peradventure thou shouldst hear of my escape from among the Huns, thou wouldst come forth to meet me with alacrity, in order to congratulate me on my deliverance; that thou wouldst keep me, that thou wouldst conduct me to the kingdom of thy father. I feared that thou mightst detain me too long! When I was forced to traverse unknown regions, I tried to tranquillize myself; I said to myself: 'No, I have nothing to fear from the Franks; Hagen is there among them!' Recall to mind our infancy, our earliest sports, and our first arms. Was there ever any quarrel between us? I loved thy father as I did my own, and I forgot my own fair country while I lived in thine. Ah! I conjure thee, do not violate our old friendship, and let us refrain from fighting with each other! Dost thou want gold? I'll offer thee as much as will content thy heart; I'll fill the hollow of thy shield with it."

To this discourse Hagen replies with an angry air: "Thou beginst by striking, Walter, and then resortest to arguments. It is thou that hast broken our former friendship. When so many of my companions and my kindred fell by thy hand, didst thou not know that I was here? Didst thou not recognize me by my arms? Perhaps I might have pardoned thee

thy cruelties, except one; but thou hast smitten with thy sword a youth whom I cherished above all other beings on earth, who was dear to all, amiable and comely, a tender blossom. This is the blow that severed our union! I do not want thy gold; I want to know whether thou art the only brave man in the world; I want to avenge my nephew."

Having spoken thus, he dismounts his charger with a backward leap; Gunther does the same thing, and Walter is already on his feet, like themselves. Hagen is the first to launch his terrible javelin, which sweeps the air along its course in whirlwinds. But Walter, perceiving its approach, interposes his buckler obliquely in an instant; by which, as by the polished face of marble, the gliding steel is turned aside and speeding plunges onward, until it is completely buried in the ground. Gunther in his turn hurls his spear; but the steel sticks nerveless to the buckler's edge of his antagonist, who with the slightest movement of his arm precipitates it to the ground.

Enraged by the miscarriage of their blows, the two Franks, protected by their bucklers, endeavor now to assail their adversary with their swords in hand. But the latter inspires them with the terror of his own, and repulses them whenever they attempt to approach too close. Gunther then makes the mad attempt to regain his javelin, which still stands firmly rooted in the ground at the feet of the Aquitanian; but the latter does not permit him to advance. The king then beckons to Hagen, to interpose his person between himself and Walter, in order to intercept the movements of the latter, and sheathing instantly his sword again for the purpose of gaining freedom of motion for his right hand, he stoops at last to seize his javelin. But Walter, intent on all the movements of his enemies, gives Hagen a vigorous repulse, and having placed his foot upon the javelin, at the very moment when the king was going to grasp it, he presses it upon the knee of the latter until he crushes it. He would have been a dead man, had not Hagen, instantly advancing to his support, guarded him with his buckler, while he presented the point of his sword to the front of the Aquitanian. The latter dodges to avoid the blow, and the king seizes the propitious moment to get upon his feet again, still trembling at the danger he had just incurred.

The combat, which had commenced at the second hour of the day, prolongs itself until the ninth. I deem it necessary to cut short some of its details, which might prove trying to the patience of the reader. It may suffice to know, that Walter and his two adversaries end their encounter by inflicting on each other, blow after blow, the most frightful injuries and gashes. The sword of his antagonist carries off, at a single

cut, one-half of Gunther's leg and a foot besides. Walter has his right hand severed by the glaive of Hagen, whom by a stab of his poniard he in revenge robs of his right eye. The following is an exact though somewhat curtailed translation of the conclusion of the poem. A few passages only of a somewhat equivocal effect are omitted:

Wounded and exhausted the three warriors at last cease from their combat. Walter and Hagen maintain a sitting posture; Gunther lies extended on the ground. The hero of Aquitania then calls his trembling Hildegunde, who approaches the three bleeding combatants, in order to dress their wounds. "Now for a draught of pure refreshing wine," says Walter; "pour first for Hagen; for though he be a faithless friend, he is yet a valiant champion. I shall drink next, as having had more work than all the rest. Gunther, who compels the brave to fight, and who himself does nothing worth the name in combat —shall drink last."

Hildegunde offers Hagen to drink; but the latter, although consumed with burning thirst, declines the cup: "Give thine affianced, thy master, first to drink," says he to Hildegunde; "for he is, I must avow it, not only a better warrior than I, but the best of warriors."

The Frank and the Aquitanian thereupon commence to drink and to converse merrily together, in memory of their former friendship; which finished, they lift up Gunther, who had thus far remained prostrate on the ground, harassed by the aching of his wounds, and having seated him upon a horse, they resume their respective routes, the Franks toward Worms and Walter toward Aquitania. The reception of the latter was attended with great honor and rejoicings. After the death of his father he reigned in the place of the latter for the space of thirty years, and was greatly beloved by his people.

The poem concludes with two verses, the purport of which is, that the versifier of the poem, weary of the task he has thus far pursued, is determined to waive the celebration of the formidable military enterprises and of the many triumphs which were achieved during the reign of this monarch.

Regarded as a mere oratorical flourish, these lines would be insignificant enough. It appears, however, more probable, that they have a real signification, and in that event they imply a continuation of or a sequel to the poem of Walter, which we no longer possess, and which has shared the fate of the introductory narrative of the epopee.

CHAPTER XII.

WALTER OF AQUITANIA.

IV. PROVENÇAL ORIGIN OF THE POEM.

The links, by which the subject of the poem of the Walter of Aquitania is connected with that of the Nibelungen, appear already sufficiently manifest from several general data, common to both these epopees. Thus both, for example, take alike for granted the existence of a Germanic kingdom on the left bank of the Rhine, the capital of which is Worms, its chief a king called Gunther, the son of another king whose name is Gibich. The Hagano or Hagen of the Latin poem is identical with the Hagen of the Nibelungen. There is even this singular coincidence, that this latter personage occupies the second rank in both the poems, wherein he also figures as the adversary of the hero. The action, lastly, of the principal scenes in Walter and in the Nibelungen both is carried on in the same places, viz.: at the court of Attila and in the forests of the Vosges.

These points of coincidence, however, which we encounter in both these poems are of a vague and general order; there are others more precise and intimate, which it is important to indicate more in detail, and which indeed it is equally easy to establish.

The action of the Latin poem is by a number of years anterior to that of the Nibelungen; it is therefore in the latter, that we would be most likely to encounter traces of the connection which may subsist between the one and the other, and it is here where we do really find them to exist. The Nibelungen contain diverse allusions to the adventures of Walter—allusions, the tenor and value of which it is indispensable to estimate with proper circumspection.

I shall notice in the first place one, which belongs to the passage of the Nibelungen in which Chrimhild's first attempt to destroy Hagen is recounted. Hagen and Volker, as the reader may remember, have just seated themselves beneath the window of the queen, from no other motive than the pleasure

of defying her. Chrimhild dispatches four hundred warriors against them, and they are already advancing to assail them. But after having come into the presence of the two champions, their courage fails them; they begin to reason about the perils of the enterprise, and they at last mutually exhort each other to return as they had come. There is one, among others, who addresses his companion in the following terms:

"Were one to give me a heap of gold as high as yon tower, I should not be willing to attack that player of the flute, so great is the terror I read in his look. I also know Hagen, I have known him from my boyhood. Let them say what they may against that brave hero; I myself have seen him in twenty battles, which have made many a woman weep. Walter and he signalized themselves by grand exploits at the time, when they journeyed hither together, combating for King Attila's honor."*

This allusion attests in the most explicit manner, what the action of the Latin poem likewise supposes, to wit, that Walter and Hagen had long sojourned among the Huns and had fought together in the service of Attila. The following allusion enters still further into the subject of Walter:

We have seen that upon the entrance of the Burgundians into the court of Attila, Hagen and Dietrich of Verona were indulging in an exchange of friendly sentiments. I must add here a particular, which I considered myself at liberty to omit in a summary abstract of the Nibelungen. On perceiving Hagen in conversation with Dietrich, Attila is singularly struck with the appearance of the former, and inquires of those around him, who the chief of so martial a person might be. One of the servants of Chrimhild, who happens to be present, eagerly replies that the chief was Hagen of Troneg, the son of Aldrian. Whereupon Attila at once resumes:

"I knew Aldrian well, when he was my vassal; he acquired much renown and honor while in my service. I made him a knight, I gave him of my gold, and held him in high esteem on account of his fidelity. I also remember Hagen well. Walter of Spain and he, two noble boys, were my hostages, and attained their age of manhood at my court." *I sent back Hagen to his home, and Walter fled with Hildegunde.*† To this the poet

* This scene is from the xxixth Adventure, which the reader may consult either in the original or in Birch's translation. I add here the beginning of the passage:

Do sprach aber ein ander . dea selben han ich muot .
der mir gähe tverne . von rotem golde guot .
disen videläre . wolde ich niht bestan .
durch sine awinde bliche . die ich an im gesehen han .—*Ed.*

† This scene is described in the concluding verses of the xxviiith Adventure. The allusion to Walter is as follows:

adds, that the king while speaking thus was indulging in reveries on olden times, on events that had transpired long ago.

It is impossible to indicate the principal adventure of Walter in a more direct and explicit manner. This adventure, the elopement of the young hero with Hildegunde his affianced, constitutes the groundwork of the entire poem.

A third passage of the Nibelungen, relative to Walter, is equally precise and no less remarkable than the preceding, of which it may be called the complement and consummation, for it has reference to the dénouement of the poem. This passage is found near the end of the Nibelungen.

Before attacking Hagen with his arms in his hands, Dietrich exhorts him to surrender by promising him life and safety. Hagen declines, and Hildebrand, who is witness to the refusal, is amazed at it, and informs the haughty Burgundian, that he would have occasion to repent of it. An altercation then ensues between the two warriors. Hagen reproaches Hildebrand with having shortly before disgracefully withdrawn from combat. To this reproach Hildebrand retorts with another. "Who is the man," says he to him, "that remained tranquilly seated on his shield before the cave in the Vosges, while Walter of Spain was butchering so many of his friends?"*

From these different passages of the Nibelungen we may infer with certainty, that prior to the epoch (whatever it may be) in which this poem was composed, the Germans possessed a poetic fable, which was substantially the same with that of Walter the Aquitanian.

The author of the Nibelungen was familiar with this fable; it was present before his imagination in all those passages of his work which are analogous to it. His presupposing a general acquaintance with it authorizes us to believe, that it was in a Germanic dialect.

This fable was not, however, a mere translation or copy of the actual poem, but rather another version of the same subject with differences and variations in the accessory circumstances and details. The passages quoted from the Nibelungen, however rapid and imperfectly developed, still indicate several of these variations, and necessarily lead us to assume the existence of others.

Da ich wol erchenne . allez Hagenen sint .
ez wrden mine gisel . zwei wætlichiu kint .
er und von Spane Walther . die wohsen hic zeman .
Hagenen sande ich widere . Walther mit Hildegunde entran . —*Ed.*

* See the xxxviiith or last Adventure of the poem. The passage is as follows:

Do sprach meister Hildebrant . zwi verwizzet ir mir daz .
nu wer was der uf eime schilde . vor dem Waschen stein saz .
dò im von Span Walther . so vil der friunde sluoc .
ouch habt ir noch ze zeigen . an iu selben genuoc . —*Ed.*

Thus, for example, in the Latin poem Walter is called Walter of Aquitania, while in the Nibelungen his name is Walter of Spain.

In the former it is said, that Hagen fled from the court of Attila, where he had received the news of Gibich's death and of Gunther's accession to the throne of Burgundy. In the German poem Attila declares, that he himself had sent back Hagen to his home. In the latter poem the father of Hagen is called Aldrian, in the former Agacien.

To the author of the Nibelungen, Gunther is a Burgundian and king of the Burgundians; to the author of Walter, Gunther is of Frankish origin and king of the Franks.

Finally, in spite of the minuteness with which the former of these two authors enters into the details of Hagen's history, he yet makes not the slightest allusion to the loss of an eye, which the Burgundian warrior had sustained in his combat with the Aquitanian. This leads us to presume, that in the version of Walter's adventures, which was known to the German poet, the account of the combat in question was different from that of the Latin poem.

And the Nibelungen is not the only poem, in which Walter's name occurs. This personage figures likewise in a number of those songs, which enter into the composition of the "Heldenbuch," or Book of Heroes, and more especially in that which is entitled "The Garden of Roses." * But here, with a singular license of the popular muse, Walter figures as a champion of the Germanic race, as the companion in arms of Siegfried and Hagen, sustaining, in conjunction with them, the glory of the Burgundian name. This poetical naturalization of the Aquitanian warrior in Germany is another indication, from which, as well as from the above mentioned allusions of the Nibelungen, we may perceive the extent of the popularity, to which the history of this hero had attained on the other side of the Rhine.

The entire literature of the Germans, however, can show us at present neither a poem nor a fragment of one, of which Walter is properly the hero, and which dwells on his flight from the Huns or his combat with the twelve champions of Gunther. These poems have shared the fate of so many others. We find, however, in the Sagas of Iceland curious remains of the same legend.

The Wilkina-Saga contains a singular version of the legend of Walter, which I deem proper to communicate. It will not be

* Der Rosengarten, which the reader will find in the first volume of Von der Hagen's edition of the "Heldenbuch." Walther is introduced as combatant in the fifteenth rhapsody of the poem. On the two Gardens of Roses, compare "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," p. 23, 137–166.—*Ed.*

out of place, however, to say first a few words on the chronicle, of which they constitute a part.

This Wilkina-Saga * is one of the most singular compilations we can conceive of. The author has here collected, trimmed up and coördinated, in a more or less abridged form, all the poetic or romantic fictions, with which he was acquainted, and such as he was acquainted with them, that is to say, very much altered and disfigured. His design was to make one individual whole out of so many different pieces, cutting up and parcelling out the respective legends for the purpose of embodying them all, of blending and dissolving them into each other. Those of the North and those of Germany appear here interwoven and confounded with others from the South; that of Siegfried with that of Walter; those whose scene was laid in Spain with others, which had the heart of Scandinavia for their theatre.

It is generally believed, although without any decisive proofs, that this chronicle was composed about the year 1250, by a Norwegian scholar of Drontheim, by the name of Biorn, who was in the service of Hakon, the son of Hakon, king of Norway, who died in 1262, and who was famous for the zeal, with which he patronized the Icelandic translators of chivalric romances, at that time in the zenith of their popularity in Europe.

Biorn, or whoever else may have been the compiler of the Wilkina-Saga, has added a preface, which is curious enough for the traits of naïve simplicity in which it abounds. We there perceive, that he had collected all these fictions from a historical motive, and that he regarded them as true. He gravely endeavors to explain, why the heroes of those olden times had such superior swords and such strong arms. He does indeed find something a little strange and supernatural in the exploits and qualities of those heroes. "But God," he observes, "could easily give them all this and even half besides."

The most interesting trait of this preface, in a literary and historical point of view, is the indication of the sources from which the compiler of the Wilkina-Saga had derived his materials. He expressly declares that he had adopted something from the popular songs of the Scandinavians, but he at the same time confesses to have borrowed and translated the largest portion of his work from German sources, and the character and contents of his compilation confirm the truth of his testimony on this point.

* The Wilkina-Saga, with a Latin translation, was published by John Peringskiold, Stockholm, 1705. An account of this Saga in Müller's "Sagabibliothek," vol. ii. A German version of it is in Von der Hagen's "Nordische Heldenromane," vols. i., ii., and iii.—*Ed.*

Now, among the Germanic materials of the Wilkina-Saga we must undoubtedly include a particular version of the history of Walter the Aquitanian. Walter is a person in every respect foreign to the real traditions of the North, to those, which form the groundwork of the Edda, of the Volsunga-Saga, and of the remaining Scandinavian monuments anterior to the year 1250, which may be regarded as the approximative date of the Wilkina-Saga. This Saga, the first and the only one, in which Walter figures, can be nothing more than a translation of a German narrative (at present no longer extant) of the adventures of the Aquitanian hero, and this narrative may, to a certain extent, be represented by this translation.

According to this chronicle, Walter is neither an Aquitanian nor the son of an Aquitanian king. He is the nephew of Hermanrick, and his history is linked from beginning to end to that of the latter, which occupies a conspicuous place in the chronicle.

Samson of Salerno, a knight of prodigious strength and courage, who has indeed the air of a poetic representative of one of the Norman conquerors of Sicily—this Samson becomes king of Pouille and of several other countries, which he had conquered by dint of his valor. Hermanrick is the son of Samson; he succeeds him after his death, adds many new conquests to those he has inherited, and becomes the most powerful monarch of his time. Among the number of his conquests are entire Italy, Greece, and a considerable portion of Spain, rich countries, full of flourishing cities, among which there is one, which the Northern romancer designates by the strange and embarrassing name of Waskastein or of Sarcastein, without giving us any explicit information, to which of those countries it belongs. It is to all appearances from this fantastic city, that Walter derives the surname of Wasikhanstein, which he bears in the Icelandic chronicle, and to which I shall have again occasion to advert.

Hermanrick and Attila enter into a mutual alliance, and on this occasion send each other hostages. Attila gives Hermanrick twelve chevaliers, with Osid, his nephew, at their head. Hermanrick on his part furnished to the king of the Huns twelve other chevaliers, and among them Walter, the son of one of his sisters, then only four years old.

Walter had already been three years at the court of Attila, when Ilias, the count of Greece, likewise obliged, I knew not for what reason, to give hostages to the king of the Huns, sent him his daughter Hildegunde, seven years of age, which at that time was precisely that of Walter.

At this same epoch there also resided at the court of Attila a personage of the name of Hagen; but the latter was not a

hostage, and it appears not even a stranger. He was simply a warrior chief in the service of Attila.

Walter and Hildegunde fell in love with each other at their first interview, and they continued their attachment without the knowledge of Attila, until one day, while walking together in the royal garden, where there was a festival and ball, the two lovers concerted a plan of elopement and of mutual flight into the kingdom of Hermanrick. I propose to give the rest of the story in the language of the German romancer, or rather of his Scandinavian translator. The reader will thus become enabled to form a better conception of the character of this version, than he could acquire from an abstract, which might easily become tainted with a tinge of superfluous irony.

"King Attila did not become apprised of the elopement of the two lovers until the moment when they were already at a great distance from Susat (his capital). They carried a large quantity of gold and precious things away with them, and they fled together without having communicated anything about their project to any of their friends, however intimate.

"No sooner had the king become assured of the escape of Walter and Hildegunde, than he commanded twelve of his men to pursue them. 'Bring me back all the gold that they have robbed me of,' said he, 'and Walter's head into the bargain.' Among these twelve men there was one who called himself Hagen, the son of Aldrian. The twelve knights pursued the fugitives with lively speed and soon got within sight of them.*

"Walter instantly leaps boldly from his steed, deposits Hildegunde and his treasure on the ground, then mounts upon his saddle again, puts on his helmet and begins to brandish his lance. 'My lord,' says Hildegunde, thereupon, his lady-love, to him, 'it is a pity that thou alone shouldst combat these twelve knights; flee rather and save thy life.' 'My lady,' was his reply, 'do not weep. Full many a time have I erewhile beheld cleaving of helmets, sundering of shields, cutting of hauberks and knights dropping headless from their chargers; nay, I myself have even done all this with my own hands. I shall soon have done with these twelve warriors.'

"Having spoken thus, he spurs on his steed in front of them, and this was the beginning of a rough conflict; but the combat was already finished before nightfall. Walter had been severely wounded, but he had slain eleven of the chevaliers. Hagen alone had escaped and concealed himself in the forest.

"Walter returned to his lady and remained in the wood with

* This account of "Valther af Vaskasteen" is contained in the 85th, 86th, and 87th chapters of the Saga. Compare also Müller's remarks in his "Sagabibliothek," vol. ii., p. 189–199.—*Ed.*

her. Having elicited sparks from two flints, he lighted a large fire, on which he roasted the haunch of a wild boar. Hildegunde and himself then sat down to eat, and they continued until they had consumed all but the bones. While this was passing, Hagen emerged from his place of concealment, and advanced with sword in hand toward the place, where Walter was seated before the fire. He hoped to kill him; but Hildegunde said to Walter: 'Take care of thyself! Lo, there comes one of the enemies, whom thou hast combated to-day.' Walter then grasps the bone of the boar, which he had just been picking, and hurling it at Hagen, strikes him with such violence, that he falls prostrate to the ground. But Hagen remains in this position but an instant; he rises, and mounting his charger again gallops off, to render an account of his expedition to Attila, his royal master.

"Walter on his part likewise gets to horse again, and continues to ride on with Hildegunde toward the south, across the mountains, until he arrives in the kingdom of Hermanrick."

We perceive, that this narrative is substantially the same with that of the Latin poem on Walter of Aquitania, and with that other, to which allusion is made in the song of the Nibelungen. But in regard to the accessories and details of these three narratives, there are striking and singular discrepancies. It appears to me especially evident, that the Scandinavian version could not have directly emanated from either of the other two. The points on which it differs from them are salient and numerous.

It is, however, remarkable enough to find in this Scandinavian version certain particulars, which seem to have left their imprint on the version known to the author of the Nibelungen —a circumstance, which would lead us to infer, that the former is older than the latter. The Scandinavian version, for example, contains a peculiarity, which enables us to explain with plausible accuracy, why Walter, who in the Latin poem is Walter of Aquitania, becomes Walter of Spain in the Nibelungen. I have already remarked, that in the Wilkina-Saga Hermanrick is represented as ruler over twelve principal cities of Spain. And it was to all appearances on account of some circumstance relative to these twelve cities, or to some one of them, that Walter, the nephew of Hermanrick, received, in the Germanic traditions, the surname of Walter of Spain, which was retained by the author of the Nibelungen.

But whatever may be the value of this conjecture, or of those which might be made concerning the remaining variants of Walter's surname, it is manifest, that the Scandinavian version of the history of the Aquitanian hero, when compared with the

Latin redaction of the same is nothing more than a barbarous travesty, an arid résumé, destitute of all the interest and charm, by which the details of the latter are pervaded. A poetic fable, however, can only become altered to such an extent and lose so much of its primitive tenor by a traditional circulation of a long period, and this always presupposes a great popularity. And this is an additional reason to believe, that the adventures of Walter of Aquitania were very popular in Germany from an epoch, probably very near that of the composition of the poem, until the thirteenth century.

And this history did not remain within the confines of Germany; it found its way even to the Slavic nations, who modified or remodelled it after their fashion and appropriated it. Boguphali, bishop of Posen, who died in 1253, wrote a chronicle of Poland, in which he gravely inserted the adventures of Walter as a fact in its national history.*

According to this chronicle, there was "once upon a time" a famous chevalier, by the name of Walter the Strong, possessor of the fortress of Tyneg, in the environs of Cracow. This Walter, while yet in his youth, had crossed the Rhine and had lived for a long time at the court of I know not what king of the Franks, where there was at the same time another young prince, Allman by name, who had come there to acquire the polish of courtly manners.

This prince sued for the hand of Helgunda, the daughter of the Frankish king; but the latter could not comply with his request. Walter had already found favor in her eyes; she loved him and had consented to elope with him to Poland.

The slighted prince, however, having discovered the project of the two lovers, was firmly resolved to thwart them. Returning with all possible speed to his own country, on the banks of the Rhine, he gives orders to all the boatmen, that they should not convey to the opposite bank any man, that might arrive in company with a woman, for less than a marc of gold as the price of passage, and without instantly informing the king of the event.

And accordingly when Walter arrived at the bank of the stream and demanded a passage, he was asked a marc of gold and a courier was at once dispatched to convey the intelligence to the king. Walter, not having a marc of gold about him to pay for his passage, crossed the river on horseback with Helgunda behind him. But when he had arrived on the other side, he there found Allman in arms, and a terrible combat ensued immediately between the two rivals. As long as the

* Bishop Boguphali's travesty of the story of Walter is contained in his "Chronicon Poloniæ," which forms a part of the "Rerum Silesicarum Scriptores," vol. 1st.—*Ed.*

prince saw Helgunda before him, and while Walter was fighting with his back to her, the former had the advantage over the latter. But when Walter was driven back, so as to have in his turn Helgunda before him, he cast his eyes upon her, and at the sight of her his strength and fury were augmented to such a degree, that he slew his adversary, and then pursued his journey without any further molestation.

Up to this point we still recognize a travesty of Walter of Aquitania in this history. But in the whole of the sequel these Polish traditions do not appear to have the slightest connection either with the Latin poem concerning Walter, or with its different Germanic versions, and I have consequently nothing further to say about them.

These are the most unequivocal indications, which I have been able to discover in the Teutonic literature of the Middle Age, concerning the knowledge and the fate of the poem of Walter in Germany. Thus far this poem exhibits every appearance of a work composed by and for the benefit of Germans; and to these first data respecting the origin of the work, it is necessary to add a circumstance, which up to the present day has been deemed sufficient to augment their weight in the minds of many. The earliest manuscripts, from which the poem of Walter was first made known to the literary world, were discovered in some of the libraries of Germany.

The first of these manuscripts, which in the course of the last century was found in the archives of one of the Bavarian monasteries, was designated to be a production of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. And this is all correct. A hundred and sixteen verses, however, are wanting at the end.

But the greatest curiosity about this manuscript is, that about the year 1780 it fell into the hands of one Jonathan Fischer, who published it at Leipsic in a small quarto volume. To this he added a large medley of notes—most of them superfluous, to say the least—and a preface of admiration, in which he exhibits very little more *esprit* or discrimination, than in the notes.

A year or two after, Frederick Molter discovered a second manuscript of Walter, in the ducal library at Carlsruhe. This was not only complete, but invaluable on account of its antiquity. All those, who saw it then, and who have seen it since, are of the unanimous opinion, that it is of the ninth century. From this manuscript Molter made a bad translation of the poem into German verse, which he published in 1782. In 1792, twelve years after the publication of Fischer's incomplete text, this same editor added the conclusion of the poem from the manuscript of Carlsruhe.

At the time, when these discoveries and publications were going on in Germany, the interest, which the literary monuments of the Middle Age, both national and foreign, were then inspiring in Germany, was as yet confined to a very limited circle of learned men, generally without any critical discrimination or guiding ideas, who had scarcely a suspicion of the manner, in which these monuments are to be studied, and who not even distinctly knew, what to look for in them. They consequently bestowed very little care either upon the text or upon the translation of the poem of Walter; and no one ever thought of assigning to this composition a definite place in the literary history of the Middle Age.

Some years after, however, when the history of this literature became the object of more general interest and a favorite subject of research among many men of distinguished talent, who endeavored to bring philosophy to the aid of erudition, and who were accustomed to consider the different departments of the history of humanity from a sufficiently elevated point of view, to discover the links, by which they are connected together, so as in fact to form but one and the same history—it was then, I say, that the Latin poem of Walter began to attract more general attention. The different points, by which the action, which constitutes its subject, is brought in contact with that of the Nibelungen, and through the latter with the ensemble of the poetic traditions of Germany, were then for the first time recognized and appreciated. No one now hesitated to perceive in this poem a translation from an original in the Germanic dialect, which like the Heldenbuch and the Nibelungen constituted part and parcel of the ancient national poetry of the Germans.

But notwithstanding all this, a more careful consideration of certain peculiarities, of certain traits, and even of the general spirt of the work, would have led to many an objection to this verdict. I shall here only indicate one; and this is not even the most serious.

The manuscripts of the poem of Walter, which were discovered in Germany, do not offer us any indication repecting the author of this poem. But the style of the work presents certain peculiarities, which, properly distinguished and appreciated, ought to have led to some doubts in regard to the validity of the opinion, which attributes this work to a German author. In spite of his solemn pretensions to a correct and elegant latinity, the versifier of the adventures of Walter of Aquitania has suffered certain barbarisms and forms of expression or phrases, which are foreign to the genius of the Latin language, to escape his pen. These very faults, however, since they unquestionably

proceeded from the vernacular idiom of the author, might furnish us some light in regard to his country.

The words of barbaric origin, which occur in the text of the work in question are not numerous; they do not exceed twelve. Two, at the most, may be of Germanic extraction, though they are likewise found in the Neo-Latin languages. Two are Celtic; and as for the rest, we do not know exactly, to what language to refer them. It seems, however, more proper and nearer the truth, to attribute them to some one of those ancient idioms of Gaul, which are now for the most part lost, than to the ancient Germanic dialects, of which considerable remains are yet extant. In support of the former conjecture we may bring another one, still more plausible.

Besides the barbarisms of individual words, which occur in the text of Walter, there are others, which have reference to its phraseology and style. Now, the majority of these are in accordance with the genius of the Romansh idioms, and apparently could have only emanated from the pen of a man, who was accustomed to think and feel in some one of these idioms. From all this it would appear to have been more natural to attribute the poem on Walter of Aquitania to an Italian, a Spaniard, or a Gallo-Roman, than to a German.

But at the present day, there is no longer any room for conjecture on this point. Two additional manuscripts of the poem in question, recently discovered, the one in Belgium, in the Municipal Library of Brussels, the other at Paris, in the Royal Library, have made the author of this composition known to us with certainty. The manuscript of Brussels designates a monk of the Abbey of Fleury, or of Saint Benedict on the Loire, by the name of Gerald, as the author, and this statement is confirmed and developed by the manuscript of the Royal Library.

In the latter of these manuscripts, the text of the poem is preceded by a dedication of twenty-two leonine verses of the most insipid and semi-barbarous description. The author of this dedication asserts himself to be also that of the poem, and gives his name as Gerald. Though not appearing expressly in the quality of monk, he still gives us to understand, with sufficient clearness, that he really was one. Gerald dedicates his work to one of his ecclesiastical brethren, Archambauld or Erkambaldus by name, to whom he gives the title of bishop. "Do not misapprehend," says he to him, "this little book; it is not the glory of God that is celebrated in it, but the marvellous exploits of a warrior called Walter, who was maimed in several combats."

We thus perceive it to be a clearly and fully established fact, that the poem of Walter of Aquitania was composed on

the banks of the Loire, near the confines of Frankish Gaul and the Aquitania of the Middle Age, and composed by a monk by the name of Gerald, whose vernacular idiom we have every reason to assert to have been a Romansh idiom, and more probably that of the South than that of the North.

It is much more difficult to determine the date of this composition. I have just said that the author had a brother bishop or archbishop, whom he calls Archambauld. This circumstance might furnish us a clue to the discovery of the epoch in question, provided we had a complete list of the bishops of Frankish Gaul; it might be possible, perhaps, to distinguish among all the bishops, who bore this by no means uncommon name of Archambauld, the particular one to whom this monk Gerald dedicated his verses. But in the present catalogue of bishops, as given in the "Gallia Christiana," I have found but one of the name of Archambauld or Erchenbaldus, and this was the bishop of Strasbourg in 960.

If, as the scholars of Germany maintain, the manuscript of Walter at the library of Carlsruhe is really of the ninth century, it is manifest that the Erchenbaldus, to whom this work was dedicated, must have lived at least a century and a half before the personage designated as the bishop of Strasbourg in 960; and there are other reasons, which induce us to consider the poem in question of an earlier date than the middle of the tenth century. The thoroughly classical and even Virgilian pretensions of the author betray an epoch much nearer to the time of Charlemagne and the restoration of Latin letters, which took place under the auspices of this emperor.

Fischer, on the other hand, the first editor of the poem, undoubtedly goes back too far, when he refers the date of its composition to the sixth century. The inaccuracies and incongruities of the author's style are of a character which befits the ninth century much better than the sixth. At the latter epoch, the Latin, although already very much degenerated, was still in general use, and it was yet much easier to avoid the influence of the popular idioms.

But whatever may have been the epoch of Gerald the monk, there is one thing more certain and more important to be established. It is, that this monk was not exactly the author of the poem; as he invented neither the action nor the actors. All that he did was, to reduce to verse, and, at the utmost, to amplify with some ornaments, some classical accessories, a story of a more ancient date and of a more popular tone. This is a fact which monk Gerald himself seems to acknowledge, implicitly at least, toward the close of his work. He concludes with an epilogue of four verses, in which he informs us that what he

has related concerning the adventures of Walter was but the smallest part of them—was, in fact, nothing more than the beginning. During the thirty years of his alleged reign, the hero is supposed to have waged other wars and to have accomplished other prodigies of valor, in the enumeration of which our monkish versifier assures us, that he had not the courage to engage. Two verses at the end, which have the appearance of being a postscript of the copyist, likewise contain an allusion to the ancient popularity of the Aquitanian hero: "This," says he, "is the poem of Walter, a man celebrated for his exploits, but terrible."

The question now arises: When, and in what language, was this first history of Walter composed, which served as a basis to the poem of Gerald? Was it in the Romansh idiom? Was it in the Latin?

To all these questions we can only reply by conjectures, but these conjectures we shall probably be able to support by subsequent investigations. For the present I can only announce them in the most general manner, and I shall confine myself to the simple statement, that the earliest history of Walter must have been written in the course of the seventh century, and in Aquitania. Its language was probably the vulgar or semi-barbarous Latin, which was then still spoken or understood in that country. The peculiarities of style, which we have already noticed in the later version, are in all probability the relics of this popular original, which, as idiomatic forms of the vernacular Romansh, occasionally break through the pedantic pomp of the monkish translation or redaction.

But whatever may have been the character of this lost original of Walter, it seems to me that we can scarcely set it entirely aside in an examination of the questions to which the latter may give rise. This point being granted, I proceed at once to broach the most interesting of these questions. "Is there, and in what sense can there be said to be, any historical event at the foundation or in the accessories of the poem concerning Walter?"

The subject of the poem presents itself in the shape of an episode, as an incident of the grand expedition of Attila into Gaul, which took place in the year 450. This expedition is even briefly described in the first hundred verses of the epos, but this is done in a very unhistorical manner.

The Burgundians, whom the author already supposes to be established on the Saône, were then still in possession of the tract of country situate between the Rhine and the Vosges. It is true, that in that situation they offered an impediment to the progress of Attila, but they did not treat with him, nor did

they give him any hostages; they were not even exposed to the perplexity of deliberation. Suddenly assailed by the Huns, they were almost completely exterminated, and among the lost was their chief Gundikaire, who, according to the German scholars, was the same personage with the Gunther of the Nibelungen.

From the banks of the Rhine Attila advanced toward the west; but he did not penetrate into Aquitania, nor did he even pass the Loire. Having laid siege to Orleans, he was obliged to raise it at the approach of Aëtius, and to retreat as far as the plains of Châlons on the Marne, on which the famous battle was fought, in which he was completely defeated and obliged to evacuate the country without receiving any hostages, either from Aquitania or from any other province.

The greater part of Aquitania was then still governed by Roman officers, and still constituted a part of the empire. It was therefore only by a romantic fiction, that the author of Walter could have made of this country in 450 a separate kingdom, with a prince-chief of its own by the name of Alfier. The details of the former, therefore, offer us nothing that is properly historical relative to Attila's great occidental expedition. But there are historians who admit a second invasion of the same country by the same conqueror. In support of this opinion they adduce the testimony of Jornandes, who is indeed very explicit on this point. This historian asserts, without any hesitation, that Attila, burning to revenge himself of his defeat at Châlons, on the Visigoths and on the Alani, who as auxiliaries of the empire were then settled on the left bank of the Loire, entered into Gaul a second time; and on this occasion he might have penetrated into the heart Aquitania. But Thorismund, then king of the Visigoths, hastening to his encounter, is said to have defeated and repulsed him again.

It is not my business here to discuss the value of the testimony of Jornandes, in order to establish a fact, concerning which no other historian says a single word. I have but one observation to make, and it is this, that, even if we were inclined to regard this second expedition as true as it is improbable, the historical allusions contained in the poem of Walter will not square with it any better than with the first.

There is, therefore, nothing, either in the accessories or in the main groundwork of the poem, which could be admitted as historical, unless it be the fact itself of Attila's expedition into Gaul, in its most general and abstract form. But it is manifest that the poet did not propose the delineation of this event, on which he scarcely ever dwells, as the principal object of his composition; he only wanted to make it the basis, the frame-

work of his real subject, which presents itself to us with all the appearances of a poetic fiction.

But this very fiction may have a historical aim or motive. Poetry, and more especially the epopee, though outside of the limits of history, is never entirely detached from it. Whatever it invents, it almost invariably invents for some historical design, in order to celebrate some actual facts, some grand event, some conspicuous personage, some memorable epoch in the life of a nation.

Supposing now the poem of Walter to have originated in a similar motive, it is important that we should examine into the nature of this motive.

The hero of the poem, Walter, is a Gallo-Roman of Aquitania, from the country beyond the Loire, and in order that there might be nothing equivocal about the design of the poet, who wishes to distinguish him from the Germans, he makes him speak Celtic, and represents a Frank as reproaching him for belonging to a race which was naturally given to merriment and buffoonery—a characteristic at that time generally attributed to the Aquitanians, and especially to the Vascones, who were then the leaders of the *ton* in Aquitania.

From the beginning of the poem to the end of it, Walter is represented as the enemy of the Franks, as distrustful of them, and as professing toward them the contempt of a civilized man toward uncouth barbarians. When designating them collectively and in a general manner, he calls them bandits and brigands of Franks (*Franci nebulones*), and he makes many a haughty allusion to their cupidity and love of plunder. He indeed treats with their king, Gunther, for a moment, not however as with a redoubted adversary, but as with a robber, who had taken him at an advantage, and whom it was possible and expedient to get rid of with a little gold.

But it is especially in point of martial prowess, that the singer of Walter represents his hero as superior to the Germans. Twelve of Gunther's most valiant champions have come in pursuit of him, in order to plunder him. Seven of them assail him, one after the other, and every one of them falls in the combat, which we might be inclined to find too unequal for the glory of the conqueror. At last the three remaining champions, seconded by their king, assail the invincible Aquitanian all at once; but they only fight to meet with the fate of their seven comrades in arms, and Gunther can only save himself by a precipitate flight.

Hagen, the murderer of Siegfried the hero of the Nibelungen, the warrior, whom certain Germanic fables make the son of an evil genius or demon, in order to account for his fero-

cious disposition, his bravery and his prodigious strength—Hagen is the only one among the Franks capable of confronting Walter, and yet he does not venture to challenge him to single combat; he joins King Gunther in order to attack him, and the two Franks united can obtain no advantage over the Aquitanian. Finally, as if for the purpose of insuring the rank of the latter on a still firmer basis, the poet proclaims him through the mouth of Hagen himself as the strongest and most valiant of warriors.

There is nothing in all this, I repeat it, which could be considered as positively historical. But it is even more difficult not to perceive in all this a marked poetical intention, the more or less direct, the more or less vague expression of some event or fact. It can not be without design, and as it were by hazard, that a poet, a writer of romances, a subject of the Franks, and perhaps himself of Frankish origin, in bringing personages of the conquered race in collision with personages from among the conquerors, should have exalted the former at the expense of the latter. It may be assumed as a general truth, that epic poetry has always wished to do what it appears to have done. Unless this were so, it would be impossible to connect its history with that of humanity.

This being taken for granted, it is not difficult to divine the prime intention or the principal motive of the poem of Walter. It was the author's design to celebrate some conspicuous personage of Aquitania, some chief of the tribes south of the Loire, opposed in point of interest and situation to the Franks, who were the rulers of the rest of Gaul. But although the hypothesis, thus announced, is extremely probable, it is also very vague, and I confess, that it appears to me impossible to establish it in such a manner as to give entire satisfaction.

At the epoch in which the action of the poem is supposed to have taken place, the Visigoths were not yet masters of the whole of Aquitania; they only occupied the southern strip of it. But, setting aside historical precision on this point, there would be certain reasons to suspect that the first—that is to say, the veritable author of Walter—might really have been a Gallo-Roman or a Visigoth inspired with the idea of celebrating the glory of the exploits of the Visigoths. This people acted a distinguished part in the invasion of Attila, and contributed more than any other to the winning of the battle at Châlons. We know, moreover, that from the very moment at which they were brought in contact with the Franks, the Visigoths had become their adversaries. Beaten once at Vouglé by Clovis, they had exacted more than one revenge for this defeat, and

had maintained themselves in Septimania in spite of all the attempts on the part of the Merovingians to dislodge them.

There is something in these general data, which at first view seems to square tolerably well with the historical motive of the poem of Walter. But these data cannot be separated from others, which do not lend themselves so readily to the same supposition. It cannot be admitted, for example, that a poet writing for the purpose of enhancing the glory of the Visigoths, should have represented them as paying tribute and giving hostages to Attila, especially as they were those who claimed, and not without just cause, the best part of the honor won by his defeat. Finally, the care with which the panegyrist of Walter characterizes him, as an Aquitanian, as a man of the Celtic race and tongue, does not permit us to attribute to this panegyrist the project of celebrating a Visigothic chief, any more than a Frankish one. It was undoubtedly his design to extol the glory of a Gaul, of a hero of Gallo-Roman origin or sympathy.

Among the historical personages of the fifth century, who by their exploits against the Barbarians acquired a certain popular celebrity in the empire, and more particularly in Gaul, there are three, who at first sight might appear to have been able to inspire the author of Walter with some such idea. These were the famous Aëtius, Ecdicius the Arvernian, son of the emperor Avitus, one of the last of the *magistri equitum* of the empire, and Count Ægidius, the father of Syagrius, the last Roman chief in Gaul, who was conquered by Clovis.

The boyhood of Aëtius was similar in every respect to that of Walter the Aquitanian. Surrendered to Attila as a hostage, he was educated at his court, received his first lessons in the art of war there, and contracted relations with the Huns, which exercised a great influence on his subsequent career and destiny as general of the empire.

Ecdicius, who was from the country of the Arverni, and consequently an Aquitanian, made heroic efforts to defend his country against Euric, the formidable king of the Visigoths. And he was also victorious, as long as it was possible for him to fight. But the Arverni were abandoned to the Barbarians, whom they had always repulsed, by the empire itself.

As for Count Ægidius, every one knows that he was the last of the Roman chiefs that were victorious in Gaul. Successively the ally, the king and the enemy of the Franks, his relations with them were of so complicated and singular a character, that history has never as yet unravelled them completely.

The careers of these three personages unquestionably present phases, by which it seems that each of them might have become

the hero of a poem like that of Walter. But each of these three suppositions has also its improbable sides, and I could not seriously adopt any one of them.

It now remains to hazard but one more conjecture—a conjecture still very vague and unsatisfactory, but nevertheless the only one which I can here consent to notice. It is connected with a long series of events, which, for want of space to indicate them all, I am obliged to sum up in a single fact.

From the end of the sixth to the end of the ninth centuries, the history of the Gallo-Roman tribes south of the Loire and the Garonne was but a long succession of struggles against the domination of the Franks—of struggles which were scarcely and but incompletely suspended during the energetic reign of Charlemagne. The first chiefs of these tribes, in this warlike opposition, were men of the country, Gallo-Romans. These were, however, soon joined by other chiefs of the Merovingian race, who assumed the title of dukes of Aquitania, and were in this position the natural enemies of the Franks, then masters of the territory north of the Loire.

Seconded with energy and enthusiasm by the tribes and powerful nobles of the country, they rapidly wrested from the last Merovingians all the provinces situate on the Garonne and Loire, and even the cantons on the left bank of the latter of these rivers.

It was the great task of the Carlovingians, after their accession to power, to reconquer all these provinces and the completion of this task by Pepin, after ten years of a war which absorbed all his forces, all his courage and all his military genius, constituted his chief glory.

Charlemagne, having become heir to Aquitania reconquered, had no idea of incorporating a country so rebellious, so passionately fond of its independence, into the mass of his states. He allowed it to remain, as he did Italy, a separate kingdom, to which he assigned a special task, the noble task of coping with the Arabs, and of forcing them back from the southern base of the Pyrenees to the opposite side of the Ebro. But after the death of Charlemagne, Aquitania resumed its natural position; it again commenced to make war upon the Frankish monarchy, and ended by disengaging itself anew. It was this province that gave the signal for the general dismemberment of the Carlovingian empire.

This struggle of four centuries gave rise to the development of an Aquitanian nationality, an Aquitanian pride and interests, which made themselves felt in all the great political changes of Gaul, in opposition to the government, that had originated in the Frankish conquest. A rivalry and antipathies became

established between the two nations, in consequence of which neither of them saw anything but absurdities or vices in the distinctive peculiarities of the other. In the eyes of the Franks, the Aquitanians were a frivolous, conceited, corrupt and pleasure-greedy set of men. To the Aquitanians, the Franks were barbarians, men of gross and ferocious passions, ignorant of every art but that of warfare and of pillage. I have already adduced several curious examples of this antipathy, which belong to the end of the tenth century; but it is evident that the contrast and the hatred between the two people must have been still greater at the epochs of their struggle.

But, to return now to the poem of Walter, it appears to me, that if there is anything in the poem in question which might be construed into an allusion, however vague, to certain historical events, the allusion ought to have reference to this ancient struggle between the Aquitanians and Franks. If it was the main intention of the poet to celebrate the glory and the valor of some military leader, it seems to me, that this leader could only be one of the sovereign dukes of Aquitania, who acquired renown in Gaul, from the end of the sixth to the middle of the eighth conturies.

Of all these chiefs Waifer, the brave antagonist of Pepin, is the most celebrated, and it is to him that our thoughts are first directed in searching for the hero of our poem among the Aquitanian princes. The leading characteristics of the poem, however, appear to me to contain something, that can only be attributed to a personage of a more ancient date than that of Waifer. I should be more inclined to regard Walter as the poetic representative of some one of these earlier Gallo-Roman dukes of Wasconia or Aquitaine, who took advantage of the decline of the Merovingian monarchy, in order to reconquer from it all the territory included between the Loire and the Pyrenees.

But whatever may be the value of these conjectures, which I shall not pursue any further for fear of becoming tedious, the points, which may be regarded as established with reference to the poem of Walter, are, that this poem is a Gallo-Roman production of a date anterior to the ninth century; that it was early known, and for a long time popular in Germany, where it met with the fate of all popular poetry; that in other words it underwent numerous modifications, of which the last were the greatest and the grossest. It has furthermore been shown, that the unknown author of the Nibelungen must have had before him one of the Germanic versions of this poem when he composed his own. It is less certain, but nevertheless extremely probable, that the Gallo-Roman author of Walter possessed, on

his part, some acquaintance with the poetic traditions of the Germans concerning the tragical adventures of the Nibelungen. His character of Hagen, though divested of some of its asperities, is essentially the same as that of the latter and there is no evidence, that he himself was the inventor of this character. Finally, it follows from all this, that literary communications existed between Gaul and Germany, as early as the ninth century.

Germany and Norway, however, were not the only parts of Europe, where the legend of Walter the Aquitanian was so extensively known and popular during the Middle Age; it is certain, that this legend was scarcely any less renowned in Italy, or at any rate in certain parts of Italy than in the North.

We still possess fragments of an extensive chronicle of the monastery of Novalèse, at the foot of Mount Cenis, which was composed about the year 1060, by an anonymous monk of that monastery. This monk quotes certain ancient biographies of the principal abbots or friars of his monastery. Several of these biographies were, according to his own account, already lost at the time he wrote, and he only knew them from the traditions of the convent; but others were still extant, and had furnished him the materials for his chronicle. He had also in his possession a copy of the poem of Walter, in the shape in which it is still known to us, and gives an abstract of it in prose, in which he occasionally interweaves a verse from the text.

But this is not all. Independently of these extracts, the author of the chronicle relates concerning an ancient monk, whose name was likewise Walter, diverse traditions, which he had collected either from the inmates of the monastery itself, or from the mouth of the inhabitants of the surrounding localities. According to these curious traditions, this monk Walter was the same personage, that had gone through the adventures enumerated in the poem. It was a warrior of royal descent, renowned everywhere for his uncommon strength and bravery. After a reign of many years and exhibitions of prowess without number, this warrior, resolved thenceforward to occupy himself exclusively with heaven, had assumed the habit and the staff of a pilgrim, and had gone abroad, visiting all the monasteries, in search of one well regulated and sufficiently austere, where it was his intention to remain in retirement for the rest of his days. He had already wandered over many a country, when he at last arrived at the monastery of Novalèse, which he at once selected as his place of seclusion, and where, as the humblest of all the brethren, he solicited the post of gardener.

He continued to reside there for a long time, leading a life of holy devotion, but nevertheless finding from time to time

occasion for giving proof of his former bravery. Having been sent one day, for example, against a band of robbers, who had plundered the monastery of a portion of its harvest-crop, he exterminated them all without any other weapon except the shoulder of a calf, which he found grazing in the field, and which he dislimbed with the most admirable dexterity.

He had thrice, himself alone, repulsed a flood of Saracens, who had come to assail the monastery. The chronicler of Novalèse also relates, that there was, and that he himself had seen, in the adjacent parts, a certain marble column in ruins. He adds that the villagers, the people of the place, called the column the "hit-a-blow of Walter," because the latter had sent it prostrate to the ground by a blow with his fist.*

All these traditions and others, from which I will save the reader, can scarcely be conceived in any other sense than as reminiscences, as a popular echo, not of the poem of Walter, but of the ancient romantic legend concerning the same personage in Latin or Romansh prose, of which, as we have already seen, the present poem was but a part, but the commencement. Among the lives of the celebrated monks of the monastery of Novalèse, which our monastic chronicler alleges to have formerly existed there, and to have been subsequently lost, was that of monk Walter. There is everything to warrant the supposition, that this pretended life was nothing more than the fabulous legend of the Aquitanian hero in its primitive form. The author, according to the conventional usage of his age, had undoubtedly made Walter end his days in a monastery, and probably in the very one at Novalèse. For the historian of this monastery gives us the remarkable piece of information, worth our notice here, that there was always to be found there a goodly number of illustrious personages from various parts of Gaul. At Novalèse, as elsewhere, Walter may have been regarded as a real personage, the legend as a veritable history, and as soon as the romance was once lost or forgotten, the traditions, which survived it in the monastery and in the country, could easily have become disfigured to the extent in which we find them, toward the middle of the eleventh century.

* To these fictions concerning Walter, the Frenchman Rochex adds a still more curious one, and makes the hero a Hungarian! "Ce Waltharius étoit Ongre de nation . . . connétable d'Ongrie. . . . il eut une sainte dame pour femme, première dame de la reine d'Ongrie. . . ils se résolurent d'abandonner la cour. . . . ils en sortirent donc secrètement, la femme habillée en habit d'homme, et se vinrent rendre à l'abbé, qui étoit alors à la Novalèse. . . . il leur demanda, quelle étoit leur profession; ils répondirent avec respect, qu'ils ne sçavoient que celle de jardinier. . . . Cette femme, toujours tenue pour un homme, passa plus de cent années de vie dans cette abbaye en grande opinion de sainteté, là où elle finit ses jours. . . . et il est de croire, qu'elle fût reconnue étant morte, et que son mary raconta ce qu'ils étoyent."—*Ed.*

It is to Muratori that we are indebted for the publication of the fragments, which I have quoted from the chronicle of Novalèse.* They constitute a part of his extensive collection of original authorities on the history of Italy, which appeared during the course of the last century. The scholars of Italy at first paid no attention to these fragments. But immediately after the publication of the text of the poem on Walter, they began to occupy themselves with the investigation of the subject; and as they then found the documents and traditions, relative to this personage, in Italy, at the foot of Mount Cenis, they readily persuaded themselves that he must have been an Italian, and that the poem, of which he was the hero, had been composed in Italy.

In 1784, Count Napione of Turin, a littérateur of some note, published in a large biographical work on illustrious Piedmontese a notice of the chronicle of Novalèse and of its author, in which notice he naturally had occasion to speak of the poem of Walter.† He does not hesitate to attribute this poem to the chronicle of Novalèse, assigns the year 800 as the probable date of its composition, and represents it as the first tentative, and, as it were, the archetype of the chivalric romance, thus claiming for Italy the honor of this poetic invention.‡

These few assertions contain so many critical and logical errors, that it would occupy too much of our time to examine them all. Fortunately, however, there can be nothing less essential; for some of the facts, which I have already announced as certain, are more than sufficient to show the falsity of these assertions, and I shall therefore not dwell on them any longer.

After having treated the history of the poem of Walter at so great (perhaps too great) a length, I shall scarcely be able to find time to say anything concerning the poem itself. Luckily the subject is a simple, a circumscribed one, and a few rapid observations will suffice to give us some idea of it. We must not expect to find in Walter the grandeur, the variety, the terrible play of passion, the wild originality, which distinguish the action of the Nibelungen. But in its modest proportions and in its simplicity, the action of this poem is destitute neither of interest nor of character. There is something picturesque and touching in the situation of this young couple, as they are traversing barbarous countries in their flight, travelling only by night, never halting except in deserted places, and reduced to

* Muratori: "Scriptores Rerum Italic.," vol. iii., col. 965. This Chronicon Novaliciense, with all the fragments relative to Waltharius, has since been edited with admirable care by Bethmann, in Pertz' "Monum. Germ. Hist.," vol. ix., p. 75, sqq.—*Ed.*

† Cf. his "Vite ed Elogi d' illustri Italiani," vol. ii., p. 28, sqq.—*Ed.*

‡ "Essendo questo il piu antico componimento di tal genere, che mostrar possa l' Italia." Id., p. 28.—*Ed.*

the necessity of shunning, like a deadly peril, the encounter of a human face.

Nevertheless, the interest of the story does not at all increase, until the moment when Gunther, apprised of Walter's elopement, sets out in pursuit of him, with the design of robbing him of his treasure and his bride. The quarrel between the king and Hagen could not be more true to nature, nor better introduced to motive the part acted by the latter, who, by refusing to join in the combat, suspends the dénouement for a while, and gives Walter new opportunities for the exhibition of his heroism.

The dramatic part of the poem, from the moment when the Aquitanian and the Franks are confronting each other, is, upon the whole, very beautiful. The description of the combat is done with great care, and varied with a great deal of ingenuity.

In regard to character, Walter is a hero, who has nothing in common with those of the Nibelungen. He is a civilized and Christian hero, who to the strength and intrepidity of the warrior adds nobleness of heart and humanity. The prayer which he utters, while kneeling over the corpses of those whom he had slain in self-defence, is truly a sublime trait.

The lay of the Nibelungen likewise contains characters of a noble and humane description; but these characters are in contradiction with the rest, and delineated in accordance with the chivalric manners of the thirteenth century; they are, in short, such as then actually existed or were imagined to exist in Germany.

It is not so with Walter. Whatever he says or does, that we admire as generous, is nothing more than the natural and simple expression of a heroic soul developed by culture. The ideas, the conventional manners of chivalry are here made of no account. The entire poem does not contain a single allusion to the usages of chivalry.

The same observation might be applied to the love of Walter and Hildegunde. Everything about it is simple, natural, concise. The two lovers prove that their affection is a genuine one. They barely announce it in few words, without any enthusiasm, without any effort to add passion to their language. Walter has already the air of the master, who one day is expected to command, and Hildegunde that of the spouse, whose duty it will be to obey. In all this there is nothing that could be said to have the remotest resemblance to the gallantry of chivalry.

From the whole of this discussion the reader will, I hope, conclude with myself, that this little poem of Walter was really worth reclaiming for the literature of the south of Gaul, to

which it incontestably belongs. I have conducted this vindication to the best of my ability and without any hesitation. The literature of the Germans and that of the Italians, which have likewise claimed it for themselves, are too rich in their own productions to refuse the politeness of this restitution.*

* The author has here expended considerable ingenuity in an attempt to vindicate a Provençal origin for the primitive poetical elements, from which the Latin epopee in question was redacted into the form in which it has come down to us. Although he did not fail to notice the fact, that a Germanic origin was asserted by the savans of the other side of the Rhine, yet he has failed to adduce the proofs, direct and conjectural, upon which his Germanic neighbors based their claim. The author of the "*Casus Sancti Galli*" (Pertz' "Mon. Germ. Hist.," vol. ii., p. 118), Ekkardus IV. (†1070), states expressly, that the poetical life of *Waltharius manu fortis* was composed by his predecessor, Ekkardus I. (†973), who is represented as having written it in his youth, while yet at school, and from the dictation of his master; and that he himself, at the request of Aribo, the archbishop of Maintz, corrected the barbarisms and *Teutonic* peculiarities of the poem, at the time of his residence in the archbishop's city. His language is as follows: After enumerating several other poetical compositions of Ekkardus I., some of which are yet extant, he adds, "*Scripsit et in scolis metrice magistro*, vacillanter quidem, quia in affectione non in habitu erat puer, *vitam Walthurii manu fortis*, quam Magontiæ positi, Aribone archiepiscopo jubente, *pro posse et nosse nostro correximus*; barbaries enim et idiomata ejus Teutonem adhuc affectantem repente latinum fieri non patiuntur. Unde male docere solent discipulos semi-magistri, dicentes: Videte, quomodo disertissime coram Teutone aliquo proloqui deceat, et eadem serie in latinum verba vertite. *Quæ deceptio Ekkehardum in opere illo adhuc puerum fefellit*; sed postea non sic; ut in libio Charromannico (i. e., 'Landes Carlomanni,' which was another poem by the same author)." Pertz, the editor of Ekkard, remarks *ad locum*, that there seems to be scarcly any room for doubting that the poem here meant is the celebrated epos of Walter the Aquitanian; especially when it is manifest from the context of the work itself, that its author was a young man, a monk, and a Teuton, as appears, 1st, from the conclusion of the poem; 2dly, from certain passages derived from the *regula* of St. Benedict; 3dly, from the word *Paliure*, which in the German language signifies Hagen. To these proofs Gervinus adds—4thly (and in direct opposition to what our author has advanced in this chapter), that the character, sentiments, passions, developed in the action of the poem, are of the primitive Germanic type, even more so than those of the Nibelungen, and so remote from the chivalric sentimentality of the period of the Crusades, as to have misled the earlier editor, Molter, into the error of referring the poem to the 6th century of our era ("Geschichte d. deutsch. Dichtung," vol. i., p. 88–91). Gervinus asserts it as probable, that the epos in question was composed between the years 920 and 940 A.D., and that it was the joint production of the two monks of St. Gallen here named, i. e., of Ekkard I. and of his master; that the substance of their Latin redaction was either derived from a German poem, in the hands of the authors, or communicated to them by a German minstrel; that at a subsequent date, Gerald, the Italian, may have done, what Ekkard IV. reports himself to have undertaken about a century later, i. e., emended and transcribed the production of his monastic ancestors. Ekkard IV. is also known as the Latin translator of Ratpert's poetical eulogy or ode on St. Gallus; and we have thus direct proof of his having been a poet, as well as a writer of chronicles; but as to whether the text of Walter, now in our possession, is the one redacted by him, it is impossible to decide. For further information on this subject I must refer to Grimm's "Lat. Gedichte aus d. 10ten Jahrhundert," and to A. Heyde's article in Haupt's Zeitschrift, 9, 150 sqq., where M. Fauriel's position on this point is examined more particularly. Mone likewise maintains Walter an originally German epos, written in the style and measure of the Nibelungen, and subsequently turned into Latin. He finds proofs of it in certain phrases reminding us of passages in the Heldenbuch and other poems of the old Teutonic type. See his extended remarks in the "Archiv. d. Gesellsch. für ältere deutsche Geschichtkunde," vol. ii., p. 92, sqq.—*Ed.*

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ARABS.

If what I have advanced in the last chapter with reference to the poem of Walter be true; if this work is really what it has appeared to me to be, an inspiration of the Aquitanian spirit, the expression of a Gallo-Roman opposition to the conquest and the dominion of the Franks, then it may be regarded as the germ of an entire class of Provençal romances, in which it will be impossible for us to mistake the inspiration and the expression, which I am now about to examine more especially.

I have already remarked, and I shall have more than one occasion to repeat what I had said, that among the events which must have struck the imagination of the inhabitants of the South and furnished them with themes for poetry, it is necessary to include the rebellions and wars, in consequence of which the dignitaries, who with the title of dukes, marquises and counts, were governing the provinces of the Frankish monarchy, succeeded at last in converting these provinces into little independent kingdoms of their own. Some of these dignitaries were men of distinguished capabilities and of great energy of character, who seemed to be much better fitted for the exercise of power than the degenerate descendants of Clovis or of Charlemagne. Some of these had a singular and tragical fate, as for example, Bernard, the famous Duke of Septimania, who was assassinated by Charles the Bald, of whom he was generally reputed to be the son. Others, like the no less famous Gerard de Roussillon, kept up an adventurous warfare against their kings, in which, victorious and vanquished in their turn, they were obliged to undergo the greatest diversity of fortune. The majority of these revolting chieftains were popular in the provinces which they succeeded in detaching from the monarchy; and the inhabitants of these provinces sustained them willingly in their attempts to make them independent. This was particularly the case in Aquitania and in the remaining parts of the South, which, having been the last to submit to the dominion of the Carlovingians, were also the first to shake it off.

The tentatives, the conquests and the misadventures of these military leaders, although they offered little that might be called remarkable or heroic, were still calculated to furnish, and, as we shall see hereafter, actually did furnish noble arguments for the nascent epopee of southern Gaul.

But by far the most interesting and most popular subjects, adopted by this fruitful branch of mediæval poetry, were derived from the wars of the Christians against the Arabs of Spain, on the frontiers of the Pyrenees. I now propose to give a summary sketch of the history of these wars.*

The Arabs, already masters of Spain, made their first descent upon Septimania in 715. In 1019 they made a fruitless attempt to reconquer Narbonne, and this is their last invasion of the soil of Gaul with which we are acquainted. Between these two expeditions there is an interval of three hundred years, during which the Mussulman conquerors of Spain, and the inhabitants of the countries north of the Pyrenees, were almost incessantly at war with each other. This long struggle may be divided into four distinct periods.

From 715 to 732, the year of the battle of Poitiers, the duty of combating Islamism and the Arabs, for the benefit of Europe, devolved chiefly upon the people of the south of Gaul, and more especially upon the Aquitanians, who were then already independent of the Frankish monarchy. Under the conduct of their brave duke Eudes, they gained several important victories over the enemy, whom they repulsed several times from Aquitania, until in the year 732, Abderrahman (the famous Abderame of the chronicles), defeated Eudes at the walls of Bordeaux, and spread like a torrent over the entire south of Gaul.

From this date to 778, the Franks, first under the command of Charles Martel, and subsequently under that of Charlemagne, continued in their turn the struggle against the Mussulmans. During this second period of the war Charles Martel expelled the Arabs from Provence, and also deprived them of Septimania, which they had conquered from the Goths. Charlemagne undertook his famous expedition to the valley of the Ebro; but, defeated at Saragossa, he was obliged to retire, and lost the flower of his army at Roncesvalles. In 778 Charlemagne created the kingdom of Aquitania, which was of more extensive dimensions than had been the independent duchy of that name. At that time the Gallo-Romans of the south, in conjunction with the Aquitanians, again undertook the task of combating the Mussulmans; but the war was henceforth carried on under

* Compare Michaud, "Histoire des Croisades," and Reinaud'a "Invasions des Sarrazins en France, Savoie, La Suisse," etc.—*Ed.*

leaders of the Frankish race. These leaders are the first who reconquered from the Arabs a number of cantons and cities on the eastern coast of Spain, and established new Christian settlements there.

When the provinces of the South had at length detached themselves definitively from the Carlovingian monarchy, the chiefs and the inhabitants of these provinces continued the war against the Arabs, but rather from a religious zeal, or from the commencement of a chivalric impulse, than from any further necessity of self-defence. Those Moors and Saracens, at first so terrible, were then no longer feared. The reign of the Ommiades was nearly at an end, and the country was on the point of relapsing into the same state of anarchy, from which the chiefs of this glorious dynasty had rescued it.

We perceive from this brief outline, that, with the exception of the period during which Charles Martel, at the head of his Franks, conducted the war against the Arabs in person, this war was always maintained by the Gallo-Romans of the south, by the Aquitanians, the Septimanians, and the inhabitants of Provence. As the natural allies of the Spaniards of Gallicia and of the Asturias, these nations fulfilled, in common with the latter, the special task of repelling the efforts which the Arabs successively made, first to penetrate into the heart of Europe, and subsequently to maintain their power in Spain.

In this struggle nothing was wanting that could develop and ennoble the poetic instinct, then already awakened in the south of Gaul. Everything there conspired to elevate its importance. The enthusiasm of religion and that of glory, the abrupt alternations of victory and defeat, the striking or unexpected incidents of war, which in an age of faith, of ignorance and of simplicity were readily adopted as miracles; nay, even the ancient renown of the countries, the mountains, rivers, cities, which were the habitual theatre of this war, all contributed to spread a certain special interest, a certain poetical refulgence.

Equal to the Christians in point of bravery, the Arabs were far in advance of them in civilization; and it was incontestably from them, that the former, in the course of this war, derived the first examples of heroism, of humanity, of generosity toward the enemy—in short, of something chivalric, though long before chivalry had received its name and its consecrated formulas. *

* On the influence of the Saracens upon the chivalry and culture of the West, compare Von Hammer-Purgstall's "Litteraturgeschichte der Araber," vol. 1st, p.xc.–xcv., and vol. 5th, p. 3; says he, "Durch den Verkehr der Kreuzfahrer mit den Syrern und Ægyptern, und den der christlichen Spanier mit den Arabern und Mauren ging arabische Wissenschaft und Poesie in das mittägige Frankreich und Sicilien über, und die gothische Baukunst ward durch die saracenische veredelt."—*Ed.*

In spite of the repugnance, which the Gallo-Romans of the South did not cease to cherish toward the Franks, as long as they could only see in them their conquerors and masters, these nations nevertheless loved those valiant chiefs of the Frankish race, who distinguished themselves in the contest against the Saracens. They regarded them as their own in a certain sense, and frankly expressed their admiration for exploits, which were achieved for their own benefit and at their head.

Several of these chiefs have rendered themselves conspicuous in history, but none of them has attained so much popularity and éclat as Duke William, surnamed the Pious. Charlemagne commissioned him, in 780, to command the troops of the kingdom of Aquitania, at a moment when this kingdom was menaced by a formidable invasion of the Arabs, who were seconded by an insurrection of the Vascones. From this moment to the time when he retired as a monk to a deserted region of the Cevennes, he was always at the head of the Christians against the infidels, and his valor was crowned with glory even on those occasions on which he was defeated.

These different wars, I mean those, which were waged between the kings and their revolting officers, as well as those of the Arabs against the Christians, were eminently poetical. They were in fact poetry already made, and even the simplest or crudest expression of it was already enough to accomplish some object, to perpetuate some event. That there existed in the south of Gaul, and at an early date, poetical compositions on these wars, written with a view to delineate their principal incidents, this cannot be a matter of serious doubt. But we are not now in possession of any of these verses; we have not even a specimen left us, and it is extremely difficult to form even a conception of them.

Judging, however, by way of analogy from what we know concerning the origin and development of the epic poetry of other times and in other countries, we may affirm, that the poetical pieces in question neither were, nor could be, anything more than popular songs, the subject of each of which was not a complicated series of events, but a single isolated event, and which were all destined to be sung in the streets and in public places, in the presence of crowds of hearers from the lower classes of society. The very destination of this kind of poetry excluded necessarily all long-winded compositions, and even those of moderate extent.

These songs, preserved by tradition and successively augmented by new accessories, in which the historical ingredients were more and more supplanted by the marvellous, were gra-

dually merged into those primitive epopees of the twelfth century, some of them relating to the wars with the Saracens and others to those of the dukes in rebellion against their kings, of which I shall have to speak again hereafter. All that I can do here, is to indicate their primordial germ.

And it is not only on arguments of general probability, that I rely in attributing such an origin to these epopees. Definite facts can be adduced in support of this opinion, which deserve to become known, not as of any importance in themselves, but on account of their connection with a general fact of great moment in the history of poetry.

There is still extant a manuscript of a French romance, which will occupy our attention at some length hereafter, concerning which, however, it is proper, that I should say a few words at present. This romance, entitled *Guillaume au court nez** (*au cornet*) or William with the short nose, is one of the most celebrated of its kind, and one of those, the history of which it would be most interesting to investigate. The William, who is the principal hero of this poem, is the same Duke William, surnamed the Pious, whom I have characterized above as the Christian chief, that had won the greatest distinction and fame in the wars of the Aquitanians against the Arabs. The work is of enormous extent. Of all the poems of the West, this is, as far as my acquaintance goes, the one, which comes nearest to the colossal dimensions of the Hindu epopee. It contains scarcely less than eighty thousand verses.

This poem is evidently nothing more than the final amplification, made probably toward the close of the thirteenth century, of one and the same subject, which had already been augmented several times in succession, and which, in its original form, consisted only of a small number of popular songs, composed in the South, on the very spots which had been the theatre of the glory and piety of the hero. And this is precisely the testimony of the ancient anonymous biographer of William, who in express terms, though somewhat paraphrastically, says the same thing.

"Where can you find," says he, "a dance among the young, an assembly of people or of men-at-arms and nobles, on the eve of a saint's day, where one may not hear them singing sweetly and in well-modulated words of the goodness and greatness of William, of the glory he achieved in the service of Emperor

* *Guilliaume au court nez* is one of the so-called *chanson de gestes*, and the work of the *Trouvères* of the north of France. This immense epos consists of eighteen *branches* or grand divisions, of which at the time, when Fauriel wrote, only one had been published. The rest is still in MSS., in the different libraries of Europe. An account of this work, from the pen of M. Fauriel himself, is contained in the xxiid. vol. of the "Histoire littéraire de la France," p. 435–551.—*Ed.*

Charles, of the victories he won over the infidels, of all that he suffered at their hands, of all that he repaid them?"*

It was impossible to attest in plainer terms the existence and the popularity of the primitive songs, of which the exploits of William were the subject. In regard to the epoch, however, to which this testimony and consequently the songs under consideration are to be referred, the question is far more doubtful. In the opinion of Mabillon, the biography, from which this passage is derived, dates from the ninth century, and this opinion is quite tenable. But what is beyond all doubt, is, that the life in question is anterior to the eleventh century; therefore the songs, to which it refers must belong to the tenth, at least, and there is every indication, that at that remote epoch these songs contained already the germs of all, that was afterward developed and paraphrased in the romances.

There is no one, but what has either read or heard of the celebrated chronicle, attributed to Turpin. It is a Latin narrative of Charlemagne's great expedition to the valley of the Ebro and incorrectly attributed to Turpin or Tilpin, the archbishop of Rheims, who died in 800, fourteen years before Charlemagne. It is not anterior to the end of the eleventh century, or to the beginning of the twelfth, and its author is unknown. He appears, however, to have been a monk. The work is not a long one; it has less than eighty pages; but it would be difficult to scrape together a greater amount of enormous falsehoods and platitudes, than those contained in this small number of sheets. Nevertheless it includes, and is connected with, some curious data relating to the literary history of the Middle Age.

It contains, in the first place, the proof, that before the epoch, at which it was composed, a species of popular epic songs like those, to which I have just alluded, was in circulation among the inhabitants of Gaul. Chapter XI. presents us with a census of the forces, with which Charlemagne made his descent on Spain and of the different chiefs by whom these forces were commanded. Among these chiefs there is one named Hoel, count of Nantes, with reference to whom the author adds: "There is a song about this count, which is still heard sung in our day, and in which it is said, that he accomplished wonders without number."† A circumstance like this is, by its very

* Qui chori juvenum, qui conventus populorum, præcipue militum ac nobilium virorum; quæ vigiliæ sanctorum dulce non resonant et modulatis vocibus decantant, qualis et quantus fuerit (Wilhelmus dux), quam gloriose sub Carolo glorioso militavit, quam fortiter, quamque victoriose barbaros domuit et expuguavit? etc., etc. This biography is printed in Mabillon, Acta Sanct. Ord. Benedict. Sæc. Quart. Pars. I. p. 67 sqq.—*Ed.*

† Œllus comes urbis, quæ vulgo dicitur Nantas, cum duobus millibus heroum. *De hoc canitur in cantilena usque in hodiernum diem*, quia innumera fecit mirabilia."—It is somewhat curious to notice, in the enumeration of these forces, that the venerable prs-

nature, too indifferent or insignificant, to be either a fiction or a lie. I now proceed, while speaking of this chronicle, to add some other proofs in support of the same fact.

Jouffroy, a monk of Saint Martial, and prior of Vigeois in Limousin, has left us a very curious chronicle, of great importance to the history of his age and country, and even to that of the Middle Age in general.* Being desirous of reading the pretended work of Turpin, which every one then took in earnest and as a veritable history, he sent to Spain for a copy of it, which he received and cherished as an invaluable treasure. The letter, which he wrote on this subject to his brethren of the monastery of Saint Martial begins as follows: "I have just had the pleasure to receive the history of the glorious triumphs of the invincible King Charles and of the illustrious Count Roland's exploits in Spain. I have corrected them most carefully and ordered a copy to be made of them. I was induced to do so from the consideration, that we have thus far known nothing of these events, except what we could learn from the chansons of the Jongleurs."

These songs of the Jongleurs, which the prior of Vigeois found so incomplete, compared with the history of Turpin, although itself very short, could only have been songs of the same description with those I have already noticed, that is to say, still shorter and more concise, than the famous history, probably equally false, but more amusing and more poetical.

I shall now go a little further and hazard a conjecture, which, I confess, appears to me to have much in its favor, and to be extremely probable. I cannot but regard the pretended chronicle of Turpin as a sort of interpolation and monkish amplification, in bad Latin, of certain popular ballads in the vulgar idiom on Charlemagne's descent on Spain. After having once found their way into the body of the insipid chronicle, the majority of these songs, the bad and the indifferent both, must easily have become confounded with it; and it would be impossible to distinguish them now on a ground, with which by their platitude and falsity they find themselves in a sort of harmony. But we also find here and there in this same chronicle some isolated traits, some passages, which, however much altered we may suppose them, still bear the imprint of a certain enthusiastic and savage poetry, by which they stand out in prominent relief from the monkish paraphrase, by which they are enveloped, and in which they are in a measure lost.

late himself is not forgotten among the champions of the expedition. He is put at the first of the list: "Ego Turpinus Archiepiscopus Rhemensis, qui dignis monitis Christi fidelem populum ad bellandum fortem et animatum, et a peccatis absolutum reddebam, et Saracenos propriis armis sæpe expugnabam."—*Ed.*

* This chronicle is published in Labbæus, Bibliotheca Librorum Manuscriptorum, vol. ii., p. 280. Portions of it may also be found in Bouquet's Recueil des Historiens des Gaules et de la France, vol. x., xi., and xii.—*Ed.*

Such appears to me to be, among others, the passage, in which the last moments and the death of Roland are depicted. I shall endeavor to give some idea of it. It is, however, first necessary to remark, in order to render the situation of the hero intelligible, that Charlemagne has repassed the Pyrenees and finds himself already in the plains of Gascony, with the bulk of his army. Twenty thousand Christians, who had remained behind, have been exterminated at Roncesvalles, with the excep- of a hundred, who fled to the woods for refuge. Roland rallies them again by means of his famous ivory horn and plunges a second time into the midst of the Saracens, of whom he slays a large number, King Marsile among others. But in this second encounter the hundred Christians, who had survived the first carnage, all perish, with the exception of Roland and three or four others, who again disperse into the woods. I shall now proceed to translate, imitating the ancient style of the chronicle,* as far as my desire to remain intelligible will permit me:

"Charles had already passed the defiles of the mountains and had not the slightest suspicion of what had passed behind him. Then Roland, breathless for having fought so long, covered all over with bruises from the stones that had been hurled at him, and wounded in four places by the lances of his enemies, retires from the scene of combat, lamenting beyond all measure over the death of so many Christians and of so many valiant men. Passing on through the woods and by-paths, he reaches at last the foot of mount Cezère. There he dismounts his horse and throws himself down under a tree by the side of a huge mass of rocks, in the midst of a meadow of the finest grass, above the valley of Roncesvalles. He had *Durandal*, his trusty sword, of marvellous lustre and keenness, hanging by his side. He drew it from its sheath, and holding it up before his eyes, he began to weep saying: 'O, my fair, my trusty and beloved sword! In whose hands art thou now going to fall? Who will become thy master? Ah! Well may he call himself a lucky man, he who shall find thee! He could not but strike terror into his enemies in battle, for the least wound made by thee is mortal. Oh what a pity, wert thou to come into the hands of an ungallant man! But how much greater the misfortune, if thou shouldst fall into the power of a Saracen!' And thereupon he began to dread, lest Durandal might be found by an infidel, and he wanted to break it before dying. He struck three blows

* This passage is found in chapter xxii. of the chronicle attributed to Turpin, of which I add here a sentence or two, as a specimen of the style: "Carolus vero cum suis exercitibus jam montis fastigia transierat, et quæ post tergum facta fuerant, ignorabat. Tunc Rolandus, tanto bello fatigatus, de nece Christianorum et tantornm virorum dolens, Saracenorum ictibus magnis et percussionibus acceptis afflictus, usque ad pedem portuum Ciceræ per nemora solus pervenit, et ibi sub arbore, quadem juxta lapidem marmoreum, qui ibi erectus erat in prato optimo super Ronciævallem, equo desiliit," etc., etc.—*Ed.*

against the rock, which stood by the side of him, and the rock was cloven in two from top to foot, and yet the sword was left entire."

If this fragment can be regarded, as seems probable to me, as a relic, more or less mutilated, or at any rate a reflex of some one of those ancient jongleur-ballads on the wars between the Arabs and the Christians of Gaul, it proves something more than the existence of songs of this kind at a very remote period; it also proves that the wars in question had something about them that was poetical and favorable to poetic inspiration.

By turning over the pages of this singular chronicle of Turpin, I think I could find, scattered here and there, additional traces of a popular poetry, which must have been anterior to its composition. But this attempt might easily become too circumstantial and arbitrary. I shall therefore abandon it, and prefer to search in other chronicles, more ancient, of a graver tone, and really historical in their conception, for surer and more striking proofs of the sort of influence, which I attribute to the Arab, over the poetry of the Middle Age.

Between the years 791 and 795, that people made several grand incursions into Septimania. The inhabitants fled in great consternation from every part of the lower country, with whatever of their goods and chattels they could carry with them, and withdrew into the mountains. A band of these fugitives traversed several branches of the Cevennes, until at last they arrived in a sequestered valley by the name of Conques, not far from the confluence of the Lot and the torrent of Dordun. At the head of this band, there was a chief called Datus or Dado, who, in 801 or 802, founded a chapel there, which some years after was destined to become the monastery of Conques, one of the most celebrated in all the southern country, and one concerning which I shall have presently occasion to speak again. Thus far everything is historical and extremely probable. But when we come to read the motives from which Datus is alleged to have built the chapel, the poetry and fiction already begin to appear, in my opinion, and I can do nothing more than translate and quote by way of extracts.

The Saracens having made an invasion into Rouergue, Datus with his companions took up arms for the purpose of aiding the chiefs of the country to repulse the infidels. But scarcely had he left Conques behind him, when a detachment of Saracens penetrated there and carried off everything, men, women, children and chattels. Meanwhile the army, of which they formed a part, was at last driven out of Rouergue, and the Christians, who had taken up arms against it, all returned to their respective homes, those of Conques included among the rest.

But what was the surprise and grief of Datus and his comrades, when, on returning to their firesides, they found that the Saracens had left them nothing! They had made prisoners of all the inhabitants, and among them was the aged mother of Datus, his sole companion, his only consolation.

Transported with rage and despair, Datus, at the head of his companions, bereaved and furious like himself, sets out at once in pursuit of the robbers. He follows their trail for some time, but he is not able to join them in the open field; they have already retired into a fortified castle, where they had deposited their booty in safety. He makes an attempt to take the place; but it is strong and well guarded, and the assailants, too few in number, are soon repulsed.

Datus, their chief, had made himself conspicuous among them by his valor, the brilliancy of his armor and the choice beauty of his horse, which was superbly saddled and caparisoned. A Moor, who has eyed him from the height of a turret, accosts him with the following words: "Tell me, young and fair Christian, what has brought thee hither? Hast thou come to search for, hast thou come to ransom thy mother? Thou canst easily do so, if thou pleasest. Give me thy fine charger, saddled and caparisoned as he is, and thy mother shall be returned with all the spoils that we have carried away from thee. But, if thou refusest, thou shalt see thy mother weltering in her blood before thee." *

Datus did not credit the proposition, nor the serious menace, or perhaps he regarded them as an insult. However that may be, he retorted with the mad reply: "Do what thou pleasest with my mother, perfidious Moor! I care naught for thy menace! But this horse, which moves thy envy, this fair horse never shall be thine; thou art not worthy to touch its bridle." †

Thereupon the Moor disappeared, but he instantly came forward again, leading the mother of Datus on the rampart. There the infuriated enemy, after having first cut off the two mammæ of the aged lady, struck off her head and hurled it at Datus, exclaiming: Very well, then, keep thy fine charger and receive thy mother without a ransom; there, take her!" Da-

* "Date aagax, nostras modo quæ res vexit ad arces
Te sotiosque tuos, dicito, namque precor.
Si modo, quo resides, tali pro munere nobis
Dedere mavis equum, quo faleratus abis,
Nunc tibi mater eat sospes, seu cetera præda;
Sin autem, ante oculos funera matris habes."
Lib. i., v. 235–240.—*Ed.*

† "Funera matris age; nec mihi cura satis;
Nam quem poscis equum, non unquam dedere dignor;
Improbe, haud equidem ad tua frena decet."
V. 241–243.—*Ed.*

tus, seized with horror at this sight and at the language of his antagonist, runs up and down the field with the most frantic agitation, now weeping and then screaming, like one out of his senses. He passes several days in this frenzied condition, and recovers from it only to fall into one of the most melancholy depression. It was then, that he formed the resolution to spend the rest of his days in solitude and penitence, and that he ordered the construction of the hermitage, which was destined to become the monastery of Conques.*

This narrative, with all these circumstances and details, is to be found in a biography of Louis le Débonnaire, written in Latin verse by an Aquitanian monk, known under the name of Ermoldus Nigellus.† The work is a very curious one, and although composed in verse, is still seriously and strictly historical. It is not necessary here to examine, from what sources Ermoldus may have derived this narrative, which he certainly did not himself invent. But, whatever may have been its source, it is undoubtedly nothing more than a fable.

At the epoch, at which the event is supposed to have taken place, the Arabs did not push their expeditions beyond Carcassone, where they only stopped to plunder and to devastate the country. They did not advance this time as far as the mountains of Rouergue, where they never had any military establishment or fortress. The poetic fiction manifests itself in all these details of the adventure, and it manifests itself with considerable originality and force. A fiction, like this, is an additional fact to prove, how profoundly the imaginations of the south were affected by the invasions of the Arabs, and how much they were disposed to connect the marvellous and the poetical, to which they aspired, with the existence and the influence of these dreaded and admired enemies.

This adventure of Datus does not exceed the dimensions of a popular song, not even of one of the shortest, so that we have not thus far encountered, in the period now under consideration, any vestige of a poetic composition of some length and of anything like a complicated invention. But toward the close

* "Omnibus amissis, sumptis melioribus armis,
Incola mox heremi cœpit inesse prius.
* * * * *
Tum rex et Datus primo fundamina Concis
Infigunt, monarchis castra futura parant."
Id. v. 253–254 and 263–264.—*Ed.*

† He was one of the intimate friends and flatterers of Pepin, the king of Aquitanis. Accused of an attempt at treason against the emperor, he was banished to Strasbourg, where, in 826, for the sake of obtaining his pardon, he undertook to celebrate the exploits of Louis in an epos of four books. This being ineffectual, he composed two elegies to Pepin, in which he invokes the latter to defend his innocence and to commiserate his unhappy lot. All these pieces may be found in Pertz, "Monum. Ger. Hist.," vol. ii., p. 464 sqq.—*Ed.*

of the tenth century, or at the commencement of the eleventh, I find certain traces of the existence of a work, to which, were it not in verse, the name of romance or novel in the modern and even quite modern sense of the term, might properly be applied; for it would then be a historical romance. But, romance or poem, the composition in question relates principally to the Arabs of Spain, and the remarks, which I shall have to make upon it, will confirm what I have already said respecting the indications of a literary influence, which the latter exerted upon the south of France. But before broaching this subject, it is necessary to make a digression of some length, for which I now ask the indulgence of the reader.

Toward the close of the tenth and at the commencement of the eleventh centuries, there lived at Angers a priest by the name of Bernard, who was at the head of the Episcopal church of that city. This priest, it appears, had a great devotion for Saint Fides, the virgin martyr, the object of special veneration in the city of Agen and in many other places of the South. Having repaired to Chartres, about the year 1010, he passed some time there, during which he frequently visited a chapel, situated outside the walls of that city and dedicated to his favorite saint. He there had often occasion to converse with Fulbert, the bishop of the city, who had many things to say about the miracles daily wrought by Saint Fides at the monastery of Conques, of which she was the patroness. These miracles were then creating a great deal of excitement, and surpassing the miracles wrought here and there in other parts of the country to such an extent, that Bernard himself hesitated to believe them. When the renown of these miracles, however, continued unabated, Bernard commenced to be tormented with doubts. He resolved to clear up the mystery of the matter, and to assure himself by personal examination of whatever there was exaggerated or false in the reports he had heard upon the subject. He accordingly made a solemn vow to go on a pilgrimage to Conques, in the rugged mountains of Rouergue. This monastery is the same as the one already known to us from the very poetical legend respecting its foundation, which I have given above, and with which the immediate sequel stands in admirable correspondence.

Various obstacles at first opposed the accomplishment of Bernard's vow, but he was at last enabled to commence his journey, to his infinite delight, and arrived safe and sound at Conques. No sooner was he on the spot, than he began to inquire about the miracles of Saint Fides; and he at once became acquainted with a multitude of them, all of them more or less surprising, and well authenticated, too, undoubtedly, for

he no longer exhibited the slightest difficulty about believing them.

He wrote an account of twenty-two of these miracles on the spots on which they had been wrought, and dedicated this account to Fulbert, the bishop of Chartres. The exact date of this performance we do not know, but it must have been composed before 1026, which was the year in which the bishop died.*

These twenty-two miracles constitute as many histories, the majority of which are trivial enough, and such as Bernard might unquestionably have heard in great abundance at Conques or in the adjacent parts. The greater part of these histories he gives as coming from the mouths of the very persons who had experienced them, or from the testimony of witnesses, either ocular or at any rate contemporary, and he represents himself as having been in a situation to convince himself of the truth of the facts related. Finally, he declares to have abridged them all considerably, with the exception of one, which he affirms to have written under the dictation of the hero himself, and that without the slightest alteration or curtailment.

This history, the only one which he gives entire, is the first of the collection, and although it is very insipid, I am still obliged to say a few words about it, because it probably will furnish us the key to several others, or at any rate to the one to which I propose to direct the attention of the reader.

Bernard, in the first place, mentions in his account a priest of Rhodez or its neighborhood, by the name of Gerard, whom he represents as still living at the time he wrote. This priest had with him at his house a young man by the name of Wibert or Guibert, who was his nephew or god-son, and who acted as his agent or steward. Guibert being desirous, like so many others of his contemporaries, to pay a visit to Saint Fides, assumed the habit of a pilgrim, or the *romieu*, as it was then called in that country, and piously directed his footsteps toward Conques. While on his way, he had the misfortune to meet his godfather, Gerard, who, for reasons not mentioned in the story, was extremely enraged to find the young man in a pilgrim's habit on his way to Conques. Assisted by two or three of his companions, he made an attack upon the unfortunate Wibert, and after having deprived him of both his eyes, threw him bleeding upon the ground. But Saint Fides was not going to suffer one of her faithful servants to be maltreated in this man-

* This account is published in Bolland's "Acta Sanctorum," Octob. tom. iii. p. 300, sqq. under the title of "Miracula S. Fidis (*i. e.* Fidei), auctore Bernardo Andegavensis scholæ magistro conscripta." The dedication is contained in the "Prologus auctoris," on the same page.—*Ed.*

ner, out of love for her. A snow-white dove immediately descended from heaven, picked up the exterminated eyes with her bill and carried them directly to Conques. I refrain from giving all the details of the miracle. It will suffice to know, that Wibert remained blind for an entire year; but at the end of the year, Saint Fides appeared to him in a dream to inform him, that if he wanted to see his eyes again, he would only have to go to Conques to look for them. He went accordingly and brought them back, not in his hand, but in his head, in their orbits and as good as ever.

It is not a matter of indifference to know, what Wibert did during the year in which he went without his eyes. "He practised," says his historian, "the profession of a Jongleur, subsisting from the contributions of the public, and gaining so much money and living so well, that he no longer cared about the loss of his sight."* This passage from the life of Wibert is the only one that has a certain bearing on the history of literature. There might be some uncertainty in regard to the signification of the word Jongleur in this connection. But in a man deprived of sight, like Wibert, the profession in question could only mean that of an itinerant singer or reciter of poems of every sort, of legends, of heroic songs, of more or less fabulous accounts of ancient wars.

This Wibert had himself related the whole of his history to Bernard, and undoubtedly arranged it, too, so that the latter had only the trouble of writing it from dictation. But is this history the only one which the credulous Bernard received on the authority of the Jongleur? This Jongleur unquestionably knew others even more marvellous than his own, and if among those, which the excellent scholar has left us, there were any one, which bore the manifest traces of poetic fiction, this would be precisely the one to be attributed to the mouth of the blind rhapsodist of Rouergue. And really, among the twenty-two histories in question, there is one which exhibits all the characteristics of a romantic fiction, which Bernard must have found written somewhere, or which was derived either directly or indirectly from the recital of some Jongleur.

Unluckily, Bernard has only given us some scattered traits of this history without any rigorous connection or development. But these traits are still sufficient to leave no doubt in regard to the character and oddity of this fable. I add it here entire, and, as far as necessary, in the very language of the author.†

* "Iisdemque sanus effectus, eodem anno *arte joculari* publicum quæritavit victum, indeque quæstum occœpit; adeo ut (siout modo assolet referre) oculos ultra habere non curaret, tanta eum et lucri cupiditas, et commodi jocunditas delectabat." Id. p. 303, c. 9.—*Ed.*

† For the original of this account see "Acta Sanctorum," Octob. tom. iii., p. 327:—"De quodam Raimundo, naufragium passo et S. Fidis auxilio liberato."—*Ed.*

Raimond, a rich and noble personage, seignior of a bourgade or village called Bousquet, in the environs of Toulouse, undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. Having first descended into Italy, he travelled over a part of it, and wishing to make the remainder of his journey by sea, he repaired to Luni, an ancient city on the coast of Italian Liguria, which was destroyed in 924 by the Hungarians, but which we must suppose still existing at the epoch of Raimond's pilgrimage.

After having embarked according to his project, our pilgrim found at first the sea and winds propitious. But a tempest having suddenly arisen, the vessel was driven against the rocks and shattered. Pilot, seamen, passengers, in a word, all on board were lost, with the exception of Raimond and a slave or servant, whom the latter had taken along with him. The slave clung to a plank from the ship and landed safely on the shores of Italy, from whence he returned to Toulouse. Having presented himself before the lady of Bousquet, he gave her an account of his personal adventures, and as he had no doubt but that Raimond had perished in the shipwreck, he at the same time announced the death of their common master.

The lady of Bousquet assumed all the airs of affliction customary on such occasions. But being a woman of a volatile disposition, she was really delighted in her heart to have gotten rid of a husband whom she did not love. She soon found herself surrounded by a crowd of new admirers, and among them there was one, of whom she became desperately enamored, and to whom she abandoned the manor and the property of Raimond.

The latter, however, was not dead, as his servant had believed and reported. He had seized a fragment of the shattered vessel, and with the assistance of St. Fides, which he incessantly invoked, he floated for three entire days upon the waves, without perceiving a single human being, or a monster of the deep. Driven by the winds toward the coast of Africa, distracted and almost annihilated by exhaustion and anxiety, he was already on the point of perishing, when, according to our legendist, he unexpectedly fell in with a party of pirates from Turlande. The astonished pirates picked him up, and having taken him into their ship, inquired after his name and country. But Raimond, so far from being able, in his state of heaviness and languor, to make any reply to their questions, did not even understand them. *Nolens volens*, the pirates left him leisure to recover his senses again, and when they had reached the shore, they took him with them to their country.

When the nourishment and attention which he received had in a measure restored his strength, he was again questioned, and he replied that he was a Christian. But instead of avowing his rank and his profession of a soldier, he represented himself as a man accustomed to the labor of the field. After this declaration, a spade was put into his hands and he was set to work on a patch of ground. He was, however, soon worn out by a kind of labor to which he was not accustomed, and which his swollen and lacerated hands refused. He consequently acquitted himself badly of his task, and was rudely beaten and maltreated for it. Then recovering his former self again, he solemnly resolved to know no other occupation but that of war, and to handle no other instruments than arms. His masters wanted at once to know what to make of this declaration. They put him to the test, and finding him wonderfully expert in managing the lance and shield, and in every other kind of martial exercise, they admitted him into their army. He accompanied them in several expeditions, and always conducted himself so bravely, that they at last advanced him to the post of a commander.

Meanwhile a war broke out between the Africans of Turlande, among whom Raimond lived as prisoner, and other Africans, whom the author designates by the name of Barbarins. To all appearances these are the Berbers, the original inhabitants of northern Africa, whom the author intends to designate by this name; from which it follows implicitly, that the Turlanders must have been Arabs. In this war the Barbarins had the advantage; they exterminated or dispersed the Turlanders, and Raimond was again made prisoner.

The new masters of the seignior of Toulouse soon recognized his merit and his bravery. They consequently treated him with honor, and permitted him to join them in all their wars. But these were not intended to be the last of Raimond's adventures.

The Berbers, who had beaten the Turlanders, had, in their turn, some difficulty with the Arabs or Saracens of Cordova, who defeated them and took Raimond away from them.

Among these new masters he found still more abundant and better occasions for giving proofs of his valor, than among the former, and he now rose to still higher honors. There was no perilous conjuncture in which they did not count on him, and never was their reckoning disappointed. Among other enemies which they vanquished by his assistance, our legendist mentions the Aglabites, Arab chiefs of a part of Africa, in frequent collisions with the Ommiades of Spain.

But a war soon broke out between the Saracens of Cordova

and Don Sancho of Castile, a powerful count and gallant warrior. The latter was victor, and Raimond was again a prisoner. Raimond acquainted him with his name, his country, and with all his singular adventures. Don Sancho, amazed and touched by the story of his sufferings, restored him to his liberty, loaded him with presents and honors, and retained him a few days at his residence.

At the moment when Raimond, delighted at the idea of being free again, was about to return to his own fireside, a celestial form appeared to him in a dream, and said to him: "I am Saint Fides, whose aid thou didst so earnestly invoke in shipwreck. Depart and remain tranquil; thou shalt recover thy manor." * Rejoiced at this vision, without however being able to comprehend its meaning, he left his benefactor and crossed the Pyrenees, in a state of perfect happiness. When he had arrived near Bousquet, he was informed that his wife had married another husband, who was then living with her in his castle. Disconcerted by this news, and scarcely daring to think of it, he resolved to wait and see what Saint Fides was going to do for him, and he kept himself concealed in the cabin of one of his peasants, who did not recognize him, changed as he was from fifteen years of absence and of hardships, and disguised in the habit of a pilgrim.

He had already been in this cabin for some time, when a woman, who had formerly been his concubine, observing him one day while he was taking a bath, recognized him by a certain mark he had on his body. "Art thou not," she exclaimed, "that Raimond who formerly went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and who was reported to have been lost at sea?" † Raimond was going to deny it, but the woman, sure of the testimony of her eyes, persisted in taking him for what he was. Once mistress of so important a secret, she was unable to keep it to herself; she ran at once to the château in order to inform the lady of Bousquet, that her first husband was not dead; that, on the contrary, he had returned, and was concealed in a neighboring cabin, which she pointed out.

The intelligence was a source of great sorrow to the lady, and her mind was immediately occupied with devising some plan for getting rid of this returning husband. But Saint Fides kept a watchful eye upon him, and warned him in a dream to leave the cottage of his serf at once. In obedience to her summons,

* "Sancta Fides ei dormienti apparuit; ego sum, inquiens, Sancta Fides, cujus nomen naufragus tam constanter invocasti; vade securus, quia amissum honorem recuperabis." Id. p. 328, c. 18.—*Ed.*

† "Tune es, ait, ille Raimundus, qui dudum, Hierosolymam tendens, æquore mersus credebaris? Quo negante, illa adjecit: Hoc, inquiens, verum est, nec me tuam præsentiam celere poteris, cum qua olim consuevisti." Id. p. 328, c. 19.—*Ed.*

he left in haste and went to a seignior of the adjacent parts by the name of Escafred, a powerful and generous man, who had always been his friend, and who at this unexpected meeting was even more cordial than ever before. He at once assembled his vassals, his relations and friends, and at their head went forth to assail the usurper of Bousquet. The latter was driven away disgracefully, and Raimond recovered his estates.

As to his wife, he would have readily pardoned her having taken another husband in his absence; but he was unwilling to excuse her project to destroy him, after she had heard of his arrival, and on that account repudiated her.

Such is the groundwork, the rough sketch of a history, of which the legendist has only indicated the general outlines, thus depriving them of all the interest and character which they might have had in their connection and more complete development. There is not one of these outlines in which the arid hand of the abbreviator does not become apparent; and if there could be any doubt in this respect, this doubt would be dissipated by the conclusion of the abstract. This is a sort of *post-scriptum*, in which the author returns to one, at least, of the numerous particulars omitted in his narrative. He explains himself as follows: "To add a small item to the preceding, it is related that the pirates, who first fell in with Roland, made him drink a potion of a powerful herb, and of such magic virtue, that forgetfulness at once laid hold on those who drank of it, and that they lost all recollection of their family and home."*

The singularity of this legend arises from the incongruity of its different data, which makes itself apparent at the first glance. I do not now refer to the invocation and the apparition of saints; for these are matters of course at every epoch, and more especially at the one in question. It is far more important to remark, that it contains historical allusions of considerable interest. Such are, for example, those respecting the perpetual wars of the Arabs and the Berbers, or of the Ommiades of Cordova with the Aglabites of Africa. The battle, mentioned in this account as having taken place between the Arabs of Cordova and Count Don Sancho of Castile, is undoubtedly the battle of Djebal-Quinto, which this count and his ally, Soliman ben el Hakem, chief of the African troops of the Peninsula, gained (in 1009 or 1010), over Mohammed el Mohdi, the king of Cordova.

To these ingredients of the story, Christian on the one hand

* "Ut autem in superioribus paucis suppleam, addunt etiam, illum a primis piratis potionem herbæ potentem assumpsisse, et ita magicis præcantationibus tactam, ut semel ex ea bibentesadeo lethea oblivione heberentur, ut nec genus ultra, nec domum meminisse possint." Id., p. 339, c. 20.—*Ed.*

and historical on the other, must be added those of an antique or Homeric type. The fact is a singular one, but nevertheless beyond a doubt. The principal incidents of the history of Raimond of Bousquet, which I have just described, are borrowed from the Odyssey. It is in imitation of Ulysses, that the chevalier of Toulouse is tossed about for three days on the waves, suspended from a fragment of his shipwrecked vessel, and that he invokes Saint Fides, as the Grecian hero did Minerva. The Arab pirates, anxious to retain him in their service after having discovered his military prowess, make him drink the potion of oblivion, which Circe poured out for the hero of Ithaca, in order to deprive him of the memory of Penelope and of his native island. After his return to his home, finding a rival in possession of his château, Raimond conceals himself in the cottage of one of his peasants, as Ulysses at the house of his good herd Eumæus. The two heroes, disguised for a time and strangers at their own homes, are recognized in nearly the same manner. In the dénouement the imitation is more indirect and vague. Raimond stands in need of the assistance of an old friend, in order to recover his castle and to punish his rival, while Ulysses revenges himself alone on the insolent pretenders, who have made themselves the masters of his house. Much is also wanting to make the lady of Bousquet a Penelope; but characters like this were not in fashion in the age of chivalry, and ladies might be in the wrong in the narratives of the romancers.

We have quite enough, no doubt, of what this history contains, that is manifestly borrowed from the Odyssey, to strike and embarrass the writer of a literary history. Whence did our author derive his knowledge of the poem of Homer? This poem had never, to our knowledge, been translated into Latin; and even if it had, how can we suppose a copy of this translation in the mountains of Rouergue or in the plains of Toulouse, at the end of the tenth century or at the commencement of the eleventh?

There are many things in favor of the supposition, that the imitations, which I have pointed out above, are not immediate and direct, but mere traditional reminiscences. It is not even necessary to trace these traditions as far back as the epoch, at which the Massilian rhapsodists recited the poems of Homer in the Grecian cities of the south of Gaul. We can connect them with a more recent epoch, when the Iliad and Odyssey served as the basis of instruction in Greek at the schools for the study of this language, which continued to exist in the south of Gaul until the end of the fourth and even of the fifth centuries.

Be that, however, as it may; with the exception of this singularity and of whatever historical elements it may contain,

this legend of Raimond of Bousquet, considered in itself and as a whole, appears to me to be nothing more than an abstract of a romantic fiction, invented to please and to amuse, the interest of which depended chiefly on the admiration and the curiosity which the Arabs of Spain at that time excited in all the nations of their vicinity, and particularly in those of the south of France, which then had scarcely any other relations with them than the voluntary intercourse of commerce and of business. I do not hesitate to cite this fiction as a new proof of the influence, which the Andalusian Arabs exercised directly or indirectly on the imagination of the latter. It is still more curious as a confirmation of a certain filiation, by which, as we have endeavored to show, the first literary tentatives of the Middle Age linked themselves to the productions of the Latin literature in the last stages of its decadence. It is here where the Antique and the New, the last echo of the pagan Epopee and the first infantine lispings of the Christian and the chivalric are still confounded, but only in order to become distinct, soon and forever.

CHAPTER XIV.

WILLIAM OF POITIERS.

It is a curious and interesting circumstance, that a prince, and one who was conspicuous among the princes of his time, William IX., Count of Poitiers, should figure at the head of the list of Provençal poets, designated by the name of Troubadours.* This, however, does not imply, that he was the most ancient of these poets; it will, on the contrary, appear from the sequel, that he was not. It only implies, that he is the first of those whose works, either entire or in fragments, have come down to us. Not only were there before him and in his day, men versed in the art of "finding" (*trobar*), though the latter was then as yet in its infancy,but there were even schools for instruction in certain traditional maxims of this art. This is a fact, with reference to which I deem it necessary to enter into some explanations, after which I shall resume, and be able to pursue more methodically, what I shall have to say respecting the Count of Poitiers.

Among the noble families of Limousin, which flourished and enjoyed a certain degree of distinction during the Middle Age, that of the viscounts of Ventadour occupies a conspicuous place.† The first of its members who rendered it illustrious, was Archambaud the First, viscount of Comborn and of Ventadour, who died at a very advanced age, subsequently to the year 992. The traditions of the country represent him as figuring in a multitude of battles, where he distinguished himself under the command of Emperor Otho I. But the most famous and the most glorious of all his exploits was to have defended, in single combat, the honor of the empress, who had been falsely accused of adultery by interested calumniators. In all this there is undoubtedly nothing more than fiction, or falsehood, but the people seldom invents fictions, except in honor of those who have already some foundation of renown to support them.

* Compare Raynouard, vol. v. p. 115.—*Ed.*

† On these viscounts see Gaufredi Chronicon, in Bouquet's Recueil des hist. des Gaules et de la France, vol. xii.—*Ed.*

The third descendant of Archambaud II., Ebles or *Ebolus* III., who was born about the year 1086, is only known in the genealogical line of the viscounts of Ventadour under the designation of the *Cantor* or "Singer," a surname, which was bestowed on him on account of his passionate fondness for the new Provençal poetry. It was he that first introduced into his family this taste for polite culture, for which his son, Ebles IV., who died in 1170 at a very advanced age, was particularly distinguished. The prior of Vigeois, who, in his invaluable chronicle, has carefully collected the notices and traditions of the twelfth century relative to the family of the Ventadours, remarks in characterizing Ebles IV., that even in old age he still continued to love the "verses of alacrity and joy,"* as the prior, with admirable propriety, designates the productions of Provençal poesy. We shall hereafter hear one of the most distinguished Troubadours celebrate the (*poetic*) *school* of Ebles IV., a school in which it is extremely probable, that this Troubadour himself had learnt his art.

This being granted, I now proceed to show, the Ebles IV. and Ebles III. were not the predecessors, but only the contemporaries of William of Poitiers, and even somewhat later than the count.† We cannot, therefore, rank them among the number of those who made Provençal verses before the latter. The fact however proves, what will be more clearly established hereafter, that from the first decennia of the twelfth century, the new Provençal poetry was already cultivated at the court of Poitiers, and in the châteaux of Limousin.

But the idiom of this poetry was not that of Poitou; it could be nothing more than the literary idiom of its inhabitants, and the same remark is applicable to Limousin, though not in the same degree; for the idiom of this latter country was much more closely related to the literary Provençal, than that of the former. Neither Poitou nor Limousin could therefore have been the cradle of this poetry, though it was cultivated there by the count of Poitiers and the seigniors of Ventadour. It was introduced there from somewhere else, from some place situated further toward the south, nearer to the coasts of the Mediterranian. But I shall not advance at present any conjecture in regard to its original locality; all that I shall conclude from this fact is, that in order to allow this Provençal poetry the requisite time to spread from its native place to Ventadour, and especially to Poitiers, we must necessarily suppose it to have

* Usque ad senectam carmina alacritatis dilexit.

† Compare the above quoted chronicon of Gaufredus of Vigeois. He says of Ebolus III. (chapt. 69): "Erat valde gratiosus in cantilenis. Qua de re *apud Guillelmum est assecutus maximum favorem;* verumtamen in alterutrum sese invidebant, si quis alterum obnubilare posset inurbanitatis nota," etc.—*Ed.*

originated some years before the beginning of the twelfth century.

William IX., count of Poitiers and duke of Aquitania, was born in 1071. In 1086, when he was scarcely in his fifteenth year, he inherited the domains of his ancestors, which comprised entire Gascony, nearly all the northern half of Aquitaine; moreover, Poitou, Limousin, Berry, and Auvergne.

His father, Gui Geoffroi, or William VIII., a prince of the most devoted piety and of great austerity of manners, had zealously figured among those numerous nobles of the south of France, whom Pope Gregory VII. had made his devoted champions, and on whose support he depended in the execution of his comprehensive plans of religious and political organization.

William IX. had none of the inclinations of his father, and followed none of his examples. He either did not comprehend the grand projects of the Roman pontiff, or else he disdained them. Urban II. wrote him frequently, but it was always to complain of him, or to reproach him for some act of violence toward the churches or the priests.

He was active and brave, because bravery and activity were at that time the indispensable conditions for the acquisition or the maintenance of power. But the most distinctive traits of his character appear to have been a want of respect for the established forms of religion, uncommon in his day, an unbridled love of pleasure, and a jocularity, ever ready to degenerate into buffoonery.

Married very young to a princess of the house of Anjou, he soon repudiated her, in order to make room for his second nuptials with Philippa, the daughter of William IV., count of Toulouse, and niece to the famous Raimond of Saint Gilles. But this marriage, instead of being a bond of peace between the two seigniories, proved on the contrary a cause of perpetual feuds and discord.

Every one knows that the first crusade was preached at Clermont in 1095; and it is also known, that nearly all the nobles of the South enlisted in its support under the auspices of Raimond of Saint Gilles, who was the most powerful among them, and destined to become their chief. William IX. was of the small number of those, who rendered themselves remarkable by refusing to take the cross, and this position on his part was really somewhat surprising. He was in the flower of manhood, of a robust and healthy constitution, and if he was not susceptible of religious enthusiasm, he was at any rate fond of war, of glory and of grand adventures. But he had, as we shall see presently, his reasons for remaining in Aquitaine, while all his neighbors were on their way to Syria.

In the month of October of the year 1096, Raimond of Saint Gilles left Europe for the Holy Land at the head of a hundred thousand men, which the historians of the time sometimes distinguish by the separate names of Aquitanians, Goths and Provençals, and which at other times they again confound under the latter of these names. Of all the leaders of this crusade, Raimond of Saint Gilles was probably the one who had entered into the religious motives of the enterprise with most enthusiasm. It was never to return again, that he quitted his rich domains, the fair banks of the Rhone, and his magnificent city of Toulouse. He had made a vow to die where Jesus Christ had died, and in consequence of this vow, he had bequeathed all his estates to Bertrand, the eldest of his sons.

It would occupy too much of our time, and it is, moreover, foreign to my subject, to discuss the character of Bertrand, after his accession to the power of his father. It is sufficient to say, that by this conduct he made a number of powerful enemies in his capital, who conspired against him. This quarrel was precisely what the heart of William of Poitiers longed for. By virtue of his marriage with Philippa, he thought himself entitled to the county of Toulouse, and he had only waited for the departure of Raimond in order to assert these claims. He effected an easy alliance with the faction at variance with Bertrand, and supported by it in his plans, he took possession of Toulouse, proclaimed himself its count, and established his residence there. He passed two or three years in the unmolested enjoyment of his conquest, and he was still there toward the close of the year 1099. It was there, that he received the great intelligence of the taking of Jerusalem by the crusaders, and of the establishment of a Christian kingdom in Syria. At the receipt of this intelligence, which resounded like a shout of triumph and of joy from one end of Europe to the other, fresh bands of crusaders arose in every direction, ready to march to the succor of the small number of those who had remained in Syria. At this time William of Poitiers himself was carried away by the universal impulse, or else he did not venture to remain. But we are unable to give the precise moment at which he resolved at last to assume the cross. It is certain, however, that between this moment and that of his departure, he was involved in difficulties which were very unlike preparations for a pilgrimage.

In the course of the year 1100 he evacuated the city and county of Toulouse. We do not know precisely whether he was driven out by Count Bertrand's party, which might gradually have gained the advantage over him, or whether he left

voluntarily, in order to return to Poitou, where the new turn of events had in fact a claim upon his presence.

Hilarius, the bishop of Poitiers, had just convoked a convention of bishops in that city, at the head of which it was his intention to excommunicate Philip the First, king of France, on account of his adulterous connection with the wife of the count of Anjou. The king, having been informed of this project, wrote at once to William, beseeching him not to suffer his suzerain to be excommunicated before his eyes, and William, who on every other occasion cared very little for his duties as a vassal, was firmly decided not to neglect them on this.

The bishops, in obedience to the summons of Saint Hilarius, met at Poitiers in the course of October, and held their sessions under the presidency of John, the legate of Pope Urban II. They had already had several meetings, and the day, on which the excommunication was to be fulminated against the king, was already decided upon. This was the very day, for which William was waiting, in order to give an exhibition of his courage. Followed by a band of men-at-arms, he rushed like a madman into the church, where the bishops were assembled, and with a menacing voice declared to them, that he would not suffer his suzerain to be excommunicated in the very city, which he himself, Count William, held in feoff from him. But legate John was a man above the fear of menaces. He reassures the bishops, exhorts them to perform their duty, and the sentence of excommunication is pronounced in the presence of William and in despite of his opposition.

Transported with rage and yet not venturing to lay violent hands upon the bishops in the church itself, William leaves it instantly and gives orders to close all the gates of Poitiers, so that no one of the excommunicators might escape him. The gates were closed accordingly, and the bishops remained for some days in the most embarrassing situation. Nevertheless they all succeeded, one after the other, in eluding his vigilance at last, and their escape passed for a miracle. The fact is, that violence and cruelty were not among William's vices, and it is very probable, that he was not in earnest in his endeavors to get possession of the persons of the menaced bishops, and that he saw or suffered them to escape without any chagrin. It was enough for him to have frightened them, and to have given himself, in the eyes of Philip, the air of a devoted vassal.

Meanwhile William had ordered all those of his subjects, whose duty or inclination it was to follow him to the crusade, to repair to Limoges, as their place of rendezvous. By the spring of 1101, they were all assembled there, and he himself

joined them without any delay. The assembly was a numerous and a brilliant one; it was composed of thirty thousand combatants, all Aquitanians or Gascons, exclusive of a host of unarmed pilgrims. There were in connection with all the crusades a multitude of women, who were neither Clorindas nor Herminias, but it is probable, that there may have been a larger number in a crusade of Aquitanians, commanded by William IX., than in any other; one historian makes it as high as thirty thousand; another rests content with the vague statement, that the count of Poitiers recruited swarms of young damsels for his expedition.

It was at the moment of his departure, at the head of this multitude, that William composed one of those poems, which are still extant, a sort of adieu to his native land and to his eldest son, an infant of three or four years, which was born to him at Toulouse, during his residence in that city. This piece is not one, in which we can look for any poetry; it is, however, nevertheless curious, as being the most ancient in all the collections of the Troubadours, to which we can attach a precise date. Nor is there a lack of a certain moral or historical interest in the grand simplicity, with which the author gives expression to his sentiments in the most serious conjuncture of his life. Here then is the piece, translated as well as the obscurity of certain passages, and the extreme simplicity of the whole would permit me:

"A desire to sing has seized me, and I shall sing of that which afflicts me. I am going to quit the command of Limousin and of Poitou."

"I shall depart into exile; I shall leave my son behind me in war, in affright and peril, to the mercy of all those who wish him ill."

"'Tis a hard thing for me to abandon the seigniory of Poitiers; but it must be so. I leave it, and I commit my domain and my son to the care of Folques d'Anjou."

"Poor infant! If Folques of Anjou, if the king from whom I hold my honors, does not protect him, the rest, seeing him so young and forsaken, will come to assail him."

"Alas! If he is not skillful and brave, I once being far from him, they will soon have accomplished his ruin, these traitors of Angevins and Gascons."

"I was brave, I was valiant (and well could I have defended him)! but lo! we must part; I must go afar off, to visit him, to whom the pilgrims go to sue for mercy!"

"I leave, therefore, all that I loved, my chivalry and my joy; I depart without further delay to the place where sinners seek their peace."

"I implore my companions' mercy. Let them pardon me,

if I have wronged them; and may the God of Heaven too pardon me! I beseech him in Romansh and in Latin."

"I have been gallant and jocund; but God no longer wishes me to be so. I am unable to support my sadness, so near am I to my departure!"

"I pray all my friends to assist me at the hour of death. Time was when I sought after pleasure and sport, both abroad and in my dwelling."

"Adieu, now, diversions and sports! Adieu, now, furred robes of vair and of gray; adieu, ye fine vestments of silk!"*

It is manifest enough, that a young prince, bold and gallant, who spoke thus at the moment of joining the crusade, must have yielded but slowly and with an unwilling heart to the general impulse, to the point of honor demanded by the epoch. The enterprise was far more serious to a man, to whom all that was grave had the air of disorder or of a contradiction.

William passed through France from the Loire to the Rhine, and having crossed the latter of these rivers, directed his course through Germany and Hungary toward Constantinople. While on his route, he joined two other armies of crusaders, of which one was French, commanded by Hugh, the count of Vermandois, brother to Philip the First, king of France, and the other German, under the command of Guelf (Welf), the duke of Bavaria, and of the duchess Ida, his wife.

These three armies, forming all together a mass of upward of a hundred and fifty thousand men, arrived at Constantinople at the same time. They remained there for several weeks, in order to repair their wasted energies. In the month of June, about the harvest-season, they crossed the strait, and commenced their operations in Asia Minor, eager to reach Jerusalem. But Jerusalem was still far off, and the route was difficult and well guarded by the Turks, who had just destroyed successively, within an interval of fifteen days, two other expeditions of crusaders as strong as the present, which was the third in the order of arrival, and which appeared under no better auspices than

* Raynouard: vol. iv. page 83. Piece No. 1. Strophes 1–11.

(1) Pus de chantar m'es pres talens,
Farai un vers don sui dolens;
Non serai mais obediens
De Peytau ni de Lemozi.

(2) Ieu m'en anarai en eyssilh;
Laissarai en guerra mon filh,
E gran paor et en parilh;
E faran li mal siey vezi.
* * * * *

(6) De proeza e de valor fui,
Mais ara nos partem abdui;
Et ieu vauc m'en lay a selui
On merce clamon pelegri,
* * * * *

(10) Totz mos amicx prec a la mort
Qu'il vengan tuit al meu conort,
Qu'ancse amey joi e deport
Luenh de me et en mon aizi.

Aissi guerpisc joy e deport
E var e gris e sembeli.—*Ed.*

the rest. It had scarcely entered upon its march into the country, when the Turks already commenced to burn the harvest-fields before it, and to obstruct or poison the cisterns, wells and springs with such success, that at the end of a few days the army experienced all the torments of hunger and of thirst. In this condition, it reached at last the valley of the Halys, and no sooner was it at the banks of the river, than the entire mass of men plunged into it precipitately, without any precaution, without order or discipline, and with an impetus, of which no words can convey any adequate idea, unless it be perhaps the admirably energetic verse of a popular Greek song: "Oh terrible Turks! Allow us now to drink; you'll kill us afterward!" And this was in fact the moment, which the Turks had chosen to pounce upon them. The hardship of the carnage was almost their only one; but this must still have been considerable, on account of the large number of those who perished.

William of Poitiers was one of those, who saved themselves. He fled on foot, accompanied by a single man, according to some, and by six, according to others. He directed his course toward the neighboring castle of Tarsus, then in the power of the first crusaders and under the command of a chevalier by the name of Bertrand. The count was well received and passed some days there, endeavoring to forget his recent disaster. Tancred of Normandy no sooner was informed of this, than he invited William, by a courteous message, to his residence at Antioch, of which he was then master. The invitation was accepted with alacrity, and the count spent the winter of 1101–1102 in the splendid and opulent city of Antioch.

When spring had come, he repaired to Jerusalem in the capacity of a simple pilgrim. After having visited the Holy Sepulchre and having nothing more to do in Syria, he longed with all his heart for his fair native Aquitaine. His plans of a speedy return, however, were thwarted by diverse obstacles, and it was not until toward the end of the year 1102, that he could accomplish his purpose.

He scarcely had arrived at Poitiers, when he went to work to compose a poem—a piece now probably no longer extant—on the adventures and the issue of his expedition to the Holy Land.

The subject was certainly not a gay one; for the enterprise had cost William thousands of his subjects, the élite of his vassals and immense riches. All Aquitaine was in mourning; but William had not the faculty of looking at the tragical side of human events. Judging from the poem in question according to the testimony of contemporary authors, it was a burlesque picture of the subject, a piece of indecent buffoonery, but

probably original and gay, as there were still those who could laugh at it.

During the interval from his return to the year 1114, history has very little to say about William. It scarcely offers us an occasional glimpse of him, engaged as he was with all his neighbors in a rapid alternation of petty wars and truces of short duration, in which we do not know either what he gained or what he lost. It is quite possible, that in all these quarrels he only sought for occasions to enhance his fame as an excellent chevalier. For it is a trait in his character and life, worth our observation, that William IX., count of Poitiers, was one of the first of the great feudal nobles of the south of France, who figure in the history of the Middle Age with pretensions to the glory of chivalry, then still quite in its infancy.

The events of his life subsequently to the year 1114 begin again to leave some traces in history. It was in the spring of that year that he was excommunicated by the bishop of Poitiers on account of some scandal, in regard to which the historians of the time are not agreed, and which it is of little importance to investigate. But the particulars of the excommunication are quite piquant, and they portray the characters of the bishop and of the count so well, that they deserve a place in our account.

The bishop, after having reprimanded William to his face for the conduct by which he had incurred the excommunication, was already on the point of pronouncing the dreaded formula, when William, suddenly interrupting, threatened to kill him if he dared to finish.* The bishop, pretending to hesitate, collected himself for a moment, and then pronounced the rest of the sentence with additional emphasis. "Strike now," says he to the count, "I have finished." "No," replied William coolly, again quite master of himself, "I do not like you well enough to send you into Paradise."† And he chased him out of the city.

It was either shortly before or after this adventure that William, finding the circumstances favorable, resumed his former favorite project of gaining possession of the city of Toulouse. There was something in the blood of Raimond of Saint Gilles, which determined all his descendants to go to the Holy Land to combat and to die. The eldest son of Raimond, Bertrand,

* The scene is described by William of Malmesbury, "De gestis Regum Anglicorum," book v.: "Ille (i. e., Guillelmus) præcipiti furore percussus crinem antistitis involvit, strictumque mucronem vibrans: *Jam, inquit, morieris nisi me absolveris.*"—*Ed.*

† "Ita officio suo, ut sibi videbatur, peracto . . . . (episcopus) collum tetendit: *feri*, inquiens, *feri!* At Willelmus refractior consuetum leporem intulit, ut diceret: Tantum certè te odi, ut nec meo te dignor odio, nec cœlum unquam intrabis meæ manus ministerio."—*Ed.*

who had been in the unmolested possession of the county of Toulouse since the year 1100, when William had evacuated it—Bertrand had embarked for Syria in 1109, with the intention never to return again. He had a son, ten or twelve years old, whom he had taken with him. The county of Toulouse he had transferred to his young brother Alphonse, surnamed Jourdain, from the circumstance, that he was born at Jernsalem, and that his father Raimond had him carried to the Jordan, to be baptized in the waters of the sacred river.

Alphonse had not yet passed his sixteenth or his seventeenth year; and whether he already governed by himself or was still directed by a council of regents, there arose against him in the city of Toulouse a faction, which was determined to upset his authority. William at once formed an alliance with this faction, and with its aid made himself master of Toulouse a second time.

This city, which had not entirely lost its ancient importance, became now one of the centres of the new civilization, which had commenced to dawn from all parts of the South; and it would appear, that in the ambition, by which William was impelled to its appropriation, there was a certain attraction of the man of culture to the politeness, the literature and the beautiful idiom of its inhabitants. He established his residence there this time as well as the first, but he appears to have been obliged to struggle and intrigue against the party of young Alphonse, which was that of the country itself, and which did not regard itself as vanquished.

Two or three years passed away in this doubtful state of affairs, without any serious change either in the fortunes of William or in that of the inhabitants of Toulouse. But about the year 1118 the provinces between the Rhone and the Pyrenees became involved in a general movement on the part of Spain against the Arabs.

Alphonso the First, king of Aragon, perceiving the Mussulman powers of the country more and more divided among themselves, took politic and energetic measures to profit by their contentions and to aggrandize himself at their expense. He made a chivalric appeal to the principal seigniors north of the Pyrenees, and they gallantly responded to it.

With their forces united to his own, and at the head of both, he besieged, in the year 1119, the great and powerful city of Saragossa, and starved it into a surrender. In the following year he entered the territory of the Mussulmans, and there won the battle of Cotenda, one of the most brilliant and decisive which the Christians had thus far fought against the Arabs.

William of Poitiers took part in all these expeditions, in

which his conduct was that of a gallant chevalier. He had contributed considerable forces, but these forces were levied exclusively in Poitou, or in his other domains. It seems that he did not venture to conduct the Toulousains to this war, or perhaps the latter did not wish to follow him.

And they really did, from that time, entertain the plan of driving him from the city, and of recalling young Alphonse. In quitting Toulouse, William had left one of his vassals, William of Montmorel, to command in his place. The Toulousains, however, soon rebelled against this lieutenant, and obliged him to take refuge in the *Château Narbonnais*, which constituted a part of the fortified circumvallation of the city, and which was the ordinary residence of the count.

William heard of this insurrection, while yet on the other side of the Pyrenees, and it was undoubtedly with the intention of suppressing it and of declaring war against Alphonse Jourdain, that he made an alliance with Raimond Bérenger III., count of Barcelona, who was likewise at variance with Alphonse, on account of certain difficulties relative to Provence.

And the war was actually commenced. It appears even that it was a very lively and protracted one, but history has almost nothing to say about it. All that we know about it is, that the Toulousains exhibited considerable enthusiasm for the cause of their young count Alphonse. They laid siege to the Château Narbonnais, and forced the lieutenant of William of Poitiers to surrender. After this, when the news reached them that Alphonse Jourdain was himself besieged in Prague by the count of Barcelona, they marched to his deliverance, and brought him back in triumph to Toulouse, where he afterward remained in the unmolested possession of his power.

William of Poitiers did probably not abandon the hope of reconquering, at some future day, the city, which he coveted so much. But he did not live long enough to see a third chance to succeed in his project. He died on the tenth of February, 1127.

I have now given the most interesting and the most positive facts that I have been able to collect relative to the life of William IX., count of Poitiers and duke of Aquitania. The writers who were his contemporaries, or nearly so, in speaking of him, are all agreed in what they have to say in regard to the fundamental traits of his character. Geoffroy, the prior of Vigeois, represents him as a man that was carried away by his fondness for the other sex, and on that account incapable of following out any serious design.

William of Malmesbury makes him a sort of *esprit fort*, who boldly and with self-complacency denied the existence of a God

and of a Providence, but who was endowed with the talent of making all those who heard him laugh by his facetiousness and *bons mots.** Oderic Vital says in a few words, that he was brave, courageous and excessively jovial, so that in his buffooneries he left even the buffoons by profession far behind him.†

Finally, the extremely valuable biographical traditions of the Troubadours, which were collected during the twelfth century, and which are generally of a purely historical character, represent the count of Poitiers, as one of the most courteous men in the world, and as one of the greatest libertines; in other respects, however, an excellent and gallant chevalier and a man of unbounded liberality. "He understood the art of making verses (*Il sut bien trouver*) and of singing to perfection," they add, "and went about the world a great while, in order to impose upon the ladies."‡

It was not without design, that I have extended, as far as I could do so without departing from my subject, these notices on the character and life of the count of Poitiers. I wished to be able to affirm, that in this character and in this life there is nothing, that implies a decided poetic instinct. In all, that I have said about William, there is nothing that betrays a poet, much less an original poet, at any rate as far as serious poetry is concerned. This single observation might perhaps suffice to show, that the count of Poitiers could not have been the first of the Troubadours.

The pieces which are left us of this author are of a very limited number. Considered in themselves and with reference to their poetical merit, they have no interest whatever, and they might be destroyed without depriving Provençal poetry of a single characteristic trait. There is, therefore, nothing to be looked for in these pieces, as far as agreeableness or beauty is concerned. If on the other hand, however, we search them for facts or indications with reference to the general history of the Troubadours and of their poetry, the case is quite a different one. These very pieces, however insignificant in every other respect,

* "Erat tunc Willelmus comes Pictavorum fatuus et lubricus, qui priusquam de Hierosolyma . . . . rediit, ita omne vitiorum volutabrum premebat, *quasi crederet omnia fortuito agi, non providentia regi.* Nugas porro suas salsa quadam venustate condiens ad facetias revocabat, audientibus rictus cachinno distendens," etc. "De gestis Regum Angl.," lib. v., p. 170.—*Ed.*

† "Hic audax fuit et probus, nimiumque jucundus, *facetos etiam histriones facetiis superans multiplicibus.*" Oderici Vitalis "Hist. Eccles." apud Bouquet, vol. xii., p. 684, c.—*Ed.*

‡ "Lo coms de Peitieus si fo uns dels maiors cortes del mon, e dels maiors trichadors de dompnas; e bons cavalliers d'armas, e larcs de dompneiar. *E saup ben trobar et cantar:* e anet lonc temps per lo mon per enganar las domnas." Raynouard, vol. v. p. 115. "Parnasse Occitanien," p. 1. Crescimbeni, "Istoria della volgar Poesia," vol. ii. p. 190.—*Ed.*

become invaluable, when regarded in this light, for we can derive from them a great deal of interesting and reliable information on the subject of Provençal poetry. It is in this connection, and with a view to this historical purpose, that I have examined them and still propose to speak of them. The facts, to which this examination must be directed, are of a very delicate nature, but nevertheless quite positive, and among the number of those which it is important to observe and to appreciate in investigating new and difficult portions of literary history.

The different manuscript collections of the poetry of the Troubadours, with which we are acquainted, offer us only ten pieces under the name of the count of Poitiers, and these pieces together do not quite contain five hundred verses. It is quite probable, that he composed a larger number of them, exclusively even of the lost poem on the Aquitanian crusade. Among the ten pieces, however, which are attributed to him, there are two, which the most unpretending criticism could not admit among the number of his works. For, in the first place, the style differs too greatly from his to be a mere shade or modification of it; and secondly, the two poems in question are found in other manuscripts under different names from that of the count of Poitiers. These two circumstances united decide the question.

In regard to the eight remaining pieces, as all the manuscripts agree in attributing them to the count of Poitiers, and as there is nothing contained in any of them to contradict this testimony of the manuscripts, I do not hesitate to admit and to consider them as productions of William IX. These then are the pieces, which I propose to examine, in order to see what inferences, relative to the history of Provençal poetry, it may be possible to derive from them.

Of the eight pieces in question, six are of the amatory kind and two only appertain to other species. I have but a word to say about the latter and I shall commence with it. One of these two species is that, of which I have already given a translation, and in which William, at the moment of his departure for the Holy Land, bids adieu to his son and to his seigniory.

The other is much more fantastical and might prove a source of great embarrassment to one, who took it into his head to look for a serious sense, or even for any sense whatever in it. It is a mere extravaganza, to which I shall revert again hereafter. For the present it will be sufficient for my purpose to have simply noticed it. I proceed now to the consideration of the amatory pieces. Of the six poems of this order I can communicate two, and I shall translate them presently. But it is necessary to give first some idea of the rest, and here I experience a

difficulty; for these pieces are outrageously licentious. I shall confine myself to a rapid exposition of their respective subjects. In one of these pieces, the count of Poitiers unfolds his theory of love and endeavors to show the folly and the vanity of jealousy on the part of husbands and even on the part of lovers.

The three other pieces properly belong to the narrative class, and there is scarcely a doubt, but that in them the author makes shameless allusions to real adventures of his life. There is one, in which he recounts the good luck he had in representing himself dumb to two ladies, whom he accidentally met on a journey into the country. In another he speaks of two ladies, whom he loved equally, but of which each desired exclusive possession of his heart, under the allegory of two superb coursers, which pleased and suited him both.

Notwithstanding the traits of merriment and drollery, which mitigate to some extent the obscenity of these pieces, they are nevertheless upon the whole the unconstrained and serious expression of a gross depravity, which may have been in part that of the age, but in which there is certainly also much that is purely individual.

The last two pieces by the count of Poitiers, which still remain to be examined, are love-longs, like the preceding, but this is all they have in common with them. We cannot without astonishment find productions, so dissimilar in this respect, confounded under the same name.

I subjoin here a few stanzas* from the first of these two pieces, faithfully translated, except perhaps one or two passages, which I am not sure of having rendered with exactness.

"I experience such delight in love, that I wish to abandon myself entirely to it; and since I wish to live by love, I ought, if it were possible, to be completely happy. My new thought shall hereafter be my ornament; the world shall see and hear of it."

"I ought not to depreciate myself and still I dare not praise me. But if ever the joy of love could flourish, mine ought to bring forth blossoms, above all others. It ought to shine resplendent over every other, just as the sun upon a cloudy day."

"All pride must be abased before my lady, and every power

* Raynouard: vol. iii. p. 3. Piece No. II. Strophes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

Mout jauzens me prenc en amar
Un joy don plus mi vuelh aizir;
E pus en joy vulh revertir,
Ben deu, si puesc, al mielhs anar;
Quar mielhs or n'am estiers cuiar
Qu'om puesca vezer ni auzir.

Ieu, so sabetz, no m dey gabar,
Ni de grans laus no m say formir;
Mas, si auc nulhs joys poc florir,
Aquest deu sobre totz granar,
E part los autres esmerar,
Si cum sol brus jorns esclarzir.
* * * * *

Totz joys li deu humiliar,
E tota ricors obezir
Mi dons . . . . etc., etc.—*Ed.*

must obey her, on account of her gracious address, her sweet and charming look." . . .

"From the joy of such a lady a dying man might revive, and out of grief for her a man, though in the bloom of health, might perish. She can make fools of the wise, render ugly the most handsome, convert the most courteous man into a boor, the boor into a courtier."

"A fairer one than she cannot be found. Nor eye can see nor mouth can name her equal. I have chosen her as mine, in order to refresh my heart and to renew my body, so that it never may grow old."

The traits, which constitute the character of this piece, are still more marked and better expressed in the second,* of which the following is nearly the whole:

"Since we behold again the meadows clad in green, the orchards blooming, the rivulets and fountains, air and winds grown bright again, it is but just, that every one should cull the part of joy, that falls to him."

"Of love I cannot but speak well; and if I should not gain the slightest good by it, no matter! Perhaps I did not merit any more. And yet it would be such a pleasing joy and so easily bestowed, to obtain a glimpse of hope!"

"Thus have I always been deceived! For never yet have I been happy for having loved, and I shall never be so. I do, however, just as my heart prompts, although I well know, that it is all in vain."

"'Tis thus, that I assume the air of one insensate, longing for what I cannot have. Alas! The proverb is two true, that, 'He, who has a great desire, has great power; if not, woe be to him!'"

"Whoever wants to love, must first of all be ready to serve the entire world. He must be skilled in doing noble actions and must beware of speaking vulgarly at court."

The contrasts between these pieces and those, to which I presently shall scarcely venture to allude, is as striking as it can possibly be. It extends itself to everything about them; to the form, the tone, the ideas and the sentiments conveyed by them

* Raynouard: vol. v. page 117. Strophes 1, 2, 4,

Pus vezem de novelh florir
Pratz, e vergiers reverdezir
Rius e fontanas esclarzir,
Auras e vens,
Ben den qnascna lo joy janzir
Don ea jauzens.

D'amor non dei dire mas be,
Quar non ai ni petit ni re,
Qnar ben len plus no m'en cove;
Pero lenmens
Dona grau joi qui be mante
Los aizimena. . . . .
* * * * *

Obediensa den portar
A mantas gens qui vol amar,
E coven li que sapcha far
Faigz avinena,
E ques guart en cort de parlar
Vilanamens.—*Ed.*

The love, which constitutes the burden of the latter, has nothing whatever in common with that, which is represented in the former. This is an enthusiastic, a delicate and a respectful sentiment, which elevates and deifies its object. In a word, it is chivalric gallantry with all its refinements, its formulas and its characteristic usages. This, however, we shall exhibit in a clearer light hereafter.

We may be sure, that in the two pieces, which I have just translated, the count of Poitiers did not express sentiments, which were really his own. Nor was the conception of love, as there conveyed, his own. He certainly would have been the last man in the world to imagine such a thing. In speaking as he did, he only expressed the sentiments and ideas at that time generally in vogue, at least among the higher classes of society in the South. There was then already a method for the portraiture of these sentiments and ideas, a poetry of a specific character, which was already that of the Troubadours, still young, perhaps, and as yet incapable of its later loftier flights, but nevertheless older than the count of Poitiers, and constituting already an original system of established principles and forms. This is an interesting fact in the history of Provençal poetry, and one which I think I can establish to a certainty. I think I can see in the pieces, composed by the count of Poitiers, diverse allusions to the poetical system of the Troubadours, all of which oblige us to adopt the supposition, that this system must have been organized and already in vogue for a certain length of time, at the epoch when they were made.

I have a little while ago spoken of a piece by William IX., which I have characterized by the epithet extravagant. In order to justify this qualification, I have only to translate the first stanza, of which the following is a literal rendering:

"I am about composing a piece of verse about a pure nonentity; for I shall therein treat neither of myself, nor of another; neither of love, nor of youth, nor of any other matter. It is a long time since I once composed it, while I was sleeping on Mount Chenal."

The piece contains seven or eight additional stanzas symmetrical with this; they all of them consist of an assemblage of contradictory expressions, associated together for the sole purpose of offering to the mind a series of incongruous ideas or images, calculated to surprise or to amuse it for a moment by their extravagance disguised under a serious form.

We find in the Provençal manuscripts other pieces similar to this. There is one, among others, by Raymbaud of Orange, to which the author gives the singular but very appropriate

title of "*I know not what.*" Troubadours of a graver character, and of more distinguished talents than either William IX. or Rambaud of Orange, as for example, Giraud de Borneuil, did not disdain this sort of composition. They constituted, in fact, one of the minor lyrical forms, cultivated by the Troubadors, and were a part of their poetic system.

It is not impossible, although not probable, that the piece by the count of Poitiers, which we have just considered, was the first, and as it were the model of the species. But even if it were, this want of a certain diversion in minds of an eccentric or refined turn might be regarded as a proof, that the serious poetry of the Troubadours must have existed long before this time. And there are indeed many things in favor of the supposition, that at the epoch at which oddities, like the one in question, found poets and hearers, there must have been already in circulation many of those grave and wearisome compositions, which are never wanting in any of the collections of the Troubadours.

Another species of poetic composition, of frequent occurrence in these collections, and almost as singular as the preceding, but of a more elevated tone, and much more characteristic, is that of the *tensons*, or poetic combats. These are pieces, in which two or more interlocutors support opposite sides of some question, connected with some point of chivalric gallantry. The count of Poitiers never composed any tensons; or rather, he never figures as an interlocutor in any of the pieces which are left us from his pen. But he expressly alludes to them in one of his poems, and this allusion is sufficient to establish the fact, that this sort of poetic challenge was customary in his time, and undoubtedly before him, among the poets of the Provençal tongue.

We have now discovered three kinds of lyrical productions, peculiar to the Troubadours, all of which are represented in the writings of the count of Poitiers either by formal imitations or by allusions. They are the chivalric love songs, the tensons, and lastly, those incongruous medleys, which never seem to have had any other name except that of *I know not what.*

Independently of these allusions, the poems of the count of Poitiers contain others no less significant, on various special and characteristic points relating to the poetics of the Troubadours. In this system of poetry, for example, the musical art is inseparably connected with that of the poet. Every poet was his own composer, and generally singer too. There were certain established terms for distinguishing in every poetic composition, the special work to be performed by each of these arts respectively. That of the poetry was denominated *mots* or words, that of the music *son* or sound. Now one of the pieces

of William IX. contains a passage, which alludes to all this as to poetical laws already settled.

There is another circumstance no less remarkable. The word *trobar* (French *trouver*, "to find, invent"), by which the Provençals designate the spontaneous act of the poetic imagination, and the sort of creation which is the result of it, is already employed in this sense in the writings of the count of Poitiers. But this word could only have been used in such a special acceptation at an epoch, when the poetic genius had already acquired, by dint of certain developments, the consciousness of its inherent nobleness and power. If we could ascertain, where and when it was first employed in this sense, we should then know, from this single circumstance, the cradle of the poetry of the Troubadours and the exact date of its birth. But these beginnings involve inquiries which men never think of making in time.

Finally, we learn from certain passages of the writings of William IX., that the material organization of Provençal poetry at the time of this count, was already fundamentally the same, as we find it at a subsequent epoch; that is to say, there were two poetical classes or professions, in intimate and necessary relation with each other, and fulfilling each its peculiar part of one common task, to wit, that of the Troubadours or poets and musical composers, and that of the Jongleurs or itinerant singers and reciters of the compositions of the first.

I shall now endeavor (and the matter is not a difficult one) to recapitulate and to express all these particular facts in one general leading fact.

If we admit that the count of Poitiers wrote the majority of his pieces from the age of twenty to that of forty, it follows, that the latter were composed during the interval from 1090 to 1110; and there is every probability, that this was really the case.

The examination of these pieces furnishes us evidence, that at that epoch there existed in the south of France two sorts or orders of poetry.

The one was that primitive Provençal poetry, which originated during the ninth and tenth centuries, from the reminiscences of the Græco-Roman poetry, and was modified in a Christian sense by the intervention of the priests and monks. It is to this crude, uncouth, spontaneous, but vague and indeterminate order of poetry, that we must assign the epic songs, the popular love and dancing songs, the pious hymns, the legends of saints and the romantic narratives, of which I have either spoken historically, or given specimens.

The second order of poetry existed by the side of the former,

but it was in every respect distinct from it. This was then an entirely new kind of poetry, systematic, refined, exclusive—a poetry of the courts and castles, of which the only or the principal theme was love, such as the chivalry of the South had made or endeavored to make it.

These two orders of poetry are clearly to be distinguished in the compositions of the count of Poitiers, who no more invented the one than he did the other, but who cultivated both of them. The older and most popular of the two offered him the liberty of which he stood in need, to express his individual mode of thinking or of feeling, and to recount his personal adventures. The other, more delicate and more ideal, was the poetry in fashion at the courts of the South; and it was necessary for him to cultivate it likewise, were it from no other motive than from the vanity of being in the *ton*.

Subsequently to the epoch of the count of Poitiers, the new poetry of the Troubadours absorbed, gradually and almost entirely, the ancient popular poetry, which had preceded it three centuries, and which ended by imprinting its character and imposing its forms upon the former. This is a revolution which I propose to discuss hereafter in its proper place.

CHAPTER XV.

CHIVALRY CONSIDERED IN ITS RELATIONS TO PROVENÇAL POETRY.

Before entering upon the examination of the poetry of the Troubadours, I shall have to give some general idea of chivalry, of which the former was only the more or less ideal expression. I am not obliged, however, to treat this subject with anything like completeness; I have not to write the history of that singular system of institutions, commonly designated by the name of chivalry, to point out its precise origin, or to trace the progress of its development throughout entire Europe. I have only to consider the institution in question, as it existed in the south of France, and then even I am exempt from embracing it as a whole; all that is necessary for me is to indicate its connection with the poetic system of the Troubadours. But even when thus circumscribed, the subject has still its difficulties and its exigencies, and I do not believe that I shall be able to succeed in my design, without connecting what I have to say on chivalry with a rapid sketch of its general history.

During the long anarchy, which followed the dissolution of the Carlovingian monarchy, all the remaining moral and social forces were spontaneously called into play in favor of the reëstablishment of some sort of order. But, in a state of isolation, these forces could accomplish nothing, and some of them, long since the enemies of each other, instead of acting in concert against the general anarchy, only profited by it to exacerbate their mutual hostility.

Thus, for example, the military or feudal caste, which had nearly all the political power in its hands, and which, from the commencement of the Frankish conquest, had always been hostile to the clergy, was then more opposed to it than ever. More than ever before, did this turbulent and greedy caste now vex or pillage the churches, and menace the independence of the clergy. The latter employed all their energy and care, in order to maintain their possessions and their dignity against these attacks, and the history of this struggle is, in a great measure, that of society itself at the epoch in question.

Among the numerous ideas suggested to the clergy by the necessity of self-defence, there is one which here deserves our special notice. It was that of creating in the very heart of this feudal caste, which was always ready to trouble society and the church, a party especially devoted to the support of both. The attempt was partially successful, and gave rise to a sort of revolution in the feudal order, which manifested itself in various ways, bnt more particularly by a characteristic change in the ordinary method of military investitures.

Among the Germans, the day on which a man was received among the number of the warriors of his tribe, was one of the most solemn in his life, and the occasions for the reception of new warriors were those of great rejoicing to the tribe itself; for they were always attended with a certain display of ceremonies, of the spirit and the motives of which Tacitus has left us so admirable an account.*

The Germans continued to cherish their ideas and usages on this point, after they had established themselves in the provinces of the empire, and the act of the investiture of arms preserved among them all its ancient importance. Now as the principal ceremony of this investiture consisted in begirding the young warrior with the sword or with the baldric by which it was suspended, it was from this circumstance that it derived the names by which it was usually designated in the Latin of the time. *To take the baldric* or *to gird about the baldric*, were expressions habitually used to designate the act in question.

At a later period, under Charlemagne and Louis le Débonnaire, the military girdle was considered as the sign or symbol of political capacity. *To lose or lay aside the baldric* was tantamount to a civil degradation.

The counts, the dukes, the kings, and probably all the members of the feudal order, without any distinction, preserved this ancient Germanic custom of the investiture of arms, until about the middle of the eleventh century. To give or to receive this investiture still continued to be called *to take* or *to receive the military baldric*, or more simply *the military order*, *the militia*. The term *militia-man* or *military man* (*miles*, *vir militaris*) was then employed to designate a personage of the feudal caste, as during the first centuries of the conquest the name of Frank had designated a man of the conquering race.

The investiture of arms, as long as it remained a traditional usage of ancient Germany, was nothing more than a civil or

* De Germania, c. xiii. "Sed arma sumere non ante cuiquam moris, quam civitas suffecturam probaverit. Tum in ipso concilio, vel principum aliquis vel pater vel propinquus scuto frameaque juvenem ornant: hæc apud illos toga, hic primus juventæ honos: ante hoc domus pars videntur, mox reipublicæ, etc.—*Ed.*

political ceremony. It was customary for the young warrior to receive his arms from the hands of another warrior, older than himself; but there is nothing to justify the presumption, that this was done in a place exclusively devoted to that purpose. We do not know whether the young warrior was required to take an oath; but even if this had been so, the oath could only have been a civil or political one.

All this was changed during the latter half of the eleventh century, an epoch at which the clergy were attempting to bring about the revolution in the military order, to which I have already referred above. We then find the priests in the possession of the power of investing the youthful warriors of the feudal order with their first arms. The ceremony was no longer performed indiscriminately in any place, but in the churches. It was no longer a purely civil or political ceremony, but a mixed one, which now borrowed a part of its solemnity from religion. The neophyte warrior was required to take an oath, and this oath, which was dictated by the Church, distinctly announced, on the part of the latter, the project it entertained in directing or reforming the military caste.*

The warrior thus instructed by the priest was no longer, or was at any rate no longer supposed to be, the turbulent and haughty warrior, who, measuring his right by his physical strength or courage, regarded everything his own, which he could plunder with impunity. He was now a champion of the Church, who had received his arms only in order to consecrate them to the defence of religion, to the protection of the feeble against the strong, of the oppressed against the oppressor. In short, he was a knight or chevalier in the historical and characteristic acceptation of the term.

We thus perceive, that the institution of chivalry, in its origin and primitive form, was nothing more than an attempt on the part of the clergy to transform the brutal and turbulent force of the feudal soldiery into a well-organized power for the defence of the Church and of Society. It was an appeal to whatever there was generous and humane in the warrior caste in opposition to its perversity, its violence, and its barbarity.

This attempt on the part of the clergy was connected with others, which were, however, only an expansion of the former; as for example, the institution of the Peace and of the Truce of God, and the Crusades. But this is not the place for unravelling or tracing the threads by which these different events are linked together.

* On the ceremony of arming or dubbing the knight compare Sainte-Palaye's "Memoirs of Ancient Chivalry" (English, London, 1784) page 44, aqq. On the military investiture of the Saracens, Hammer-Purgatall's "Litteraturgeschichte der Araber," vol. i., p. xc.–xcv., and vol. v., p. 3.—*Ed.*

But chivalry neither did nor could remain what the clergy had originally made it. It soon shook off the sacerdotal influence, and only aspired to virtues, of which some were odious and others indifferent to the priests and monks. The institution of chivalry in its earliest form had been a sort of truce or momentary alliance between the clergy and the order of warriors. But the alliance was but a short-lived one, and the struggle between the two castes soon recommenced with more intensity than ever.

The passions, the interests, the vices, and the virtues of the feudal order did not find sufficiently free play in the chivalry of the clergy. The religious enthusiasm itself, the grand source of clerical influence and power over the warriors, had among these men something that was uncertain, savage, and unmanageable. The knight, the feudal soldier, was indeed desirous to serve his religion and his faith, but he was not always in a humor to serve them under the direction and in the interest of a class of men whom he did not like—of a clergy, which he represents as hankering after lands and treasures, and always ready to cry alarm or to pronounce anathemas against those to whom it was indebted for all it had, however little disposition they might exhibit to take back what they had given. This warrior was sincerely religious, but he was so after his own fashion, with all his ignorance, his pride, his adventurous propensities and his wants, which were always greater than the means at his command for satisfying them.

On the other hand, the military caste became gradually more civilized in consequence of the general progress of society, and independently of the personal efforts and motives by which the clergy had endeavored to reform it. Now, the views of the Church, as expressed in the institution of chivalry, were quite consistent with the development of several germs of civilization, existing toward the middle of the eleventh century, but not with that of all of them. There was already at this epoch in the south of Europe, and especially of France, a manifest and decided movement of a reviving civilization, which had commenced under the auspices of the feudal order, and was conducted by it. A certain degree of refinement and of politeness began to be regarded as a natural sign of power and elevation of rank. There already existed a sort of respectful consideration for the fair sex, a disinterested disposition to admiration and to tenderness, as if there were already a presentiment of the moral ascendency, which woman was destined to hold in society. Finally, display, magnificence, liberality, and a generous use of force, began to be the surest means to the attainment of glory and renown among those in power. Chivalry

was a sort of form for all these sentiments, for all these principles of civilization; they entered there spontaneously, they daily increased in number and in influence, until at last they became the dominant party. It was through these sentiments and principles, that the institution gradually assumed an entirely different form from that which the ecclesiastical power had attempted to give to it, and that it eventually became an object of horror to that power.

This chivalry, however, even at the epoch of its greatest spendor, in the south of France, can manifestly not be considered as a positive, fixed, and regular institution, uniformly understood and practised by all those who had adopted it. It is rather a complex and refined system of manners and opinions, pretty generally predominant in feudal society; a certain ideal of moral, social, and military perfection, quite generally acknowledged and respected, but at the same time one to which every one aspired freely, and about the realization of which he was more or less in in earnest, according to his character, his passions, his condition, and the incidents of his life.

The system of chivalry, at the time of its first appearance, and while yet in the hands of the clergy, was animated by two sentiments, which, though they did not exclude each other reciprocally, were nevertheless distinct, and of which each might indifferently become the dominant or the principal one, according to the spirit of the times or individuals. They were, on the one hand, a zeal for religion or the creed, and, on the other, that generous interest in oppressed weakness, which, when carried to a certain degree of vivacity, will easily determine any man to compromise himself in favor of the weak, and in opposition to the strong.

It was not the latter of these sentiments that had preponderated in the earliest days of the institution; it had, in fact, no existence there, and was only called into exercise so far as it was implicitly contained in, and, as it were, enveloped by the then more powerful motives of religion and of faith.

During the twelfth century, however, it was, on the contrary, that generous sympathy for weakness and misfortune in their struggle against the aggressions of unjust and brutal force, that gradually became the dominant sentiment of chivalry. It was the imperious and noble impulse to sustain the oppressed against the oppressor, that became the ideal end of all the actions of the knight. It was, as we shall see hereafter, from this very side, that chivalry developed itself with the greatest degree of energy and originality.

But notwithstanding its perfect identity in all who adopted it, notwithstanding the unity and the simplicity of its principle,

chivalry could nevertheless neither manifest itself nor act precisely in the same manner or in the same degree in all the personages of the feudal order. The difference of rank, of situation, and of power, among these personages, necessarily involved another in their actions, and even in their ideas as chevaliers. A duke, a count, an independent seignior in the possession of lands, of vassals, and of subjects, had inevitably, in his quality of knight, obligations if not of a different nature at any rate more complex and varied, than the simple feudal warrior, who had no other title than that of knight, no other wealth except his lance and sword, no other end but that of gaining applause by feats of prowess.

I shall, in the first place, consider the chivalry of the superior class of the feudal order. In doing so, I shall, however, give to this class the greatest possible extension; that is to say, I shall include in it all the proprietors of great and small châteaux.

The individuals of this class being born with inclinations, of a more elevated character, most susceptible of culture, most ambitious of renown, were naturally the readiest to adopt the ideas of chivalry. It was through them that these ideas entered more or less into the exercise of feudal power, and into the various relations of the seigniors, either among themselves or toward their vassals, and to society itself.

From the moment these chivalrous ideas had attained to a certain degree of stability and influence, it was no longer enough for the chief of a seigniory to be powerful and happy, or to enjoy the advantages and privileges of his condition at his leisure. He was bound, by virtue of the principles of chivalry, to make a generous use of his power, to prefer honorable hardship to indolent repose, to interfere for the reparation or the punishment of every injustice committed under his eye, or within the reach of his command.

The following passage, from a Troubadour of the twelfth century, gives us a sufficiently correct general idea of the duties of a powerful feudal seignior, pretending to distinction among his equals by the manner in which he undertook to perform his part as a knight:

"By eating well and sleeping softly," says he, "a man may lead an easy life. But he who wishes to rise to eminence of worth, must needs subject himself to roughest hardship. He must exert his utmost here and there, must take away and give according to the exigency of the time and place."

At a time when all the laws were equivocal, badly established, and sustained solely by individual forces, every one of which was constantly in operation, constantly ready to assail or to de-

fend; when acts of violence were of daily occurrence, and resulted even more from the necessity of things than from the vices of the individual; at such a time, I say, the task of maintaining not only one's own rights, but also those of others, those of the weak—in a word, the task of the knight—was the most difficult and hazardous that we can possibly conceive of. The task was even an impossible one; and the heroism of chivalry consisted in a devotion to duty which acted without reflection, without calculation, and with no other motive than that of obedience to a noble impulse.

It would be a source of satisfaction to establish this intervention on the part of chivalry in the political and social relations of the Middle Age by positive facts, which at the same time might aid us to determine its nature and extent. But facts of this kind are not among those which history collects, when it is written in the shape of chronicles and by ignorant monks. The poetic documents alone offer us some vestiges, which are still precious, in spite of the obscurity by which they are enveloped.

Very frequently the acts of violence or oppression, which claimed the intervention of the knight, were domestic transactions, acts of conjugal or paternal authority, which, however immoral or unjust they might be, were still performed under the sanction of society and of the law. The chevalier, however, was never embarrassed by any such consideration. He held himself bound to redress the wrongs of society and of the law, whenever he had the power to do so.

A singularly curious epistle of Rambaud de Vaqueiras, one of the most prominent of the Troubadours, to Boniface, the Marquis of Montferrat, recalls several traits from the life of this seignior, who was one of the most celebrated of his time.* Among these traits, there are two which deserve more especially to be quoted here, as illustrative of the chivalric policy of the twelfth century. The first of them I give, somewhat modified and elucidated—less, however, than it stood in need of.

Boson d'Anguilar, one of the vassals and friends of Boniface, loved a young lady by the name of Isaldina Adhemar. But the parents of the latter were unwilling to let him have her in marriage; and, fearing undoubtedly lest she might be carried away by violence, they put her under the protection of Albert, the Marquis of Malaspina, one of the ancestors of the Malaspina, who at a later period rendered himself immortal by his hospitality to Dante, while the latter was a fugitive and an exile.

* An account of this epistle, with a specimen of its versification is given by Raynouard, vol. ii. page 259. The different kinds of poetical epistles from the pens of Tronbadours are examined page 256–274.—*Ed.*

Boson d'Anguilar, deprived of all he loved, fell sick and lay upon his couch, ready to die. There was but one way to save him. It was to return to him his lady-love; and in order to do so, it was necessary to go and fetch her by main force from the château of Malaspina. This task was undertaken by Boniface in a nocturnal expedition, of which, however, the poet does not give the particulars, though he himself had taken part in it. The Marquis Boniface entered the château, found Isaldina, carried her away by force, and gave her to the unhappy youth who was perishing from love to her.

The other trait, which is still more characteristic, is also related with greater perspicuity, with a little more detail; and its tone is piquant and poetical on account of its naïve simplicity. I think I must give it literally translated. "Let me remind you, Seignior Marquis," says Rambaud to Boniface, "let me remind you of Aimonet the Jongleur, and of the news which he once came to bring you to Montaut, concerning Jacobina, whom they wanted to carry off to Sardinia, and to marry against her wishes. You then began to sigh a little, and you remembered the kiss, which she had given you a few days before, in taking leave of you, after having besought you so graciously to defend her against her uncle, who plotted to disinherit her unjustly."

"And immediately you ordered five of your most valiant knights to get upon the saddle, and we began to ride at night after supper, you, Guyet, Hugonet d'Alfar, Bertaudon, who guided us with admirable skill, and myself (for I must not forget myself in such a gallant affair.) It was I that rescued Jacobina from the port, at the very moment they were going to embark her."

"She had scarcely been seized, when a cry suddenly was raised by land and sea, and a host of pedestrians and riders were instantly at our heels. The pursuit was an ardent one, and the way we then decamped! We thought we had already luckily escaped from all of them, when those from Pisa came to assail us in their turn. And as they passed before us, riding in such close array, and when we saw so many cavaliers, so many hauberks, so many resplendent helmets, when we beheld so many banners floating in the air, let none inquire, whether we were frightened! We concealed ourselves between Albenga and Final, where we heard the blast of many a horn and cornet, the cry of many an ensign all around us. There we remained two days without drinking or eating; but on the evening of the second day we arrived at the castle of the seignior of Puyclair, who was so delighted with what we had accomplished, and who received us with so much consideration, that he would have

willingly offered you his bright-eyed daughter Aiglette, if you had desired to accept her. On the following morning, you, as seignior and powerful baron, married his son to Jacobina, to whom you compelled them to surrender the entire country of Ventimille, which she was to have inherited after the death of her brother, in spite of the opposition of her uncle, who had desired to deprive her of it."

After having seen a great knight and seignior exposing himself without any hesitation to a manifest peril, in order to rescue an oppressed niece from the hands of an uncle who was her oppressor, or reputed to be such, we will now be sufficiently prepared, I think, to see another compromising himself in order to sustain the ravisher of a new Helena, reclaimed and pursued by a new Menelaus.

Pierre of Maënzac, a poor knight of Auvergne, who lived during the second half of the twelfth century, was at the same time a Troubadour. He celebrated in his songs, and served for some time the lady of Bernard de Tiercy, one of the castellans of the country. The lady did not rest content with his songs and services. For reasons, which the Provençal biographer does not mention, but which were probably of an extraordinary character and not very creditable to the seignior of Tiercy, she suffered or caused herself to be carried away by her lover. This was grand booty for a poor chevalier, who had neither a castle where to deposit it for safety, nor servants-at-arms to defend it. But the ravisher was loved and protected by the dauphin of Auvergne, and according to certain ancient fragments of the annals of the Troubadours, this dauphin was one of the wisest and most courteous chevaliers in the world, one of the most generous of men, the best of warriors, and perfectly conversant with all the arts of love and war. With such a patron, Pierre of Maënzac could not consider himself lost. He conducted the lady of Tiercy to one of the dauphin's châteaux, where she was, however, immediately reclaimed by her husband. The ravisher and his chivalric patron declared that she should not be returned, and this refusal gave rise to a war, and, as far as we can judge from the somewhat dry and too succinct account of the old Provençal biographer, to a very serious war. The Church—that is to say, the bishop of Clermont—undoubtedly became interested in favor of the injured husband; they united their forces and made a common attack upon the dauphin of Auvergne. The latter, however, defended himself bravely, and the couple, of which he had declared himself protector, was not separated.*

* Compare Raynouard, vol. v., p. 317: "Trobava de la moller d'EN Bernat de Tierci. Tant cantet d'ela, e tant la onret e la servi, que la domna se laisset envolar ad

If we renounce, for a moment at least, the pretension to judge these chivalric exploits of the twelfth century according to the standard of our present ideas concerning morality and social order, so as to see them only in the light of facts, we cannot deny them a certain degree of historical importance. They show us clearly that the most exalted and most hazardous principles of chivalry are far from being mere speculations that had only a reality and power in the chivalric fictions of the Middle Age. They prove that the redressers of wrongs, and especially of the wrongs of damsels and of ladies, are really historical personages, which served as the model for those of the romances. In fine, there is nothing wanting in the exploits in question but the details, unfortunately suppressed by writers, who cared nothing for the curiosity or the instruction of future generations, in order to convince us that the real life of the chevaliers of the twelfth century did not leave so much to the imagination of contemporary romancers, as we might be inclined to think.

The duty of the knight in regard to the oppressed and the unfortunate was, however, not always so laborious or painful. The adversities which he could alleviate by sharing his possessions with the needy, were the most ordinary and the most numerous. And it is indeed true, that next to a courage, which rose superior to every prudential consideration, liberality was the highest virtue of the knight. It would be difficult to exaggerate the rigor of chivalric morality on this point.

The manner of acquisition was equally unimportant in the eyes of the knight. To refuse anything was always reputed to be disgraceful in him. It is nothing more than natural artlessness, very common in the chivalric manners of the twelfth century, when we hear a knight of considerable rank, such as, for example, the Marquis Albert de Malaspina, repel the charge of robbery preferred against him by the Troubadour Rambaud de Vaqueiras, and justify himself, with the naïve conceit that he is doing it to admiration, in the following terms: "Yes, by heavens! Rambaud, I confess that I have many a time taken away by force the property of others, but I have done so from a desire to give, and not to increase my riches, nor to add to a treasure which I wanted to amass."*

el; e mena la en un castel del Dalfin d'Alverne; e'l marit la demandet molt com la glesia, e com gran guerra qu'en fetz; e'l Dalfins lo mantenc si que mais no li la rendet."—*Ed.*

* Raynouard, vol. iv., page 9, strophe 3:

"Per dieu, Rambautz, de so us port guerentia,
Que mantas vetz, per talen de donar,
Ai aver tol, ea non per manentia
Ni per thesaur qu'ieu volgues amassar."—*Ed.*

The Troubadours and their commentators can never find terms strong enough to recommend or to praise the virtue of liberality in the hero of the Middle Age. The following are a few specimens of the lessons, which one of them addresses to a young noble, who is ambitious to become a distinguished chevalier: "Spend largely, and keep a fine mansion without door and without key. Do not listen to malevolent talkers, and do not put a porter there to strike with his club either squire, or servant, or vagabond, or Jongleur, that may desire to enter." "I consider every baron young," says Bertrand de Born (and here the term *young* is synonymous with *noble*), "when his mansion costs him much. He is young, when he gives largely without measure; young, when he burns the bow and arrow. But old (that is to say, *ignoble* and *destitute of merit*) is every baron, who never puts anything in pledge, and who hoards corn, bacon and wine. He is old, if he has a horse that one might call his own."* It is, moreover, a fact, and one which surprises us still more than the doctrine just advanced, that there were not wanting nobles who adopted it in earnest, and observed it almost to the very letter.

If in his capacity as a knight, every seignior owed his protection and his services to every man who stood in need of them, he owed them still more especially to his vassals, to those who were immediately dependent on him. He found therefore ordinarily, even within a very limited jurisdiction, enough to do to maintain that justice, that concord and alacrity which he was called upon to maintain everywhere. If to be a terror to the wicked and the strong was always and everywhere an indispensable condition of the ability to serve the good and the feeble, this was still more strictly necessary within the circle of feudal relations.

And accordingly we find the barons, who prided themselves on their chivalry, extremely jealous and distrustful of everything that might infringe upon their rights or power. This is perhaps the only point in which the duties of chivalry were completely in harmony with the personal ambition of the chiefs and the interests of feudalism. The satirical poetry of the Troubadours abounds in bitter expressions of vituperation and contempt toward the barons, who suffered themselves to be robbed by a hostile force of what they had once called their own, and which they would have been praised for giving away or squandering voluntarily.

By whatever standard we may judge these opinions and

* This contrast between *young* and *old* is carried on in an entire piece (Raynouard, vol. iv., p. 261-263), and applied to the *dona* or lady, as well as to the man or *hom.*—*Ed.*

virtues of chivalry, it is certain, at least, that their practice in general was disinterested and attended with self-denial; it is certain that the life of the feudal suzerain, whether small or great, which was already of itself a life of agitation, of hardships, of abrupt alternations between war and peace, of broils and of intrigues, was rendered still more tempestuous by its complications with the adventurous exigencies of chivalry.

The knight stood consequently in need of a powerful and constant internal motive to sustain him in the efforts and sacrifices which he was incessantly called upon to make, and even to fulfill in part the duties imposed upon him by his oath, to take the side of the oppressed in every emergency. A religious zeal, spontaneous and independent of the influence of the clergy, had undoubtedly still great power over the sentiments, the ideas, and the acts of the knight. But nevertheless, this zeal was often wanting; it had its distractions and its limits. Among the habits and the obligations of the knight, there were some, in which pride and the turbulence of passion acted too conspicuous a part, to make it possible even for the simplest and obtusest conscience to attach any religious motives to them. Men like the chevaliers of the twelfth century, who were still half-savages as far as reason and intelligence were concerned, and whose purest sentiment was nothing more than the generous impulse of military prowess, needed a more immediate, a more tangible—in short, a less elevated motive, than was that of religion, to incite them to the performance of acts of social virtue. This motive chivalry found in love. The chief end of all the enterprises and efforts of the knight was to please a lady, chosen by himself, to be at once the judge and the approver of his merit.

There has been so much vague discussion about chivalric gallantry, that nothing but a sense of the indispensable necessity of saying something about it, in order to give a precise and correct idea of Provençal poetry, could induce me to speak of it again.

It is an established fact, that during the twelfth century, and in the south of France more than anywhere else, the *élites* of feudal society, who piqued themselves on giving the tone in the manners of the time, and on taking the lead in the progress of social culture and of civilization, had adopted and brought into vogue ideas and conventional usages in all that related to matters of love, which gradually assumed a conspicuous place in the system of chivalry, until they finally became its very essence. That which the monuments of Provençal poetry, the historical documents relative to that poetry, as well as history

properly so called, permit us to see or to divine concerning the ideas and the usages in question, constitutes a very singular system, of which we have scarcely any suspicion, and which in some respects it is very difficult to expound. I shall, therefore, in advance, solicit the indulgence of the reader, on account of the vagueness and obscurity, to which the want of space and the reserve of decency alike exposes me.

In order to be sure of giving a correct conception of this singular theory of chivalric love, it will be necessary for me in the first place, to make a few general remarks on the subject of marriage, as it existed among the higher classes of feudal society, during the period under consideration.

In the south of France, the women were legally entitled to hold fiefs and every kind of power attached to them. From this political capacity of woman, it necessarily followed, that the lordly proprietors found marriages the most ordinary and the surest means to increase their domains and their authority; and as ambition was the dominant passion of these chiefs, every consideration of morality, of sentiment, or of inclination, was excluded from their marriage plans. In general, every baron in search of a wife, sought one from motives of pure political convenience; and every baron, who gave his daughter in marriage, gave her from considerations which were equivalent to those of the suitor. Marriage, therefore, among the members of the feudal caste, was nothing more than a treaty of peace, of amity or alliance between two seigniors, of whom the one took the daughter of the other as his wife.

Unions thus founded upon the interests of an unbridled ambition or upon the complicated calculations of convenience, were necessarily very fragile. They found themselves every moment in opposition to new interests, to other unforeseen conveniences. For this there was but one remedy, a remedy which was, however, an easy one and always in readiness—repudiation. If a noble, already married, had in contemplation some political arrangement, which could only be effected by means of a new marriage, he had only to pretend that he was cousin in the fourth degree to the wife he did not want any longer. The Church was then at hand to pronounce his divorce, in order to give him the liberty to enter by a new marriage into a new political situation. It would be difficult to say to what extent the popes and bishops of the Middle Age contributed to the misery and degradation of married women, by favoring and provoking the most dishonorable repudiations.

This prolonged barbarity of the feudal marriage relation gave rise to the most singular moral and social phenomena. Of those first germs of civilization, which we have seen fermenting

and developing themselves in the eleventh century, that new sentiment, that respectful enthusiasm, which then already tended to become the principle of disinterested actions, was the most deep-rooted and the most energetic. This new sentiment, however, could not manifest itself freely and become a moral force, a principle of heroism, in conjugal relations like those which I have just endeavored to describe.

Far from it. It was rather in contradistinction to these relations, and as if with a view to compensate for their defects, that the love of chivalry developed itself; and if anything can aid us in forming a correct conception of the exaggerated pretensions, the refinements and the subtilties of this love, it is the precarious and interested motives of the feudal marriage-tie. The sufferings to which the women were exposed as wives, explain, to a certain extent, the adoration which they exacted and obtained as the ladies of the chevaliers.

In the opinion of the Troubadours, who have expounded, re-expounded, and subtilized its metaphysics in every sense, love is the ultimate and highest principle of all virtue, of all moral merit, of all glory. This they regarded as a fundamental and established doctrinal point, of which they do not even seem to have been very anxious to vary the expression.

Wherever love exists, and from the very moment of its commencement, it manifests itself by a certain disposition of the soul, by a peculiar and distinct impulse, to which the Troubadours give the name of *joi*, a term for which the English word "joy," in spite of the material identity of the two, would be but an incomplete and incorrect equivalent.

The ancient Provençal word *joi* is one of those substantives, which, in consequence of a singular refinement of that language, have two forms, precisely like the adjectives, one masculine and the other feminine, which are not employed indifferently, one for the other, but which, on the contrary, serve to indicate positive differences in the same object, analogous to those which nature has established between the two sexes. Thus, for example, the Provençal word *joia*, the feminine form of *joi*, expresses a state of entertainment or of a purely passive happiness, in which the soul only aims at self-concentration and repose. The word *joi*, on the contrary, taken in the rigorous and philosophical acceptation, which it undoubtedly sometimes has, expresses something expansive and energetic, a certain happy exaltation of the sentiment and charm of life, which tends to manifest itself by actions and efforts worthy of the object loved.

When manifested by such acts and by such efforts, this impulse, this happy exaltation assumes the names of *proeza*

(bravery), *valor* (manly worth, valor), *cortezia* (courteousness), *solatz*, and others still, according to the diversity of the circumstances under which it may appear.

The *valor* or worth of the knight consisted more especially in martial courage, in an adventurous love of peril, in the voluntary quest of noble hardships.

The exercise of valor is always more or less dependent upon chance. War has its truces, and perils may be wanting, even to the man who seeks for them. But the virtue of *cortezia* can be practised at all times, and can fill up the necessary intervals between the adventures of war. It consists in doing, on every occasion and for whoever may stand in need of it, something beyond the requirements of simple justice or the promptings of mere natural sympathy.

The *joy of love*, finally, according to Provençal ideas, is a perennial enthusiasm, which creates occasions for exhibiting itself, when they are not offered accidentally. Hence the chivalric festivals, the jousts, the tournaments, which I only name in passing, and for the purpose of indicating the moral point of view, from which they present themselves in the theory of chivalric gallantry.

Love being thus the principle of all virtue, of all moral worth, the first and the most important business of the chevalier, who was ambitious of being really what every knight desired to appear, was the choice of a lady, whose love and esteem became the end, and at the same time the recompense, of all his actions.

That in reality and practice, the advantages of beauty, of youth, and of rank had much to do in determining the choice which the chevalier made of his lady, is a fact, about which there can be no doubt. Nevertheless, taking matters as they are presented to us by a multitude of authentic examples, it would appear that the chevalier sought his lady, by way of preference, among those who had attained to the highest renown for virtue, grace, and amiability; so that ordinarily there was more of morality than sensuality in the motives of his choice. Now the extent of the fame of a lady depended in general upon the amount of homage, which she received from the Troubadours, and also more or less from the celebrity of these Troubadours themselves. The lady who was best sung was ordinarily also best served in matters of love; and this is one of the principal points of contact between chivalry and Provençal poetry.

From the moment the chevalier had resolved upon the choice of his lady, there was a necessary and marked progression in his relations toward her. The Troubadours, who have expended the greatest care and precision in describing the

stages of this progression, differ somewhat in the enumeration which they make of them. They include more or less in the number, according as they have in view the mere theory or the realities beyond the limits of the theory. I shall translate the most positive and at the same time the most curious passage, which I have been able to find on this subject in the gallant metaphysics of these poets. As the English, however, has no precise terms for rendering the distinctions expressed by the Provençal, I must inform the reader, in advance, that those, which I shall employ, must be regarded as mere approximations, which I was obliged to venture in default of better ones.

"There are," says the Troubadour whom I quote, "four degrees in love; the first is that of the *hesitant* (*feigneire*), the second, that of the *suppliant* (*pregaire*), the third, that of the *accepted one* (*entendeire*), and the fourth, that of the *lover* (*drut*). He who would fain love a lady and often goes to court her, without, however, venturing to talk to her of love, such a one is a timid *hesitant*. But if the lady does him so much honor and holds out such encouragement to him, that he dare tell her of his anguish, he is then justly termed *suppliant* (a suitor). And if by talking and by praying he succeeds so well, that she retains him and gives him ribbons, gloves, or girdle, he is then elevated to the rank of an *accepted one*. If, finally, it pleases the lady to concede her love by means of a kiss to her loyal servant, she then makes him her *amic* (friend or lover)."

It was a moment of very solemn importance in the life of a chevalier, when, after a series of more or less protracted trials, he was at last accepted as her servant by the lady of his choice. The ceremonial, which usually attended this acceptation, would alone suffice to attest the importance attached to it. It was invariably and exactly copied from the one by which the suzerain and vassal solemnized the occasion, on which they entered into the respective obligations of service, of protection and of fealty, which was one of the most important social transactions at the epochs in question.

Kneeling before his lady, and with his two hands folded between her own, the chevalier devoted himself entirely to her, swore solemnly that he would serve her faithfully until death, and protect her by every means in his power against harm and insult. The lady, on her part, declared her willingness to accept his services, pledged him the tenderest affections of her heart, and as a sign of the union, which thenceforward was to subsist between them, she ordinarily presented to him a ring, and then raising him from the ground, she gave him a kiss, which was always the first, and often the only one he was entitled to receive from her.

All this was called, in the language of the times and of the ceremony, on the part of the lady "retaining a man or chevalier," and on the part of the latter, "becoming the man or servant of the lady." And in order that there might be every possible analogy between this vassalage of love and the feudal vassalage, the chevalier was permitted to give, and in fact, very frequently gave the title of "seignior," in the masculine form, to his lady.

Whatever might be the duration or the consequence of this union, it was never thoughtlessly contracted; it was always an affair of the gravest importance in the life of those who entered into it. It also happened quite frequently, that recourse was had to the ceremonies of religion, in order to render it more solemn; and there can be scarcely any doubt, but that the ecclesiastics were in the habit of blessing this union between the ladies and the knights. Once consecrated by a priest, this union was considered inviolable, and could not again be dissolved except by the intervention of a priest. Nothing can attest the solemnity of this union more strongly, than to see how scrupulously, and with what naïve singleness of conscience, the guaranties of religion were invoked in forming it. They did not wish, it seems, that an engagement, ordinarily so compulsory and melancholy, as was at that time feudal marriage, should have anything more solemn and more sacred than that between a lady and her knight, which was always voluntary and always coveted.

That the theory and practice of chivalric love tended to reduce marriage to its most immediate and its grossest necessity, will be sufficiently apparent from all that I have thus far said upon the subject. But it is curious to know the ideas by which they had arrived at this result, and by which they thought it could be justified.

And it was not only to the most active sex, but indifferently to both sexes, that love thus had become a necessary motive, the principle of every virtue. Now, according to the ideas of chivalry, the exaltation of desire, of hope, and of self-sacrifice, by which love manifests itself, and in which it principally consists, could not have any moral merit, nor could it become a real incentive to noble actions, except on certain conditions. It was to be perfectly spontaneous, receive no law except its own, and could only exist for a single object.

Every habit or mode of existence tending to blunt it, necessarily compromised its moral character as well as its force. To deaden or destroy it, was not only to deprive the soul of its brightest enjoyment—it was running the risk of reducing it to a state of the most degrading inertness; it was exposing it to

the habitual disgusts of society and of life; it was robbing it of every occasion for feeling, employing, and perfecting the most generous faculties.

The first consequence of this mode of thinking was, that love, in its genuine sense, was declared impossible in marriage. A woman could only feel her ascendency and dignity, as a moral being, in relations where everything on her part was a gift, a voluntary favor, and not in relations where she had nothing to refuse, or where she could no longer attach a value to anything that might be desirable in her. A favor accorded to a lover might be the reward or the condition of a heroic action, and this favor might, on that account, itself assume the appearance of a moral act. It could not be the same with a favor accorded to a husband; for, however acceptable it might be to the latter, it was his due. It was equally lost, in this instance, either as an incentive to a noble action, or as a reward for one already accomplished.

These ideas respecting the incompatibility of love and marriage are already sufficiently surprising, and perhaps they even went beyond what I have just endeavored to express. I find in a Provençal piece the following passage, which I translate literally. "A husband would act contrary to the principle of honor if he pretended to act the part of a chevalier toward his lady, as the goodness neither of the one nor of the other could thereby be increased, and as no advantage could result to either of them, which did not already exist *de jure*."

But whatever may be our conclusions in regard to the truth or the morality of these ideas, it is certain that they were openly and generally avowed during the twelfth century, wherever there were those who prided themselves on their chivalric culture, and particularly in the south of France. The facts, which go to establish the preponderance of these ideas, are so numerous that I could not adduce them all; I shall therefore select only a few of the most salient.

The principle, that love could not exist within the limits of wedlock, was so generally acknowledged, that it was even deemed impossible to continue between the husband and wife, who had been lovers before they were married. Several of the decisions of the most ancient *cours d'amour* are founded on this principle, which is there enforced with a rigor bordering on extravagance.* I shall give one of them.

* On the organization and decisions of these *cours d'amours*, see Raynouard's "Choix de Poés. des Troubad.," vol. ii. p. 79, sqq. Compare also Sismondi's "Hist. de la littér. du midi de l'Europe;" Von Aretin's "Ausspruche der Minnegerichte aus alten Handschriften;" Diez' "Die Poesie der Troubadours;' Ginguené's "Hist. littér. de l'Italie." Older authorities are Nostre-Dame's "Vies des Poètes Provençaux," and

A chevalier loved a lady, who being already smitten with another love, could not respond to his. Unwilling, however, to deprive him of every hope, she had promised to accept him as her servant, if she should happen to lose the other chevalier, already in possession of her heart. Shortly after this, she married the latter of the two, and thereupon the former, to whom she had made the promise, demanded its fulfillment. The married lady affirmed, that she owed him nothing, since, so far from having lost the chevalier she loved, she had taken him for her husband. This gave rise to a dispute, which the celebrated Eleanor of Poitiers was called upon to decide. She condemned the lady to keep her promise, on the ground that she had really lost her first lover by marrying him.*

It was therefore really from the manners and opinions, which predominated in the high feudal society of the South, that this anti-conjugal point of chivalric morality passed into the fictions of the romancers. But we must resort to the latter, if we wish to find it expressed with a frankness and a naïveté, which are truly ideal.

There is a Provençal romance, entitled *Philomena*, a crude legend, half-chivalric and half-monkish, composed in the course of the twelfth century, by some monk from the vicinity of the Pyrenees, with a view to celebrate the founding of the famous abbey of Notre-Dame de la Grasse. † In this romance we read of the Moorish king Matran—how he was beleagured in Norbonne by the army of Charlemagne. Oriunde, the wife of this Matran, and Paladin Roland have had occasion to see each other, and to see each other so well, as to become enamored of each other, without having even had any conversation. Roland found the means of sending the queen a ring of gold, which she accepted as a pledge of the union of their hearts. It happened one day, that Matran's Saracens after having made a *sortie* from the city, retreated in great confusion, defeated and pursued by the troops of Charlemagne. Oriunde, already secretly resolved to become baptized out of love for Roland, and delighted with this defeat of the Mussulmans, insults them merrily for their cowardice. I will here let the romancer speak for himself:

more especially chaplain Andreas' "Liber de arte amandi et de reprobatione amoris." —*Ed.*

* The language of Eleanor (as quoted by Raynouard from Andreas) is "Comitissæ Campaniæ obviare sententiæ non andemus, quæ firmo judicio diffinivit, non posse inter conjugatos amorem suas extendere vires, ideoque laudamus, ut prænarrata mulier pollicitum præstet amorem."—*Ed.*

† On this romance and on that of Gerard de Roussillon, see Raynouard's "Choix de Poés. des Troubad.," vol. ii. p. 283; and his "Lexique Roman," vol. i. The one is in prose, the other in verse. These, together with *Jaufre*, are the only Provençal romances that have come down to us entire, although there are fragments and vestiges of many others.—*Ed.*

"And when Matran had heard Oriunde, he replied, that she had spoken very badly, and that all that she had said, had been suggested by her love for Roland, which she would have occasion to repent on some future day. And the queen, perceiving that Matran only spoke thus from motives of jealousy, replied: My lord, attend to your war, and leave the business of making love to me. You shall reap no dishonor from my conduct, since I love so noble a baron, and one so admirably skilled in arms as Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, whom I love with a chaste affection! When Matran heard this, he retired from the presence of the queen, quite angry and disappointed!" —He had apparently nothing to object to so natural an explanation.

So naïve, and one might almost say so crude, a manner of bringing out one of the most perilous points in the theory of chivalric love, seems to me to be the strongest possible evidence of the popularity and authority of this theory.

The following passage is in every respect more remarkable, more profound, and more expressive. It is derived from the Provençal romance of Gerard de Rousillon, one of the most beautiful and most curious of its kind, and among the number of those, which have the best claim to a more especial consideration hereafter. All that is necessary for us to know here, in order to be able to appreciate the passage, which I propose to quote, is, that Gerard de Rousillon is enamored of a princess, whose name he does not mention, but who becomes empress by espousing Charles Martel, while he himself is content to marry the sister of the very princess whom he had loved, whom he continues to love, and whom he is happy to see elevated to the highest rank. After their respective marriages, which we must suppose to have been celebrated at the same time, and in the same place, the new empress and her lover Gerard, are on the point of separating for an indefinite period, the former, in order to repair to the court of King Charles, the latter, to return to his county of Rousillon. But they neither could nor desired to part with each other, without first confirming and consecrating by a suitable ceremony the pure *liaison* of love, which had long subsisted between them. I will now begin to translate.

"By the following morning, at daybreak, everybody was to leave. Gerard took the queen apart beneath a tree, and she was attended by two counts and by her sister. There Gerard began to speak, saying: 'Tell me now, lady of the emperor, what think you of the exchange I have made, by resigning you for an object of less value?'—'Say for a worthy object and one of high value, my lord. But it is really true that you

have made me queen, and that out of love for me, you have wedded my sister. Be witnesses and guaranties to me, ye two counts Gervais and Bertelais, you too, my dear sister, the confidant of my thoughts, and you especially, Jesus Redeemer! Be it known to you all, that I give my love to the duke Gerard, together with this ring, and with this brilliant flower from my necklace. I love him more than I do my father or my husband, and I cannot refrain from tears at his departure.'"

"Thereupon they separated; but their love remained unchanged ever after, nor did it ever give rise to any impropriety of conduct, nor to anything but tender wishes and secret thoughts."

Though very brief, this passage nevertheless characterizes admirably the beautiful side of chivalric gallantry. It shows very clearly, with what assurance and with what composedness of conscience, a lady of high rank could swear eternal tenderness to the friend of her choice, at the very time of her leaving the church where she had just sworn fidelity to a husband, whom she had accepted from mere motives of social convenience. It also shows still better, in what conditions of reserve and purity an oath like the latter could be, if not commendable, at any rate innocent.

It is an undoubted fact, that in the most elevated theory of chivalric love, every species of sensuality was rigorously excluded from the relations subsisting between the chevalier and his lady. But it must be confessed, that this theory is not the one, of which we encounter the largest number of vestiges in the historical and poetical documents, relating to the chivalric manners of the twelfth century. These documents, on the contrary, offer us a multitude of more or less positive passages, of more or less express allusions, all of which indicate a less austere, a less spiritual theory than the one we have just considered, but nevertheless one that is still far above the realities of vulgar life.

The man who is tormented by voluptuousness was declared incapable of love. This principle was strictly in harmony with a system, which excluded from the idea of love everything that tended to deaden its enthusiasm. It was, however, inconvenient on the other hand, to deprive desire of every element of sensuality. Between these two extremes, a sort of very tender middle-ground was established, to which the chevaliers and ladies, who earnestly embraced the opinions concerning the nature of chivalric love, confined themselves to the best of their ability. There were consequently lawful favors and enjoyments, which formed a series, graduated according to certain rules. The poems of the Troubadours are

full of passages and allusions, which mark this graduation by a multitude of formulas and common-places, the monotony and uniformity of which seem to guarantee their historical reality.

Nearly all that is characteristic and serious in the poetry of the Troubadours might be cited in support of the ideas which I have just expounded, and of the facts connected with them. I have already given a number of examples, and I might have given many more, had it not been for the excessive difficulty of rendering them exactly into another language. I shall, however, quote one more, from an extremely spirited piece, with which I shall acquaint the reader more especially in another place. The theory of chivalric love, such as I have been able to conceive it, and as I have just expounded it, is found concentrated in nine short verses, which I shall endeavor to translate with the aid of a little paraphrase.

"He really knows nothing whatever of *domnei*, that is to say, of love, who desires complete possession of his lady. The love which turns into reality (which ceases to be a matter of sentiment and thought,) is no longer love; and the heart never bestows itself or any of its favors as a debt. It is sufficient for the lover to have rings and ribbons from his lady, to think himself the equal to the king of Castile. If he receives jewels from her and a kiss, perhaps, occasionally, this is enough (and almost too much) for genuine love. The least thing further is pure mercy."

In support of this system, and in order to become sure of its practice, various maxims were brought into vogue, some of which were purely speculative and probably of little use; others, however, were less abstract, to which we may reasonably attribute a greater and more decisive influence on the relations of chivalric gallantry. Among the latter we may enumerate the opinion, which prohibited the ladies from accepting seigniors of a higher rank than themselves as their chevaliers.

Regarded under their most favorable aspect, the ideas of chivalry attributed to woman a veritable moral supremacy over man. All that the knight did for his lady was a matter of duty, obligation, justice on his part. His service was a cultus, of which the only certain recompense was the glory and the consciousness of having done something to please the object of his veneration. All that a lady did for her knight was a grace, a favor, a condescension. What she desired was proper, just, and good from the very fact of her desiring it. She had no other responsibility toward him, whom she had permitted to regard her as the object of his noblest aspirations,

than to incite him to good actions. As far as pleasure or happiness were concerned, she owed him nothing, and she was well aware, that it was only on the condition of having always something to refuse him, that she could preserve that kind of discretionary power over him, without which her love could never have been anything but a disgraceful and culpable substitute for marriage.

The generally admitted opinion of this dignity, this moral superiority on the part of woman in the relations of love, naturally gave rise to the other, according to which a lady could accept, without compromising herself, the homage of a knight of an inferior rank, and even of one far inferior to her own. In this case, the respect, on which the lady could naturally calculate on account of the superiority of her condition, was considered as a special guaranty on the part of the individual, whose lady she was to pretend to be. The contrary was presumed to take place in cases, where the knight was superior in rank to his lady. It was apprehended, that the latter might not sustain her moral dignity sufficiently well with a chevalier, for whose rank she could not avoid having more or less regard.

We have already been able to infer from several passages of this exposition, and it is proper to repeat it more expressly, that all this theory of chivalric love had a special, fixed, and precise language of its own, as original in every respect as were the ideas which it served to convey. I have already explained a number of its terms, and I shall naturally have occasion to give a more complete idea of it, when I shall endeavor to expound the system of poetry in which it still exists entire, though already full of obscurities and difficulties. For the present, I believe it to be sufficient to revert for a moment to certain characteristic expressions, which I have been obliged to use without being able to dwell upon their explanation.

The complication of opinions and ideas, of affections and habits, which prompted the chevalier to devote himself to the service of a lady, and by which he strove to prove to her his love, and to merit hers in return, was expressed, in the language of the Troubadours, by a single word, by the word *domnei*, a derivation of *domna*, which may be regarded as an alteration of the Latin *domina*, lady, mistress. This word, which in the French of the present day can only be rendered by the paraphrastic expression of "chivalric gallantry," had in the old French of the thirteenth century its exact equivalent, or perhaps more properly its transcript, in the term *donnoy* or *domnoy*, to which I accordingly shall have recourse in translating it. From *domnei* was derived the verb *domneiar*, to indicate the act or habit of rendering to the ladies the service,

attention, or homage, which was regarded as their due; and lastly the appellative *domneiaire*, to qualify the man, devoted to this service and this homage.

The mere existence of these words is an important and curious fact in the history of modern civilization. They are perhaps the only examples, in the immense repertory of human languages, of terms expressly made for the purpose of denoting and consecrating the respectful submission, the enthusiastic devotion of force to grace and beauty.

There is a point on which the chivalry of the south of France differed considerably from that of the North. In the latter country, as well as in Germany and in England, the system of feudalism was legally inseparable from that of chivalry. Those only could become chevaliers, who were already in possession of feudal privileges. The exceptions to this rule, which are now and then recorded in history, only serve to bring out its rigor and its generality into bolder relief. The king alone possessed the right of conferring the rank and privileges of knighthood upon a serf. The barons, who sometimes undertook to exercise the same right, were regarded as invaders of the royal authority, and incurred the risk of punishment, however powerful they might be. In 1280 and 1281, Gui, the count of Flanders, was condemned by two consecutive decrees of the parliament of Paris, for having made a chevalier of a *villein* without permission from the king. At a later date, Robert, count of Nevers, was obliged to pay a fine for having conferred the dignity of knighthood on two of his vassals, who, though of noble origin, were not sufficiently entitled to such an elevation.

The opinion of Germany on this subject was still more rigid than that of France. The law, which authorized the merchants to arm themselves with a sword, as a weapon of self-defence on their journeys, obliged them to carry this sword suspended from their saddle-bow, and not from their girdle, for fear they might be mistaken for knights. The German writers who followed their emperor to Italy, and who have described the wars in that country, found it one of the most surprising curiosities, to witness them decorating with the order of knighthood men from the lowest classes of the people, simple artisans. One of their number, who has left us an account in verse of the quarrels of Frederick Barbarossa with the Lombards, thus concludes the portrait, which he has drawn with considerable detail and exactness, of the inhabitants of upper Italy:

"In order to expel the enemy from their frontiers, and to insure the defence of their country by means of arms, they permit every man, however low his rank, to gird about the sword of chivalry, a thing which France accounts disgraceful."

With laws and usages like these, chivalry could never transcend the limits of the feudal caste, nor could the number of knights ever exceed that of the feudal proprietors. In such a state of things, the privileges and the honors attached to the profession of a chevalier remained identified with that of feudalism itself: they could not extend themselves to any other class of society. This was equally true of the moral ideas, the generous sentiments, the polished manners, in a word, of every element of civilization, which had found its way into the chivalric institutions. All this, like chivalry itself, remained the exclusive property of the privileged caste.

It was different in the south of France. There chivalry not only propagated itself beyond the limits of the feudal caste, but it even transcended, as it were, the chivalric order itself. Divested of its name, its formulas, its material accessories, and of the established ceremonial for the creation of its members; reduced solely to moral and social impulses, to sentiments, and to that sort of heroism which constituted its soul, its interest, and its character, chivalry had in fact become rather the general mode of existence to society in the south of Europe during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, than the particular mode of life of one of the classes or castes of that society. At any rate, it is certain, that in the society in question, the virtues, the qualities, the affections, and the pursuits of chivalry were not always joined to its established attributes or titles; that on the contrary they were often found independent of this title and these attributes, either in isolated personages, or in the *élite* of the population of the cities, or even collectively in those small bodies politic, which constituted the free states of this epoch.

The Provençal biographies make mention of certain personages, who, though they are expressly styled *borgues*, are nevertheless described with attributes which ordinarily were deemed exclusively appropriate to the character and the profession of chevaliers. It is under this aspect, that they represent a certain Pierre Pélissier, in other respects but little known, and to all appearances of little importance as a Troubadour. "Pierre Pélissier," says his biographer, "was from Marcel, a market-town in the viscounty of Turenne. He was a brave and valiant commoner, full of liberality and courtesy, who by his prowess and his prudence rose so high in the esteem of the viscount, that the latter made him *baile* of all his domain.* The Provençal biographer would have employed no other terms in delineating the portrait of a renowned chevalier.

* "Peire Pelissiers si fo de Marcel, d'un borc del vescomte de Torrena; borges fo valens e pros e larcs e cortes; e montet en si gran valor per proesa e per sen qu'el vescoms lo fetz baile de tuta la sua terra."—*Raynouard*, vol. v. p. 321.—*Ed.*

After this brief biographical notice, I will quote a passage which is still more curious, and which may serve as a commentary on the former. It belongs to an entirely descriptive or didactic piece by Arnaud de Marveil, in which this elegant Troubadour, while passing in review the different social conditions of his time (which was about the close of the twelfth century), describes and estimates them with a good deal of discrimination and justice, according to the ideas then in vogue. We will in the first place see in what manner he speaks of the chevaliers, and how he discriminates the different kinds of merit for which they might become distinguished.

"The chevaliers have diverse merits, as you can readily imagine. Some are good warriors, others are good conductors (hospitallers, receiving strangers and travellers, and entertaining them with magnificence); some serve the ladies well, and others are distinguished for the brilliancy of their arms and ornaments; some are brave in chivalric enterprises, and others are agreeable at court. It is difficult to find all these qualities united in the same person; but he who possesses the most of them, has the largest amount of merit. But as for him, who possesses none of them, though he may bear the name of chevalier, I nevertheless do not regard him such for all that." *

After having thus passed in review the chevaliers, he comes to the commoners, concerning whom he discourses in the following terms: "The commoners have likewise several kinds of merit. Some are persons of quality, and distinguish themselves by honorable actions; others are noble by nature, and comport themselves accordingly. There are others, really gallant, courteous, frank, and merry, who, if they are in want, understand the art of pleasing with their clever words, and who frequent the courts to make themselves agreeable; who, perfectly at home in the ways of loving and serving the ladies, appear in noble attire and figure to advantage at the tournaments and

* This long piece, in the form of an epistle of the *donaire* kind, is found entire in Raynouard, vol. iv. pp. 405–418. The passage relating to the knights is as follows:

"Li cavalier an pretz
Si cum auzir podetz:
Li un son bon guerrier,
L'autre bon conduchier;
L'un an pretz de servir,
L'autre de gen garnir;
L'un son pros cavalier,
L'antr' en cort plazentier."
etc., etc., etc.

He next speaks of the ladies: "Las donas eissamens An pretz diversamens; Las unas de belleza, Las autras de proeza," etc., etc.. Then comes the passage relative to the commoners, here translated: "Li borzea eissamens An pretz diversamens; Li un son de paratge E fan faitz d'agradatge," etc., etc., and lastly the clergy: "Li clerc, per cui ancse Sab hom lo mal e'l be, An pretz, si cum s'eschai, Aital cum ie us dirai," etc., etc.—*Ed.*

martial sports, proving themselves courteous and excellent company to every good judge. Of others, I have not a word to say. I give them up entirely; for him, who can neither do nor say anything well, I do not include among those whom men esteem or distinguish; I do not put him into my verses."

It would be difficult to institute a more formal and more intimate comparison between that select class of the inhabitants of cities, which was designated by the name of *borguesia*, and the feudal caste of chevaliers, as far as the tastes, habits, sentiments, and pretensions of chivalry are concerned. And this species of moral identity, this *de facto* equality of the two classes was so striking and so generally recognized, that it led, in some cities at least, to a political identity and an equality of privileges. At Avignon, for example, the *honorable* commoners, as they were termed, or those, who, without being knights, still lived after the manner of knights, enjoyed the same rights and the same immunities, as the latter. This fact is proved by an article of the ancient statutes of Avignon.

This point being established, it will be easier for me to make the reader comprehend what I have still further to say respecting the chivalry of the South. I have thus far only considered it in its influence on the chiefs or principal members of the feudal caste, rather than on the entire order. But, regarded within these limits, the institution will not become sufficiently known to us. It has other interesting or curious sides, which we could scarcely recognize, if we saw it only at the courts of kings, of great barons, or of wealthy seigniors.

The sentiments and principles of chivalry had, in fact, something too elevated and too absolute about them, to find their free play and full development within the somewhat narrow circle of feudal etiquette and its political interests. The higher a knight stood in point of rank and power, the more extensive were his relations, and the less was he able to do all that the laws of chivalry required of him, and to do nothing but what they required. It could happen (in fact it frequently did), that there was a conflict between his ambition as a political chief and his duty as a knight, and in that event, ambition was almost always destined to carry the day. Such chevaliers habitually compounded, as it were, with the institution; they adopted of it all that could embellish, enliven, and give variety to their moral and social life, but they were not very particular about it in matters which were opposed to their material interests. In short, the position and the conveniences of a great feudal seignior almost necessarily involved something that by its very nature was calculated to impede the free play of the chivalric spirit, to curb it every moment, and on its most heroic

sides. It is true, we have seen powerful barons, such as the marquis of Montferrat and the dauphin of Auvergne, adhering to the very letter of chivalry, and subordinating grave political interests to it; but these are curious exceptions to the general rule, against which they prove nothing.

In order that the principles of chivalry might be carried into practice to its utmost limit, and in order that the institution might approximate, as closely as possible, to its ideal end, it was absolutely necessary that it should extend itself to classes of society more disinterested than the higher feudal classes, and more at liberty to perform whatever the institution commanded that was generous, difficult, or even extravagant. Now such classes existed at an early date in the south of France.

Even among the feudal nobles of the second and third order, among those more or less powerful vassals, who ordinarily composed the court of the great barons, and rendered them military service either in payment for their lands and châteaux or for the offices and titles which they held from them—even among these seignior-vassals, I say, the system of chivalry had already undergone remarkable modifications from its very origin.

The title of chevalier being, in the estimation of the feudal caste, the title *par excellence*, and one which it was customary to add to every other, in order to impart to it a certain moral and poetical lustre, it necessarily followed, that the relations of equality and fraternity, which subsisted between all those who had sought and obtained this title, whether they were suzerains or vassals, must have proved advantageous to the latter. The field of chivalric virtues opened a new career, where the inferior had many a chance of equalling or surpassing his superior in renown and glory. The consideration, therefore, which the petty feudatory had acquired in the capacity of a kight, must have proved an additional means for ameliorating his condition as a vassal.

The fact is, that from the twelfth century, the vassals of the great feudal proprietors had gained considerably in point of moral and political dignity, and that if chivalry was not the only cause of this amelioration of their lot, it nevertheless contributed to it considerably.

The vagueness, the uncertainty, and the mobility of the feudal law during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, communicated themselves necessarily to all the political transactions of those times, to the division of territory, to the truces, the alliances, and the treaties of peace. These transactions being nearly all of them the result of a transient necessity, were nearly all of them violated, as soon as this necessity had disappeared.

When it was required to give them a little security, the

barons, who were the contracting parties, agreed to put them under the respective guaranty of their principal vassals; and this guaranty was certainly at that time the best that could be given, it being derived from the very force which the contracting parties might have been able to employ to violate their contract. There are a number of such treaties, concluded in the course of the twelfth century, between seigniors of the south of France, in which each of them produces as guaranties for his engagements, a certain number of his principal chevaliers, who declare themselves responsible for the observance of the treaty. Among these treaties, there are some in which it is expressly stipulated, that the chevaliers should declare themselves against their own suzerain, in case the latter should fail to fulfill his engagements, and that they should compel him by force to keep them.

According to the ordinary principles of feudal law, every suzerain had the right of selecting any of his vassals as hostages for the insurance of his promises, without the latter having any recourse against him in case of treason or breaches of fidelity. The above-named clauses of the treaties, to which I have just alluded, may be regarded as striking exceptions to these principles; they are not so much in accordance with the spirit of feudalism as with that of chivalry, in which peace was the ultimate object, before which the accidental conventions of political feudalism occasionally vanished into insignificance.

Among the different transactions of the kind which I have just described, there were some in which the mediation of the knights of a great baron, as his responsible guaranties, entered still more especially into the spirit and object of chivalry. They were those in which security for the fulfillment of promises, made for the advantage or the honor of a lady, was required.

I have already noticed elsewhere, with what facility the feudal seigniors repudiated their wives, whenever they could add to their power or their territory by the act. It hence often happened, that women, with a view to diminishing the chances of this dreaded repudiation, would stipulate, in the marriage contracts, for positive guaranties on this subject, and depend upon the chevaliers and vassals of their husbands for the execution of these agreements. Thus, for example, to cite a particular instance of the kind, when William VII., seignior of Montpellier, was married to Matilda of Burgundy (in 1156), the latter demanded security for heavy damages, in case she should happen to be repudiated; and eighteen of the principal chevaliers of William engaged with an oath to interfere with all their power, to guarantee to Matilda the stipulated advan-

tages, if she should ever happen to suffer any injustice in this respect.

In this and in similar cases, which were of frequent occurrence, chivalry adopted a legal form of action; the vassals became its organs at the risk of coming into collision with their seigniors, out of love for their favorite institution. This is still another point on which chivalry was in a sort of opposition to feudalism.

But besides these chevaliers attached in the capacity of feudatories to their courts, to their government, or to their person, the great feudal proprietors had other chevaliers in their armies, who served them for a stipulated length of time, in consideration of a pecuniary reward, and who, not holding any land in fee from them, were simply their men-at-arms, without being properly their vassals.

These warriors, though most generally of the feudal race, did not strictly belong to the feudal order, in which, or rather by the side of which, they only figured as a sort of appendix or accessory.

This species of military service was by its very nature more temporary, free, and changeable than that which was made obligatory by territorial vassalage, and the knights who thus enlisted in the service of the kings and counts, formed a numerous class in the ensemble of the chivalric order, and one distinct from every other. Instead of being to a certain extent attached to the soil of a feoff, and consequently to the perpetual service of one and the same suzerain, these knights were voluntary, itinerant, and at liberty to carry their bravery wherever they might be able to employ it to the best advantage.

The Provençal poems are full of allusions to the chevaliers, who were thus exempt from feudel trammels. They represent them as always ready to quit the seignior, with whom they were displeased, and to look for another one more worthy of them, afraid of nothing but long intervals of peace, upon the watch for every war, and sure to be well received wherever there was one.

Large numbers of these chevaliers were frequently to be found in the service of the same master, and then they constituted a particular corps of the regular army, of which all the members were, by virtue of their equality of rank, subjected to the same discipline, the same government, bound by the same obligations, and in possession of the same privileges.

It is to this class of chevaliers, that many of the characteristics and usuages, vaguely recorded in historical documents as the characteristics and usages of chivalry, are more especially to be attributed. It was the common rule of their conduct and

of their service, when a number of them found themselves associated in the pay of the same seignior, that, more than anything else, made chivalry a military institution.

The positive and regulative part of this institution is very little known at present, and we are unable to say to what extent it was uniform or not so in the different countries of Europe, where chivalry was in force. Of all these countries, Spain is perhaps the one which might offer us the most vestiges of the organization of these voluntary chevaliers into particular corps of the army, prior to the middle of the thirteenth century. The collection of laws and usages, compiled by King Alphonso X., under the title of "The Seven Parts" (*Las Siete Partidas*), furnishes us a few, on which I shall dwell for a moment, and so much the more readily, as they are not said to belong exclusively to Spain. They have every appearance of representing what was taking place north of the Pyrenees.

According to this document, the common discipline of the voluntary chevaliers was different in times of peace from what it was in times of war, and extended to the minutest details of their government. Everything was prescribed by law, even to the color of their dress. The red, the yellow, the green, in a word, the lively, striking, and agreeable colors were selected. Everything relating to their mode of life was to contribute to their alacrity and self-confidence. The brown, the grey, and every sombre color would have appeared on them as a sign of sadness or dejection, and dejection was in their estimation tantamount to cowardice.*

Their mode of life in times of war appears to have been strictly regulated and very rigid. They had two repasts a day, one in the morning at a very early hour, the other after sunset in the evening. The first of these repasts was very moderate, so that, if they should happen to be wounded during the day, their wounds might be attended with less serious consequences. Their evening repast was the principal one. But in the evening, as well as in the morning, they were intentionally supplied with none but viands of the coarsest kind, and with wine of indifferent quality. Between their repasts they drank only water, except in excessively hot weather, when they were allowed to add a little vinegar to their water.

While they were engaged in active warfare, it was not deemed necessary to talk to them about it; but in times of peace, the matter seemed less superfluous, and in order to keep

* Compare *Las Siete Partidas del rey Alfonso el Sabio.* Madrid, 1807. The laws regulating the actions and life of the knights are contained in the XXIst Titulo of the second *Partida* and are 25 in number. See Vol. II., p. 197–218.—*Ed.*

their courage in a state of exaltation, which might be called into requisition every moment, a lecture adapted to the purpose was delivered before them during their repasts. It was customary to read to them some real or fictitious narrative of ancient wars or of the gallant exploits of the chevaliers of olden times, and in default of written histories of this kind, they had the heroic ballads of the Jongleurs.

But independently of the particular duties, which resulted from their common organization and service, the voluntary knights, like all the rest, were bound by the generous duties of chivalry, to defend the weak against the strong, to work for the reëstablishment of order, wherever they saw it disturbed, to the respectful service of the ladies, and to the defence of religion. There is even a usage, which would seem to indicate a stronger and more considerate intention on their part to fulfill these duties. It was a common custom among them to get an indelible mark imprinted on their right arm with a red-hot iron, the object of which was to remind them of their devoirs.

These few traits of the ancient common discipline of the voluntary knights will suffice to show, that their condition as chevaliers had something more fixed and earnest about it than that of the isolated barons and seigniors of the châteaux. The institution presents itself under a simpler and more austere form among them than among the rest.

It was, however, after all not in these little corps of the regular army, that chivalry could attain to its highest development, which it now remains for me to consider.

There is nothing more characteristic and more striking in the history of civilization in the south of France, than the connection or rather the intimate union between chivalry and poetry. This union took place in every sense and in spite of all the obstacles, which the social and political conveniences seemed to oppose to it. From the moment that love had become a sort of cultus and its songs a species of hymns, the poetic talent became almost the necessary complement of chivalric gallantry and consequently of chivalry itself. Every seignior, great or small, was required to know something about the art of making verses and exerted himself to make some; he who did not write was at least supposed to like and to appreciate those of others.

Of nearly five hundred southern Troubadours, whose names have come down to us, one half at least are from the feudal classes.

This general demand for poetry, in the higher classes of society, proved a strong incitement to the inferior classes to cultivate this art, and every other connected with it. Every

commoner, the son of every laborer or serf, who might become distinguished in it, was sure of finding it a passport to some one of the petty feudal courts of his time, and of being welcome wherever he might choose to present himself.

This social importance of the poets by profession gave rise to something more than mere relations of patronage and amity between these poets and their rivals of the feudal race. It led to an intimate approximation, a sort of amalgamation of the two classes.

In consequence of the division of property, as prescribed by the laws of inheritance, a multitude of fiefs of moderate extent became at last so comminuted as no longer to afford the means of an easy subsistence to its too nemerous proprietors, with whom the merry and brilliant life of chevaliers was consequently utterly out of the question. It not unfrequently happened, that the manor of a miserable château, the population of which did not exceed fifty men, was divided between three or four brothers or cousins, who lived there in a state of the most unchivalric anxiety and distress. It was then almost indispensably necessary that some of them should go elsewhere in search of their fortunes, and those that went were invariably such as had the greatest amount of intelligence and energy of character.

Some, without any other possession but their horse and arms, threw themselves into the adventurous careers of chivalry. Others, to whom the poetical professions appeared more inviting, became masters of gallantry and courtesy, Troubadours and Jongleurs even; and they thus easily found in the châteaux of others the agreeable life and the consideration, which would always have been wanting to them in their own. There is nothing to warrant the suspicion, that the profession of Troubadour in a poor feudal proprietor, was ever looked upon as derogatory to his rank as a chevalier.

On the other hand, a Troubadour by profession, whatever might have been the class of society he was born in, provided he had a certain degree of reputation in his art and a liberal seignior for his patron or his friend, could always rise without any difficulty to the rank of a chevalier. All that he was required to do was to express his desire to that effect, and to exhibit a little inclination for war, for tournaments, and for other chivalric exercises. There was, therefore, in society, a constant transition from the poetical professions to chivalry and from chivalry to the poetical professions.

These Troubadour chevaliers and chevalier Troubadours, these nobles in whom the poetic genius and that of chivalry were indivisibly united, could never have transcended the

ordinary limits of their respective classes without a sort of individual energy and originality. There were necessarily among them men of a restless character, of delicate sentiments and of a lively imagination; men who were particularly interested in exalting and consolidating the alliance between poetry and military prowess. It would have been difficult for such men not to have carried something of their character, of the exalted turn and poetical tone of their ideas into the usages of chivalry. They naturally constituted the most refined and the most ingenious portion of the chivalric order, consequently the one which was best calculated to introduce into the exercises, the practices and opinions of chivalry, the modifications and innovations by which the latter, as a living and changing institution, followed the progressive refinements of society. Too poor to signalize themselves by any acts of prodigality, of liberality or of courtly magnificence, like the chevaliers of the higher classes of the feudal order, they were, by way of compensation, independent of all the social and political conveniences at variance with those of chivalry. Whatever plans they might conceive for the extension and improvement of the institution, they were at liberty to put in practice. Having no positive interests of their own to manage, and no sacrifices to make to the decorum of an eminent rank, they could with honor, undertake new enterprises, and strange ones even, provided they were only included within the scope of chivalric ideas.

After what I have said concerning the existence of this almost exclusively poetical class of knights, I think it will be easier to comprehend certain developments of chivalry, which may be denominated its poetical developments. Of these knight-errantry is one of the most prominent. This department of chivalry, with the idea of which the romances of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries have associated so much ridicule, was nevertheless in its principle nothing more than the most direct and rigorous application of the noblest precept of chivalry, that of protecting the weak against the strong.

After the institution had extended itself from the class of feudal proprietors to men, who, though for the most part descended from the ancient Germanic conquerors, had nevertheless nothing more than a pecuniary salary for their services to depend upon, it was natural that there should be something of more than ordinary enthusiasm and of a more adventuresome disposition among these men, who, instead of waiting on some fixed post for the occasions of defending the oppressed, were prompted to go forth in quest of these occasions.

It is an undoubted fact, that in all the countries of Europe,

where there were chevaliers, there was a particular class of them which was designated by the title of knights-errant. It is also certain that the motive of this appellation was everywhere the same; that everywhere it was applied to warriors, who, for the purpose of giving proof of their bravery, their strength and intrepidity, went into distant countries in search of opportunities for protecting the oppressed, of braving dangers, in short, of exploits and adventures.

This usage must have been quite common in 1241 among the English knights, since we find that Henry III. conceived the idea of subjecting it to the same tax with that of the tournaments. It may, therefore, be regarded as certain, that the knights-errant originally passed from reality into the romances, although the latter may have subsequently contributed to impart a greater extent and importance to the functions and profession of the former.

It is in the poetical monuments of southern France, that I find the most ancient indications of knight-errantry, and it is in the same country that the chivalric manners appear to me to present the most decided tendency to this particular modification of the system. The allusions to facts and ideas of knight-errantry are not rare in the writings of the Troubadours, but they do not teach us anything of special interest or importance on this branch of the institution. Upon the whole we can only conclude from them, that the condition of the knight-errant was rather accidental and transitory than fixed and permanent, every chevalier being at liberty to put himself in quest of adventures for a limited time, and afterward again to resume the course of his habitual life. The chagrins, the spites, and the caprices of love, to which every knight was more or less subjected, must frequently have become a motive for his courting the hardships and solitude of that savage life, which the redresser of wrongs or the seeker of marvellous adventures was so fond of leading.

One of the pieces of Rambaud de Vaqueiras, a Troubadour from whom I have already had occasion to quote some verses, contains a very remarkable passage, in which he declares his intention of entering knight-errantry, which he then takes occasion to describe in a very precise and lively manner. Says he: "Galloping, trotting, leaping, running, protracted vigils, privations and fatigue shall henceforth be my pastime. Armed with wood, with iron, and with steel, I will endure the extremes of heat and cold. The forests and sequestered paths shall be my dwelling. *Descorts* and sirventes shall hereafter take the place of my songs of love; and I'll defend the weak against the strong."

The allusions of the Provençal poets to the existence and condition of knights-errant do not represent them, as do the romances, as always isolated and on the lookout for adventures, where every one is firmly resolved to share neither the glory nor the danger with any one else. They show, on the contrary, that quite frequently several of them travelled together, who, to all appearances, were temporarily associated for a common enterprise or search; and it was, in fact, only through the aid of such associations that they had the chance of accomplishing anything of importance for the object of their institution.

In the poetic descriptions of wars, of encampments, and of battles, in which the Troubadours delighted—descriptions generally full of truth and energy—the idea of knight-errantry presents itself as an ordinary and acknowledged accessory, which seems to indicate that these chevaliers frequently descended from the eminence of their ideal tasks, as champions for the defence of feebleness and innocence, in order to participate in the vulgar quarrels between the kings and powerful seigniors, deciding undoubtedly in favor of the one who could offer them the greatest reward; and this is one of the sides by which knight-errantry was brought into contact with the regular army of the voluntary chevaliers, and where it tended to coalesce with it.

But the poetical and historical monuments of the south of France and of Catalonia make mention of another species of chevaliers, which seems to have the most direct and intimate resemblance to that of the knights-errant, but which is nevertheless distinct from it in something more than the mere name. The historians and poets designate these knights with the name of *cavalier salvatge*, or savage chevaliers. There are accounts of military expeditions, in which they figure simply as warriors. But there are laws in which they are regarded with disfavor, and in which we perceive a manifest intention to brand and to discourage their mode of life. In 1234, James the First, king of Aragon, prohibited in an express article of certain constitutions, which he was then publishing, the practice of making savage knights. Another article of the same constitution seems to put this class of chevaliers upon a level with the Jongleurs; it prohibits the extension of a gratuity to any Jongleur, whether man or woman, or to any *cavalier salvatge*. Finally, there is still extant a piece of Provençal poetry, in which the title of Jongleur and that of *savage chevalier* are likewise associated, and in such a manner as to lead us to suspect a certain connection between the two.

The piece in question, which is probably a few years anterior to the constitutions just quoted, is a satirical tenson between Bertrand of Lamanon, a chevalier from the court of the Count

of Provence, and a Troubadour by the name of *Don Guigo*, concerning whom we have very little information. Bertrand reproaches or banters the latter on account of his frequent changes of profession and condition. It begins in the following strain:

"Friend Guigo, were I desirous of knowing the secrets of every profession, I should stand in need of thy ability and skill, since thou hast practised all of them. For thou wert, in the first place, and for a long time, *corratier* (*i.e.* go-between), after which thou wast elevated to the rank of servant-at-arms, to rob cattle, goats and sheep, wherever thou couldst find them. Thou next becamst a Jongleur (singer) of verses and of songs, and now we see thee on the pinnacle of honor, since the Count of Provence has created thee knight savage." *

The most probable inference, that we draw from data as vague as these, is, that these savage knights were of an inferior order, who combined the profession of arms with that of itinerant singers or reciters of poetry, and who lived by the one or the other, or by both of them at once, as the occasion might require. This was, therefore, an additional point of contact between the poetic professions and the feudal classes. I am, however, inclined to believe that the particular grade of chivalry designated by the epithet *savage*, in contradistinction to the *courteous*, was exclusively reserved for the inferior rank of the poetic class, for that of the Jongleurs; from which we might conclude that the latter were not admitted, as were the Troubadours, to the honors and privileges of chivalry proper.

The festivals, of which I have already spoken, and of which I shall have occasion to speak again, where the ideas of chivalry were reduced to practice and exhibited in the shape of spectacles; those military exercises, where the adventures of knight-errantry were represented, must all be counted among the number of poetic refinements introduced into chivalry from the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the thirteenth centuries. But these are not the only ones, nor even the most striking. We must add to them a variety of gallant usages, devised for the benefit of enamored knights, as so many methods of proving their devotion, their loyalty and their admiration for the ladies of their choice.

* Raynouard, vol. v. p. 73:

"Amicx Guigo, be m'assaut de tos sens,
Car de mestiers vols apenre cals son,
Que trotiers fos una longa sazon
Pueys auza dir que pugiest a sirven,
Qu' emblavas buous, bocxs, fedas e moutos,
Pueis fos joglars de dir vers e chansos;
Ar est poiatz a maior ouramen."
Etc., etc.—*Ed.*

Such is, among others, the custom of challenging the first comer, for the purpose of sustaining a word pronounced or an opinion advanced in honor of a lady. These challenges, however extravagant they might be, were none the less in harmony with the spirit of chivalry. At a time when everything was decided and proved by personal force and bravery, there could be nothing strange in the idea that a chevalier should have recourse to them for the purpose of attesting the liveliest and profoundest of his convictions. In the earliest times of chivalry, a knight considered it a distinguished service to the ladies, if he fought to prove the innocence of one who incurred the risk of perishing as the victim of a capital accusation; but when love had become the chief motive of all chivalric actions, he scarcely thought that he was doing enough for them, if he maintained publicly, at any risk and in the face of every opponent, that they were handsome, discreet, and worthy of adoration.

We find in the thirteenth century another gallant usage, still more singular, more passionately followed, and perhaps as general as that of those enthusiastic challenges in honor of the ladies, although the Provençal monuments do not offer so many manifest traces of its existence.

This was a quite peculiar mode of consecrating one's self to the services, or, I should rather say, to the cultus of the ladies. It seems to have consisted in a sort of vow, analogous to the religious vows, the visible sign of which was a peculiar cut of the hair, or perhaps a circular tonsure on the top of the head, in imitation of the clerical tonsure. Granet, a chevalier Troubadour of the middle of the thirteenth century, in a satirical piece directed against Sordel of Mantua, who was then a refugee in Provence, advises him to adopt this sort of tonsure, as a means of future success, in imitation of upward of a hundred other chevaliers, who had their heads shaved for the good Countess of Rhodez.*

These men, who regarded love from such an exalted point of view, were neither great barons nor powerful feudatories; they were most generally poor chevaliers, with either no fief at all or with one of but trifling value, on whom the changes of politics had scarcely any effect, and who had no better chances for happiness, for fortune and renown than to follow freely the most exalted inspirations of their imagination and their heart.

* Raynouard, vol. v. p. 172. The passage in question is contained in an *envoi* to a piece entitled Coblas d'en Granet. It is as follows:

"Per la comtessa de Rodes valen
An ras lor cap cavalier mais de cen;
E s'en Sordel se vol gardar de failla
Son cap raira, o ja deus non li vailla."—*Ed.*

The biographical fragments relative to the Troubadours furnish us curious particulars in support of this general fact. Of the knights mentioned in this fragment, who were more or less distinguished as poets, the majority belonged to the inferior classes of the feudal order, and several are expressly designated as remarkable for their poverty and the obscurity of their situation in life. Now it is precisely to this portion of the chivalric order, which was the most poetical, the most enthusiastic, the most free, and the most disinterested, that nearly all the delicate, profound and touching traits, characteristic of chivalric love, must be referred.

In this middle class of chevaliers we must likewise include, in spite of his princely title, the celebrated Geoffroy Rudel, who from the mere report of the beauty and virtues of the Countess of Tripoli (who was of the house of Toulouse), was seized with such a violent passion for her, that he celebrated her for a long time in his verses. Carried away at last by the desire of seeing her, he embarked for Syria, was taken mortally sick at sea and arrived at Tripoli only to breathe his last; still satisfied, however, to have purchased at this price even the happiness of beholding for a moment the beautiful princess, the object of his long reveries, and to see her touched by his untimely death.*

It is only among personages of this condition that we could expect to find examples similar to that of Pons de Capdueilh, a knight from the vicinity of Puy, who after having lost Adelaïde de Mercœur, the wife of a seignior of Auvergne, whom he had sung, adored and served until her death, felt that there was nothing more left for him to do in this world, except to go to the Holy Land to die with his arms in his hands.†

It was in these same ranks of chivalry that the ladies had the best chance for finding servants, from whom they could expect prompt obedience to their prohibitions and commands, whom they by a mere word could send to the wars against the infidels beyond the sea or beyond the Pyrenees and who did not consider the slightest of their favors over-paid by years of hardship and of perils—servants, whose offences they were all sure of being able to punish, those even which resulted from the excesses, the caprices and the idle curiosities of love. Examples analogous to that of William de Balaun and his lady

* The Provençal account of this adventure is found in Raynouard, vol. v. page 165. It adds: "Et ells lo fetz honradsmen sepellir en la maison del Temple de Tripol; e pois en aquel meteis dia ella se rendet monga, per la dolor que ella ac de lui e de la soa mort."—*Ed.*

† The Provençal biographer says: "Et amet per amor ma dona Alazais de Mercuer. . . . . Mout l'amava e la lauzava, e fes de lieis mantas bonas cansos. E tant quan ela visquet non amet autra; e quant ela fon morta, el se croset e passet outra mar, e lai moric." Raynouard, vol. v. p. 353.—*Ed.*

could not have been very rare, and this is an additional reason for inserting it here.

William de Balaun, from the environs of Montpellier, an excellent chevalier and Troubadour (to use the language of the Provençal documents), loved and served Guillelmina de Taviac, the lady of a seignior of that name.* He had obtained from her every favor, that he had ventured to solicit; but he aspired to the greatest possible felicity in love and was not sure of having as yet attained to it. Under the impression, that the happiness of recovering the love of his lady might be greater than that of obtaining it for the first time, he took it into his head to try the experiment. He accordingly pretended to be angry with Guillelmina, ceased to pay her his customary attentions, repelled all the tender efforts by which she endeavored to bend his mind, and repelled them with so much obstinacy and hardness, that the lady finally became indignant and resolved to abandon the insensate man forever. The just and real indignation of the lady immediately put an end to the feigned anger of the chevalier. He presented himself in order to crave her pardon and to explain the error, but the lady refused to listen to him. The quarrel had already lasted for several days, when Bernard of Anduse interposed to put an end to it. After many solicitations, the lady of Taviac replied that she would consent to pardon William, but only on conditions, in the exaction of which she professed herself inexorable; they were, that William by way of gratitude and as a punishment for his folly, should suffer one of his finger-nails to be pulled out, which he was to present to her on his knees, at the same time confessing his guilt and asking her pardon in a poem which he was to compose expressly for the occasion. All these conditions were accepted and fulfilled by the repenting William, who undoubtedly now knew, at this expense, whether the happiness of recovering his lady was greater than that of conquering her, but who prudently kept the discovery to himself.*

Finally, it was still this middle class of knighthood, which introduced the sanction of religion into love, which, regarding the sentimental union of a lady and a chevalier as serious and sacred as marriage itself, employed the intervention of a priest, as in the event of the latter, for its consummation. It was this class, which went to make public prayers and to perform solemn acts of Christian piety over the tomb of those, whom it regarded as martyrs to love.

It is not necessary for me to recount here in detail the tra-

* A detailed account of their singular adventure is found in the Provençal notice of this poet. Rayn. vol. v. p. 180 seq.—*Ed.*

gical adventures of William of Cabestaing. There is no one who has not heard, time and again, how this young chevalier, who was at the same time an elegant Troubadour, was mortally enamored of Sermonde, the lady of Raymond de Roussillon, his master; how moreover the latter, after having killed him from motives of jealousy, tore out his heart and gave it to his wife to eat, and how after having learnt the inhuman proceedings, the lady, distracted with sorrow and despair, precipitated herself from one of the windows of her château, thus putting an end to her existence. It is possible that some of the particulars of this adventure may be poetical embellishments, but we have no reason to contest its substance; and the only incident, which I desire to quote here and which is the most curious of all, with reference to the history of chivalric manners, is precisely the one, which contains in itself the greatest degree of historical probability.

The biographer in the first place relates how the respective parents of William of Cabestaing and of Sermonde, seconded by all the courtly chevaliers of the country and by Alphonso the First, the then reigning king of Aragon, commenced a common war against Raymond de Roussillon, pillaging his lands and destroying the château, in which the tragical event had taken place. He then informs us that the remains of the two lovers were, by the order and under the auspices of the king, deposited in the same tomb, near the door of the church of St. John at Perpignan. "And for a long time after this event, all the courtly chevaliers and all the noble ladies of Catalonia, of Roussillon, of Cerdagne, of Confolens and of Narbonnais were in the habit of coming every year, on the very day on which they had died, to perform a service for their souls, beseeching Our Lord to have mercy upon them."*

But notwithstanding all these traits of chivalric enthusiasm and refinement in matters of love, it must not be imagined that all the engagements between a chevalier and his lady were of so passionate and tender a character. They were sometimes, and perhaps quite frequently engagements of mere convenience, where fashion, usage and social exigencies had as much or even more to do than the desires and sympathies of love. But even in that event they could still be serious and respected, and nothing can demonstrate their habitual morality more conclusively than the fact, that they were often independent of the allurements of grace, of beauty or of youth. We are ac-

* E fon una longa sazo que tug li cortes cavayer e las domnas gentils de Cataluenha e de Rossilho, e de Sardanha, e de Confolen, e de Narbones, venian far cascun an anoal per lur armas aital jorn quan moriro, pregan nostre senhor que lur agues merce." Raynouard: vol. v., page 189.—*Ed.*

quainted with more than one, in which fidelity, delicacy and devotion reigned undisturbed, and which could nevertheless have been broken without any grief or even with a view to a new alliance, where the share of desire or of pleasure would have been more complete. We perceive finally—and the fact appeared to me a remarkable one—we perceive chevaliers, who are not enamored of their ladies in the ordinary sense of the term, when offended by them and obliged to separate from them, leaving them only with regret and with sincere demonstrations of tenderness and respect.

I could adduce a variety of facts in proof of what I have just advanced; it will suffice however to mention one, which, as it is a very characteristic one, may take the place of several others.

Pierre de Barjac, a knight of very little distinction as a poet, the friend and probably the compatriot of the same William of Balaun, whose indiscretion and chastisement I have above recounted, was chevalier to a noble lady of Javiac, from whom he had obtained every lawful favor. It happened, however, one day that this lady, who had long been so tender toward her chevalier, either out of caprice or from some other unknown motive, drove him off in the most scandalous manner, declaring that she no longer desired him as her servant. Pierre de Barjac withdrew surprised and disconsolate. But he recovered his courage and returned a few days after with a poem, which he had composed as a reply to the dismissal he had just received. The following are the three most remarkable strophes of this piece:

"My lady, I frankly approach you, to take leave of you forever. Many thanks for whatever of your love you have deigned to permit me to enjoy as long as it has pleased you. But now, as it pleases you no longer, it is but just that you should take another friend, who may suit you better than myself. I do not wish you any ill for it. So far from that, we will remain on excellent terms, as if nothing had occurred between us." *

"But I shall always occupy my thoughts about your welfare and your honor. These are things to which I cannot be indifferent, and which I wish to keep in memory. I will serve you therefore as I did before, except that I shall be your chevalier no longer. I will release you from the evening you had promised me when you should have occasion. I regret

* Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 242.

"Tot francamen, domna, veuh denan vos
Penre comjat per tos temps a lezer;
E grans merces, qnar anc denhetz voler
Qu' ieu mi tengues per vostr' amor plus guai." . .
Etc., etc., etc.—*Ed.*

it; but it should have come sooner. The time is passed when I might have been happy."

"Perhaps, because you see me sad, you'll think me no more in earnest now than I am wont to be. But you will soon be convinced that what I say is true."

"You have chosen, I know, another love, a love which will disappoint you. I, too, have chosen after you; and the object of my choice will guard my worth and valor. She is on her way to youth, and you are getting out of it. What if her rank is not as high as yours? She is, on the other hand, more beautiful and better."

"If our reciprocal promise and engagement are an obstacle to the rupture of our love, let us proceed at once to a priest. Release me; I will release you too, and we shall then be able, each on our part, to preserve our loves more loyally. If ever I have done aught to afflict you, forgive me, as I am also willing to forgive with joy; for a pardon, which is not granted cheerfully, is a worthless one."

This piece contains, in my opinion, neither passion, nor love, nor even much of imagination or of sensibility; but it is all the more remarkable for this deficiency. That a chevalier, outraged without any cause by the lady by whom he thought himself beloved, should address her with such consideration, with such a mixture of tenderness and of regret, which he can scarcely conceal beneath the few traits of spiteful impatience; that he should thank her so expressly for the favor she had bestowed on him by accepting him for a time as her servant, and consider himself still and forever bound to cherish the kindest regard for her welfare and her honor, necessarily implies on his part an exalted idea of the duties of the knight to the lady of his choice; and this idea has here the appearance of being not so much that of the individual, as that of the age and of the institution to which he belonged.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LYRICAL POETRY OF THE TROUBADOURS.

I. AMATORY POETRY.

BERNARD DE VENTADOUR.

Those chivalric ideas and manners, of which I have given a general outline in the preceding chapter, were reproduced and developed in the poetry of the Provençals, under two principal forms, the epic and the lyrical. I have already had occasion to remark, that this poetry was unacquainted with the dramatic form. I shall reserve for the end of this course, what I have to say concerning the Provençal epopee proper, and concerning its connection with the epopee of the middle age in general. I have already indicated, that I consider this subject as one of the freshest and most important that can at present occupy the attention of the historian of modern literature.

Meanwhile I propose to treat of the history of the lyrical poesy of the Troubadours. It comprises a great variety of kinds. I will reduce them to three principal species, to wit, the satirical, the martial, and the amatory; and as the last of them is more closely interwoven with the picture I have drawn of the system of chivalric galantry in the South than the other two, I shall commence with it.

It is not until the beginning of the second half of the twelfth century, from 1150 or thereabout, that the productions of the Troubadours, of this last description, as of every other, begin to be sufficiently numerous and consecutive to admit of methodical discussion in a systematic course of history. And yet, all that precedes this epoch, incomplete and obscure as it is, is nevertheless far from being destitute of interest, when viewed in its connection with the rest. It is on these antecedents that I shall first endeavor to shed some light.

Of the prodigious number of Troubadours, who flourished during the two centuries of Provençal poesy (from 1090 to

1300), there are scarcely five (we except the Count of Poitiers) that can be said to belong to the first half of the twelfth century, as far at least as the time of their greatest celebrity is concerned. But there is scarcely a doubt but that these five Troubadours flourished in the midst of many others, whose names and works are now lost. The entire history, therefore, of the Provençal poetry of the eleventh century until 1150, is thus reduced to the little we can know of their lives and works; a circumstance which gives them a particular importance, independently of their intrinsic merit.

The Troubadours in question are Cercamons, Marcabrus, Pierre de Valeira, Pierre d'Auvergne, and Giraud, or Guiraudos le Roux, of Toulouse. In speaking of them successively, I shall principally dwell on the particulars by which their life is linked to the general history of their art.

Cercamons. Of these five Troubadours, Cercamons is undoubtedly the most ancient. The precise data for fixing the epoch of his birth are wanting; all that we know of him, however, authorizes us to put it very near the commencement of the twelfth century (from 1100 to 1110). Cercamons must thus have been for some time yet the contemporary of William IX., the count of Poitiers.

The Provençal traditions concerning him are very succinct; they inform us, that he was from Gascony, and a Jongleur by profession; that his name Cercamons, in French *Cherchemonde*, was merely a sort of *nom de guerre*, a poetical *sobriquet*, to designate his predilection for a vagabond life, and the pretension he made of having visited a great part of the world at that time considered accessible to adventurers.* On the vignettes of the old manuscripts he is also represented in the costume of a traveller and as journeying, his tucked-up tunic fastened around his belt, a long staff across his shoulder, and at one of the extremities of the staff his trifling baggage for the route.

In the Provençal manuscripts there are but four or five pieces by him, all of the amatory kind, all in honor of some unknown lady of high rank, whom he adored or pretended to adore. These pieces are too indifferent to bear translation; they contain nothing original, either in matter or in form; they are manifestly nothing more than a refusion, a sort of patchwork combination of the commonplaces of chivalric poetry and gallantry, already in vogue in his time, and before him.

A proof of the small celebrity of these poems is found in the

* The Provençal account found in Raynouard, vol. v., p. 112, consists only of a few lines: "Cercamons ai fos uns Joglars de Gascoingna, e trobet vers e pastoretas a la usanza antiga. E cerquet tot lo mon lai on poc anar, e per ao fez se dire Cercamons." —*Ed.*

fact, that they are not included among the works which the Provençal traditions attribute to Cercamons. These traditions make mention of the Troubadour in question only as the author of verses composed, as they say, in the antique style, and especially of pastorals, designated in the Provençal by the name of *Pastoretas*. This notice, although somewhat vague, does not on that account cease to be extremely interesting. It furnishes us an additional proof in support of a fact, which I believe I have already established, but on which it is important to shed as much light as possible. These versified pieces in the ancient style, these pastorals attributed to Cercamons, on which he appears to have principally founded his poetic renown, belong undoubtedly to the system of popular poetry anterior to that of the Troubadours; and it was, to all appearances, not until he was well advanced in life, and only for the purpose of yielding to the ascendant of the new poetry of the chivalric type, that Cercamons composed these pieces of gallantry, the only productions of his pen that have come down to us.

Marcabrus.—After Cercamons, Marcabrus is the most ancient of the Troubadours, known to have flourished during the interval from the death of the count of Poitiers (1127) to 1150. This Marcabrus was a personage of original mind and character, concerning whom it is to be regretted that we possess not more ample and more reliable sources of information. The traditions, existing in regard to him, appear to emanate from two different sources, and they vary on some points, but on points of comparatively small importance.

According to some, Marcabrus was an orphan, of whom no one ever knew either the parents or the place of birth. A castellan of Gascony, Aldric du Vilar, before whose door he had been exposed, had him brought up and carefully educated. Arrived at an age when he could follow the bent of his own taste and choose a profession, Marcabrus chanced to fall in with Cercamons, the Jongleur, of whom I have just spoken. On this occasion, his instinct for the life of a poetic adventurer burst out all of a sudden; he attached himself to the service of Cercamons, for the purpose of learning of him music and the art of verses, the art of *finding* (l'art de *trouver*), as it was then called.*

He wandered about the world for some time with this master, under the burlesque nickname of *Pan-perdut*, which at a later date he exchanged for the name of Marcabrus, by which he was destined to be known permanently thereafter. It was not long before he had made himself a reputation and enemies by his satiric verses and by his caustic invectives against

* Compare Raynouard, vol. v. p. 251.—*Ed.*

the nobles of his age. The castellans of Guienne, of whom it appears he had said many hard things, conspired to revenge themselves on him, and deprived him of his life, but when or where, or how this was accomplished, does not appear.

Such are the most precise, and consequently the most plausible traditions concerning Marcabrus. Other traditions, easily reconciled with the former and likewise collected in the thirteenth century, represent Marcabrus as the son of a poor woman, Bruna by name, without making any mention of his father, and speak of him as one of the earliest of the Troubadours, whose memory was at that time yet alive.*

Another notice, finally, which, it seems to me, should be regarded as the title or rubric of the pieces of Marcabrus in some ancient manuscript, is couched in these terms: "Here beginneth that which Marcabrus hath made, who was the first of all the Troubadours."† This testimony must not be taken literally. But in combining these diverse notices, and rectifying the one by the aid of the other, there remains no doubt as to Marcabrus' place in the chronological list of the Troubadours. He should figure there as the third, consequently after William of Poitiers and Cercamons. He was in all probability born toward the year 1120; that he lived until 1147 is evident from certain pieces of his, wherein he makes allusion to the events of this year. In fine, it is very probable that he outlived the year 1150. He frequented the Christian courts beyond the Pyrenees, particularly that of Portugal, and he is the only one of the Troubadours who is positively known to have visited the latter.

There are from his pen from forty to fifty pieces in verse, some of which are of unusual length. But the traditions, which I have just cited, make but a fugitive and disdainful mention of all these pieces.

To explain this disdain is neither difficult nor unprofitable. The verses of Marcabrus contain many allusions to the ideas and maxims of chivalric gallantry, but these allusions are, for the most part, indirect, fugitive and disinterested. Not only was Marcabrus never in love, not only does he never pretend to be so, but he piques himself on his exemption from the tender passion, and he more than once unmasks, with a somewhat cynic freedom, the corruption of his age, too often but poorly concealed beneath the external show of knightly gallantry. In fine, considering the tone, the form and the sentiments of these pieces, we perceive that they belong at least as much to the

* "Marcabrus si fo de Gascoingna, fils d'una paubra femna que ac nom Maria Bruna, si com el dis en son cantar."—*Ed.*

† "Aisi comensa so de Marcabrus que fo lo premier trobador que fos." Of the poetry of this Marcabrus there are yet abont forty pieces extant.—*Ed.*

ancient popular poetry as to the new poetry of the courts and castles, and this is more than enough to account for the indifference with which they were regarded in the thirteenth century. But when we come to treat of the Provençal satires, the class of poetic compositions to which most of the pieces in question belong, we shall see that they are far from deserving the contempt of which they were the object. We shall become convinced that they are possessed of beauties, depending upon those very characteristics which distinguish them from the productions of contemporary Troubadours.

Pierre de Valeira.—This poet was a native of Gascony, as well as Marcabrus, and flourished nearly at the same time. None of his writings have come down to us, except two indifferent pieces of the gallant sort, in which there is nothing worth our notice. All that can be said concerning Pierre de Valeira, of any interest, is, that the Provençal traditions put him in the same category with Cercamons and Marcabrus,* that is to say, in the category of those, whom they represent as having labored chiefly in the field of poetry at that time already superannuated and abandoned, in consequence of which they were rather semi-Troubadours than real ones, still blending, as they did, unconsciously the freedom, the simplicity and the popular tone of the ancient poetry with the ideas, the refinements and the exigencies of the new.

It is not useless to observe, that the three personages, of whom I have just spoken, were all from the same country, from Gascony, that is to say, from a country, the vulgar idiom of which differed from the literary idiom of the Troubadours. It follows from their having written in the latter idiom, that they must have learned it systematically, as a foreign dialect. This is an incontestable proof, that the cradle of the poetry of the Troubadours was not in Gascony, any more than in Poitou, where we have convinced ourselves that it was not. It is a new proof, that long before the middle of the twelfth century this poetry of the Troubadours, wherever may have been the place of its birth, had since its origin spread throughout the adjacent countries, which had adopted and cultivated it as their own.

Lastly, the three personages under consideration were Jongleurs by profession. There is no doubt, but that, since they made verses, they also sang them in their poetical tours, but there is also no doubt, but that, in order to exercise their profession with success and *éclat*, it was necessary for them to know by heart many more verses than they themselves had composed

* Joglars fo el temps et en la sazon que fo Marcabrus; e fez vers tals com hom fazia adoncs, de paubra valor, de foillas e de flors, e de cans e de ausels. Sei cantar non aguen gran valor ni el.—*Raynouard*, vol. v. p. 333.—*Ed.*

or could compose. It is, moreover, extremely probable, that the greater part of the pieces, which these Jongleurs knew and recited, belonged to the new poetry, and that they consisted of songs and rhapsodies, consecrated to the expression of the sentiments and ideas of knightly gallantry. These ideas and sentiments then must (or at any rate might be expected to) have spread, from the first half of the twelfth century, in those countries which the Jongleurs in question had visited, that is to say, in Spain, in Portugal, and very probably in Italy and in the north of France.

Pierre d'Auvergne.—Peter of Auvergne, the fourth of the Troubadours in the order of time, who flourished exclusively or principally during the first half of the twelfth century, is the first of them known as having won an extensive celebrity as a poet. He distinguished himself in his art by successful innovations, and he may be regarded as the founder of a new school, the influence of which maintained itself until the premature extinction of Provençal poetry. Such a merit entitles him to some attention in the history of this poetry, however compendious and philosophical may be its method.

Peter of Auvergne was not much later than Marcabrus and Peter of Valeira. He must have been born between 1120 and 1130, in all probability nearer the first than the second of these terms. He was the son of a citizen of Clermont, who had him educated under distinguished masters, from whom he learnt letters, that is to say, the Latin, by the aid of which he appears to have acquired a superficial knowledge of some Roman authors of prose or verse. He soon applied himself to the study of Provençal poetry, and attained to a reputation which procured him the most flattering reception in the different countries where this poetry was already in vogue. Among the courts which he is known to have visited are those of the kings of Castile, of the dukes of Normandy, and of the counts of Provence, those of Narbonne and of Melgueul, and many others unknown.

Peter of Auvergne lived to a very advanced age, and it is on this account that the epithet *vieux* (old) is sometimes appended to his name. A piece is attributed to him, in which allusion is made to the events of 1214, an epoch at which he must have been upward of eighty years of age. It is possible, however, that his name was attached to this piece by a sort of error very common in the Provençal manuscripts.

These manuscripts contain twenty-five or thirty pieces from his pen; and these constitute the only standard by which we can judge of the extent to which he merited his high reputation. "Peter of Auvergne was the first Troubadour of any

merit beyond the mountain," says his ancient biographer; and he adds immediately after, "he was the most excellent Troubadour in the world, until Giraud de Borneil appeared."* Judging from the data which are left us to determine the value of this decision, it seems to me to be difficult to entertain, and impossible to confirm it.

The innovations by which Peter of Auvergne signalized himself as Troubadour were of two sorts. They affected both the musical and the poetical part of his art, the diction and the versification. The music which he adapted to one of his pieces, commencing with a verse, which signifies: "*Short days are followed by long nights*,"† is said to have produced an extraordinary sensation by its novelty, and to have been the signal of a veritable revolution in that branch of the art. The necessary information is totally wanting to characterize this revolution; all that can be said of it is, that it must have had some analogy with that accomplished at the same time and by the same Troubadour in the poetic diction of his predecessors.

From 1140 to 1150, the interval, during which we may suppose, with the highest degree of probability, that Peter wrote his best pieces, more than a century had already elapsed since the language of the Troubadours had become grammatically fixed, being already precise, rich, and tolerably pliant to the niceties of sentiment and thought.

The poets had already been accustomed to invest their expressions with certain ornaments; they had already felt the necessity of striking the ear agreeably. But up to that time they had hardly followed any other law in these attempts than that of the natural instinct left to itself alone, and their diction was yet generally barren and devoid of grace, monotonous and tedious.

Peter of Auvergne introduced more pretension and more science into his; he aimed more earnestly than his predecessors at precision, variety and force; he was bolder and more figurative than they. Several of his pieces abound in metaphors, which one might be tempted to regard as emanations from the genius of the Arabs. He endeavored to Latinize the Provençal, and re-introduced into it words and terms of expression which to all appearances had long before him disappeared from the

* "Peire d'Alvernhe ... fo lo premiers bon trobaire que fo el mon en aquel temps. .. Et era tengutz per lo meillor trobador del mon, tro que venc Guirautz de Borneill." Raynouard, vol. v. p. 291.—*Ed.*

† "De josta'ls breus jorns e'ls loncs sers."

The biographer here adds: "Canson no fetz neguna, car en aquel temps negus cantars no s'apellava cansos, mas vers: mas pueis EN Guirautz de Borneill fetz la primiera canson que anc fos faita."—*Ed.*

idioms of Gaul. In fine, if any one wanted to search for the earliest specimens, or at any rate for the earliest well characterized examples of an artistic diction in the modern literature of Europe, of a diction aiming at a definite effect, at an effect distinct from the sentiment or the idea it expresses, he would have to look for these attempts or these examples in the poems of Peter of Auvergne.

This constitutes, however, the greatest merit of this Troubadour; he lacks imagination and sensibility. Like all his predecessors, and in compliance with the taste and manners of his age, he composed songs on chivalric love; but one might look in vain for a shadow of individuality in these songs; all is there general and abstract, a studied effort to give a little more solemnity and energy to the conventional formulas of chivalric love is conspicuous throughout.*

I shall not, therefore, attempt to give an idea of the pieces of Peter of Auvergne. The matter is not sufficiently interesting to attract attention, or even to deserve it. In regard to the form, which constitutes the original and curious part of these compositions, its reproduction in another language would require a deal of labor and license disproportionate to the result. It is only for the purpose of avoiding to offer a celebrated Troubadour the affront of producing him entirely mute, that I shall cite from him some isolated fragments, which, in default of entire pieces or longer extracts, may yet give some idea of his taste and style.

Here is, for example, the first stanza of one of his pieces, in which with a singularly curious mixture of naïveté and pedantry he declares his pretension to originality, and in which this originality of his makes itself apparent in several traits:

"I will sing, since sing I must, a new song, which resounds within my breast. 'Tis not without much torment and fatigue, that I have acquired the power to sing, so that my song may resemble that of no one else. For never song was good or beautiful, which was the likeness of another."

* Pierre d'Auvergne frequently expresses a consciousness of his own ability and position in his art. Says his biographer: "Mout se lauzava en sos cantars e blasmava los autres trobadors, si qu'el dis en una copla d'un sirventes qu'el fes:

Peire d'Alvernhe a tal votz
Que canta de sobr' e de sotz,
E siei sons son dous e plazen:
E pois es maiestre de totz,
Ab q'un pauc esclarzis sos mots,
Qn' a penas nulls hom los enten."

In this sirvente (Raynonard, vol. iv. p. 197) he passes in review a dozen other Troubadours, on whose merits and demerits he descants without the least reserve. Of the amatory chansons of Pierre we only find one in the collection of Raynnard (vol. iii. p. 327). Of his sirventes, pieces on the crusades, tensons, etc., there are several in vol. iv.—*Ed.*

I have alluded to the oriental boldness of his metaphors, of which I here subjoin two or three examples:

"Since the air is now renewed (breathes softer now)," says he at the close of one of his strains, "my heart must also be renewed, and that which germinates within must put its buds and blossoms out."

In a description of spring he speaks of the nightingale, which "*shines resplendent* on the bough."

In another picture of the same kind he says, that the serene air, the warbling birds, the newly budding foliage and flowers in their bloom taught him to *gather* facile verses. Willing to avow, like many other Troubadours before and after him, that love is the principle of every good, he says that "a man without love is worth no more than the spike without grain."

The pieces of the amatory kind constitute, however, the minority among the poems of Peter of Auvergne, the greater part of them being either religious or satirical. They present traits worthy of being cited, but this is not the place for them. I shall have occasion to resume the subject elsewhere, if there is room for it, and I now pass to the fifth of the Troubadours, known to have written before the year 1150.

Giraud (Guiraud or Guiraudos) surnamed le Roux.—All that is known concerning him is what the Provençal tradition tells us, and this amounts to very little. He was a native of Toulouse, the son of a poor chevalier, and entered quite young the service of the count of Toulouse, his liege, Alphonse Jourdain, the youngest son of Raimond de Saint-Gilles, of whom I have already spoken in connection with the count of Poitiers.

"Giraud le Roux was courteous and an excellent singer," says his ancient biographer; he became enamored of the countess, the daughter of his seignior, and the love he bore her taught him to write verses.*

Alphonse Jourdain had, as far as we know, but one daughter, and this was a natural daughter, whose mother is nowhere mentioned. To all appearances she was educated at the palace of her father, and it is of her that Giraud became enamored, it is on her account that he became a poet.

From 1120, when he recovered his estates from William of Poitiers, to 1147, when he departed for the second crusade (from which he never returned), Alphonse Jourdain had resided at Toulouse without any interruption. He took his daughter

* Girandos lo Ros si fo de Tollosa, fills d' un paubre cavalier; e venc en la cort de son seingnor lo comte Anfos per servir; e fon cortes e ben chantans; et enamoret se de la comtessa, filla de son seingnor; e l'amors qn'el ac en leis l'enseignet a trobar, e fetz mantas cansos.—Of this poet there are five pieces of the amatory sort published in Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 5–14. The MSS. contain only seven pieces from his pen.—*Ed.*

with him to Syria, where she met with the strangest adventures. Having, in the first place, become prisoner to the celebrated Noureddin, prince of Aleppo, she ended by becoming his spouse, survived him, and in the capacity of guardian to a son, which she had borne to Noureddin, she governed the little kingdom of Aleppo for some time.

Giraud le Roux was in the service of the count of Toulouse during the interval between 1120 and 1147, and if we wish to restrict this interval to the time, when Giraud could have made verses for the young princess, it may be reduced to the seven years that elapsed between 1140 and 1147.

The exact date at which Giraud le Roux retired from the court of Toulouse is not known; perhaps it was when Count Alphonse and his daughter took their departure for the crusade. Certain it is, however, that he did not follow them to Syria.

It appears from a couplet of a satire on him, that he left Toulouse and his princess, for the purpose of rambling freely about the world in the capacity of Jongleur, singing his own verses and those of others to all who wanted to hear them.

Of all the Troubadours, thus far enumerated, Giraud is the only one, of whom none but amatory pieces are known to us, who sung for love alone, and concerning whom we are sure, that the lady he adored was not an imaginary personage. There are but seven of his pieces now extant. Of all the poetic compositions of which I have thus far spoken, his are incontestably those which enter into the spirit and system of chivalric gallantry with more delicacy and variety, with more grace and freedom than any other. But still I do not yet find in them enough of individuality or talent to include them among the number of those, to which I consider myself bound to adhere, and on which I can rely in giving a summary idea of the kind.

I shall now proceed rapidly to recapitulate with some general observations the period of the history of Provençal poetry, which I have just surveyed.

From the beginning of the eleventh century, when it commences for us, to an epoch bordering on 1150, the poetry of the Troubadours, properly so called, although already dominant throughout the South, was still not yet completely disengaged from the old popular poetry, which still continued to exist and independently of the former.

I have already remarked, and I think I may repeat it, that the monuments which are left us of both these kinds of poetry are evidently very incomplete. During the interval above indicated, there were other Troubadours or semi-Troubadours besides those, which I have mentioned; and in regard to the

latter, it is an established fact, that we possess but the smallest portion of their works. It would seem, that in the thirteenth century, when collections of the pieces of the Troubadours began to be made, the most ancient of these poems were already lost or slighted, so that they could not gain admission into those collections.

However, the amatory pieces yet extant of the first half of the twelfth century may in all probability supply the place of those that are lost, and suffice to give us an idea of the general character and tone of this branch of Provençal poetry at the epoch in question.

The ideas of chivalry and of knightly gallantry were then still in their prime of novelty; the enthusiasm, with which they were received, was yet in its first fervor. General, monotonous and abstract as was its poetical expression, it still pleased and charmed, as the expression of a new mode of being and of thinking; it pleased by its generality even. At the first moments of their ascendency, these noble ideas, which tended to make love the motive to glory and to virtue, controlled all the individualities of sentiment and character, and left them but a slender chance for development. In order to discourse well of love, it was enough to dream on it nobly and purely, according to certain established conventions, so that an ideal lady inspired the poet quite as much, and better perhaps, than a real one; in fact, there was less risk in falling short of the rigorous requirements of theory.

With the beginning of the second half of the twelfth century, the poesy of chivalric love began to assume the phases of development and character, by means of which it was enabled to fulfill more or less the conditions of the art. At that time a prodigious number of poets sprung up, all at once, who, though profiting by the lessons of their predecessors and adopting their ideas, were yet impressed with the necessity of putting more art, more variety, and more novelty into their compositions.

But the task was not without its difficulties. This chivalric love was circumscribed by certain factitious limits; it was subject to a conventional ceremonial; it announced itself in formulas, which had something officially established and consequently incomplete. These conditions were so many obstacles, which excluded from the poetry destined to delineate that love, the variety which naturally results from the free play of the passions, from the innumerable incidents of life and human destiny. There is therefore still necessarily a great deal of monotony in the Troubadours of the second half of the twelfth century.

Nevertheless, the chivalric love considered as it was or aimed to be, had its poetic sides, and among so many poets, all of whom sought their glory in experiencing and singing it, there were to be found some of greater originality of talent, whose individuality broke through the barriers of commonplace and the systematic generalities of knightly gallantry; and it is on the authority of these alone, that I have thought I might give an exposition of the amatory poetry of the Troubadours without becoming either too monotonous or too destitute of novelty and interest. But before entering on this exposition I must premise a few observations, without which it might appear too incomplete and vague.

When we shall have acquired an adequate conception of the different elements and the different kinds of Provençal poetry, we shall perceive many characteristic peculiarities, which depend on its material organization, and which can only be appreciated in connection with the latter. Such is, for example, the to us somewhat monotonous perseverance, with which the Troubadours interweave their pictures of love with the charms and beauties of nature at its revival in spring. Now this taste is, in a great measure, accounted for by the mode of life led by this class of men.

A Troubadour was accustomed to pass the whole of the fair season away from home, and very frequently at a great distance from it. Alone, if he was obscure and indigent, in company with one or two other Jongleurs, if he was rich and renowned, he went from castle to castle, from country to country, seeking and finding everywhere both old and new admirers. His was a life of perpetual excitement, a life of constant expectation and of triumph. Every stoppage on his journey was a festival, of which he was the soul, and at which he was the honored guest of the occasion.

With the approach of winter, all this was changed. Returned to his own fireside, the Troubadour relapsed into the difficulties and the obscurity of ordinary life. He was now obliged to set to work most laboriously, he had to compose new songs for the next poetical campaign. The winter was to him of necessity a time of toil and ennui; and that spring, for the return of which he watched so anxiously, had for him another charm aside from that of nature. It was the moment, when he was destined to recommence his favorite enjoyments, when he was going to experience the delightful sensation of a life entirely new. Hence the enthusiasm, with which these men, already very sensible to the effects of their beautiful climate, celebrated the return of spring. The verdure, the flowers, the warbling of the birds, the azure of the sky, the fragrance of the air, had

become to them the symbols of love and of life, and from the little effort which they made to vary their picture of these objects, we can see, how youthful their imagination had remained, and how easy to be satisfied.

After having premised these explanations, I now return to those choicer Troubadours, which I think can be produced as the representatives of all the rest, at least in the amatory department of their art. Bernard de Ventadour is one of the first in point of merit as well as in point of date; and I will therefore speak of him with somewhat of detail.

Bernard de Ventadour was born in the château of the same name, the seat of a viscounty, one of the most ancient seigniories of Limousin. His father was a man of servile condition, attached to the service of the château.

Nature had endowed Bernard with her choicest favors. In addition to personal beauty and graceful manners, she had furnished him with all the talent, at that time requisite to make a poet: a lively and delicate imagination, an exquisite ear and an agreeable voice.*

To crown the good fortune of the young poet, this court of the viscounts of Ventadour, under the auspices of which Bernard was educated, was one of the most favorable places for the development of his natural talents.

I have already spoken of Ebles II.; I have mentioned, that this noble lord cultivated with ardor and until he was very far advanced in life, the incipient poetry of chivalry, or as the prior of Vigeois, his historian, calls it, the songs of merriment; whence he was surnamed *Ebles the singer.*

His son Ebles III. the master of Bernard, born about 1100, had inherited some of his taste for poetry. It is possible, that he too may have cultivated the art and given Bernard the first lessons in it. At any rate, the latter seems to intimate in a passage of one of his pieces, that he had a personage whom he designates by the name of Ebles for his master.

However that may be, Ebles III., charmed by the poetic disposition of young Bernard, fostered it with tenderness and favors of every kind, and with such success, that the latter, when yet in the flower of his youth, gave already promise that he would leave all the Troubadours, his predecessors, far behind him.

The pieces which have come down to us from Bernard are numerous enough: they fill almost a volume. If they are not exactly those of their kind, that contain the largest amount of poetry, or the greatest vigor of thought and expression, they

* Bels hom era et adregz e sanp ben cantar e trobar et era cortes et ensenhatz. El vescoms, lo sieu senher, de Ventadorn s'abelic molt de lui e de son trobar, e fes li gran honor, etc. etc. Provençal biographer.—*Ed.*

are incontestably those which excel all others in point of sentiment and grace, and also in allusions to circumstances from the life of the author. These allusions are so many indications, by the aid of which I shall endeavor to link some of these pieces to the events in Bernard's life, to which they relate and by which they were inspired.

This attempt is hazardous enough, and in making it I run the risk of deceiving myself more than once, from the want of positive information. But these misprisions can, on the one hand, be attended with no very serious inconvenience, and on the other, when the question is of poets, who, like the Troubadours, only sung or thought they only sung their own emotions, it is indispensable to endeavor, as far as possible, to trace the connection between the impressions of their genius and the incidents of their lives.

Bernard de Ventadour had only to feign himself in love in order to have motives to compose his songs of love. Nature had given him one of the tenderest of hearts, one of the promptest to become impassioned by the charms of grace or beauty. He did not stand in need of traversing the world, to find a lady, whom he might celebrate in his verses. His seignior and patron, Ebles III., had two ladies, the first of whom was Margaret of Turenne and the second Alzaïs or Adelaide, the daughter of William VI., seignior of Montpellier. It was to the latter of these, that Bernard first addressed the homage of his verses, and afterward the bolder homage of his love. He was in the flower of life, he was amiable and handsome; all that he sung appeared to be the sentiment of his heart. The lady was pleased with him, and he contracted with her one of those chivalric *liaisons*, which were at bottom nothing more than perilous attempts to keep up the passion of love and desire at the highest attainable point of exaltation.

Mystery and secrecy were at once one of the conditions and one of the difficulties of this chivalric passion. As the Troubadour felt vainly proud, when he could persuade himself that he was loved by a lady of high rank, so he took the greatest pains to conceal the name of the lady whom he worshipped. In his verses he never designated her but by a species of poetic sobriquet, of which *she* only knew the value and intention, and which every one, who had the curiosity, interpreted in his own way. Bernard de Ventadour gave his viscountess the appellation of *Bel-vezer*, which in English signifies "fair to look upon."

Among the poems, which he composed in honor of her, we can yet easily distinguish several, which from the simplicity of their form and matter we may judge to have been his first attempts. They are in all respects inferior to the rest, but they

already contain, here and there, fine traits of nature and of sentiment. I subjoin here as a specimen, a passage from one of these pieces which I consider the first and the feeblest of them all. "I complain to you, my lord, of my lady and my love; they are two traitors, which make me live in sadness. I have loved my lady since the time when both of us were children, and each day of the year my love for her has since been doubled. But alas! what boots it to live, when I cannot daily see the treasure of my life, when I see her not at her window, fresh and white like the Christmas snow?"*

I will give another piece almost entire, wherein the talent of Bernard appears to have arrived at its maturity. It has every indication of being one of those, which he composed for the viscountess of Ventadour. This double enthusiasm of love and nature, one of the characteristics of the poetry of the Troubadours, is felt and rendered in the most lively manner, in the commencement of this piece, which is, besides, remarkable for its graceful flashes of sentiment and imagination.

"When I see the green herb and the leaf appear, and the flowers unfold their bloom through the fields; when the nightingale lifts up its voice high and clear and prepares to sing: I am pleased with the nightingale and the flowers, I am pleased with myself, more pleased with my lady fair; I'm enveloped on all sides and pressed with delight; but the joy of love passes all other joys."†

"Had I the power to enchant the world, I would transform my enemies into infants, that none of them could imagine aught

* Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 51. Piece No. V. Strophes 2, 4, 5.

A vos mi clam, senhor,
De mi dons e d'amor,
Qu'aisil dui tisidor. . . . etc.
* * * *
Las! e viures que m val,
S'ieu non vey a jornal,

Mon fin joy nutural,
En lieit, al fenestral,
Blanc' e fresc' atretal
Cum par neus a Nadal,
Si qu'amdui cominal
Mezuressem engal!—*Ed.*

† Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 53. Piece No. VI. Strophes 1, 4, 5 and 7.

Quant erba vertz e fuelha par,
E l'flor brotonon per verjan,
E l' rosainhols autet e clar
Leva sa votz e mov son chan,
Joy ai de luy, e joy ai de la flor;
Joy ai de me, e de mi dons maior.
Vas totas partz sui de joy claus e seinha,
Mas ilh es joys que totz los autres vens.

Allas! cum muer de cossirar!
Que manthas vetz ieu cossir tan
Lairos me poirian emblar,
Ja no sabria dir que a fan.
Per dieu, amora, be m trobas vensedor
Ab pauc d'amics e ses autre socor,
Quar una vetz tant mi dons non destreinha
Enans qu' ieu fos de dezirier esteinha.

S'ieu ssnbes la gent encantar
Miei enemic foran enfan,
Que ja hom no pogra pessar
Ni dir ren que ns tornes a dan.
Adonca sai ieu remirar la gensor,
E sos belhs huelhs e sa fresca color;
E baizera 'lh la boca de totz seinhs,
Si que dos mes hi paregra lo seings.

Ben la volgra sola trobar
Que dormia o'n fezes semblan,
Per qu'ieu l'embles un dous bsizar,
Pus no valh tan que lo'lh deman.
Per dieu, dona, pauc esplechsm d'amor,
Vai s'en lo temps e perdem lo melhor;
Parlar pogram ab cubertz entreseinhs,
E pus no i val arditz, valgues nos geinhs.

Of the seven strophes, No. 1, 4, 5, 7.—*Ed.*

against my lady or myself. Then I would contemplate her beauteous form, her ruby tint, and her fair eyes; I would impress a kiss on every portion of her mouth, the mark of which a month could not efface."

"Oh, how I am consumed by cheerless reveries! I am at times so much absorbed by them, that robbers might kidnap me without my knowing it. Surely, Cupid, thou hast made an easy conquest of me, deprived of friends and succor; and when thou hadst made me captive, I languished like a man, in whom all vigor was extinguished by desire."

"Oh, could I find my lady all alone, sleeping or feigning sleep, that I might steal a kiss, as I have not the courage to demand one! Oh, my lady, we make but little progress in our love! The time is passing on; we lose its fairest chance, instead of understanding our wish by secret signs, and coming to the aid of boldness by deceit."

Bernard composed several other songs in honor of the lady of Ventadour in the same style with the one just quoted, which constituted the delight of courts and castles, wherever the Jongleurs introduced them. Never before had any one heard anything of the kind, so delicate, so melodious, so tender. Bernard did not dissemble the naïve conviction, which he entertained, of his superiority over his predecessors or his contemporaries, nor did he hesitate to explain it. The following are the first two stanzas of a poem, of which they constitute the most remarkable part: "No wonder that I sing better than any other Troubadour, since I am possessed of a heart, more prone to love, and readier to obey its laws. Soul and body, spirit and knowledge, force and power are all enlisted in its cause; I have made no reserve for any other thing."*

"He were already dead, who felt not in his heart some blandishment to love. What boots a life without the tenderness of love? 'Twere but an importunity to others! May God be never so incensed with me, to suffer me to live a month, a day, when I shall cease to love, when I should be but burdensome to others!"

Whether this liaison between Bernard and the lady of Ventadour transgressed the established limits of chivalric decorum, we do not know for certain, and we shall dispense with the inquiry. It is certain that the viscount of Ventadour saw some-

* Raynouard: vol. iii. p. 44. Piece No. II. Strophes 1 and 2.

Non es meravelha s'ien chan
Mielhs de nulh autre chantador;
Quar plus trai mos cors ves amor,
E mielha ani faitz a son coman;
Cors e cor e aaber e sen
E fors' e poder hi ai mea;
Si m tira vas amor lo fres
Qu'a nulh' autra part no m'aten.

Ben es mortz qui d'amor non aen
Al cor qualque dousaa sabor;
E que val viure ses amor,
Mas per far enueg la gen?
Ja dame dieus no m'azir tan
Que ja pueis viva jorn ni mes,
Pus que d'enueg aerai reprea,
E d'amor non aurai talan.—*Ed.*

thing in this connection, that displeased him. He removed Bernard from his court and interdicted his appearing there again. The viscountess was shut up, closely watched and menaced.

We can easily imagine the chagrin of the young poet, at being thus separated from his fair friend without even knowing whether he should ever see her again. There is yet extant a piece by him, which seems to have been written, to give vent to his grief and to console his lady in this sad conjuncture. But the piece is neither as beautiful nor as tender, as might have been expected of Bernard on so touching an occasion. The poet exhibits in it more of enchantment and pride at the thought of being loved by the fair viscountess, than of chagrin for seeing her thus persecuted on his account. I shall only translate the most characteristic passages.

"The sweet song of the birds throughout the grove alleviates my pain and makes my heart revive; and since the birds have cause to sing, well may I also sing, I, who have more delights than they, I, whose every day is a day of song and joy, I, who care for nothing else."*

"There are men, who, when they chance to meet with great success or good adventure, are rendered haughtier and more barbarous by it. But I am of a better and more generous nature; when God crowns me with blessings, I feel still more of love for those already dear." . . . .

"At night when I retire to rest, I know too well, that I shall find no sleep; my rest is gone, I lose it at thy remembrance, my lady fair! There, where his treasure is, man fain would have his heart; 'tis, thus I act myself; thus have I put in thee my care and all my thoughts."

"Yes, lady, know that, though my eyes behold thee not, my heart yet sees thee; complain no more than I myself complain. I know, that they imprison thee on my account. But when the jealous spy knocks at the door, have good care, that

* Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 65. Piece No. XI. Strophes 1, 2, 3 and 4.

Quan par la flors josta'l vert fuelh,
E vei lo temps clar e sere,
E'l dous chan dels auzels per bruelh
M'adousse lo cor e m reve,
Pois l'auzel chanton a lur for,
Ieu qu'ai plus de joy en mon cor
Deg ben chantar, car tug li mei jornal
Son joy e chan, qu'ieu no m pens de ren al.

Ben sai la nueg quan mi despuelh
El lieg que no i dormirai re;
Lo dormir pert, quar ieu lo m tuelh,
Domna, quan de vos mi sove.
Quar, lai on hom a son thezor,
Vol hom ades tener son cor:
Aital fatz ieu, domna, de cui mi qual;
Mas mon pessar neguna res no m val.

Tal n'y a que an mais d'orguelh,
Quam graus jois ni grans bes lor ve;
Mas ieu sni de melhor escuelh,
E pus francs, quan dens mi fai be;
Quoras qu'ieu fos d'amar en lor,
M es be de lor vengutz al cor,
Merce, mi dons, non ai par ni engal;
Res no m sofranh, sol que vos deus mi sal.

Domna, si no us vezon mei huelh,
Be sapchatz que mon cor vos ve;
E no us dulhatz plus qu'ieu mi duelh,
Qu'ieu sai qu'om vos destrenh per me;
E si'l gilos vos hat defor,
Ben gardatz que no us bata'l cor.
Si us fai enueg, vos a lui stretal;
E ja sb vos no gazanh be per mal.—*Ed.*

he knock not at the heart. If he torments thee, torment thou him again, nor let him gain good in return for evil at thy hands."

There is reason to believe, that the viscountess was not very much affected by the manner in which Bernard bore his misfortune. She sent him a request to leave the country, for fear of new persecutions. Afflicted beyond all measure by this order, Bernard regarded it as tantamount to treason or infidelity on the part of his lady. This is at least the inference to be drawn from sundry of his pieces, in all probability composed on this occasion, to which alone they are adapted, or at any rate better adapted than to any other. I will translate a few stanzas from one of them, one of the finest of Bernard's, but, in my opinion, at the same time one of those which abound in untranslatable delicacies and licenses of diction. In order to appreciate the full force of the simile, derived from the flight of the lark in the beginning of the poem, we must call to mind a popular prejudice of the Middle Age. It was believed that the lark, being enamored of the sun, rose aloft into the splendor of his rays, as high as it could possibly ascend, as if for the purpose of approaching him, and that, becoming more and more intoxicated with delight in proportion to its higher ascent, it finally dropt from the sky, forgetful of the use of its wings. I now proceed to give the piece from Bernard:

"When I behold the sky-lark winging its merry journey toward the sun, and then forgetful of itself, from sudden inebriety of pleasure, drop down precipitant; oh, how I long then for a fate like hers! How much I envy then the joy to which I'm witness! I am astonished that my heart is not at once dissolved in longing.*

"Alas! how little do I know of love, I, who was once deluded by the conceit of knowing all, unable as I am to resist the charms of her whom I must love in vain, of her who robbed

* Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 68. Piece No. XII. Strophes 1, 2, 3, 5:

Quan vey la laudeta mover
De joi sas alaa contra 'l rai,
Que s'oblida e a laisaa cazer
Per la doussor qu'al cor li'n vai;
Ailas! qual enueia m'en ve,
Cui qu'ieu ne veia jauzion!
Meraveillas m'ai, quar desae
Lo cor de dezirier no m fon.

Ailas! quant cuiava saber
D'amor, e quant petit en aai!
Quar ieu d'amar no m puesc tener
Celleia on ja pro non aurai;
Quar tolt m'a'l cor, e tolt m'a me,
E ai mezeia, e tot lo mon;
E quan si m tolc, no m laisset re
Mas dizirier e cor volon.

Anc pueissas non pogui aver
De me poder, de lor en aai,
Qu'ela m fetz a moa huels vezer
En un miralh que molt mi plai.
Miralhs! pois me mirei en te,
M'an mort li sospir de preon
Qu'aissi m perdei, cum perdet se
Lo bels Narcezis en la fon.

Pna ab mi dona no m pot valer
Precs, ni mercea, ni'l dregz qu'ieu ai,
Ni a leya no ven a plazer
Qu' ieu l' am, jamais non lo i dirai:
Aissi m part d'amor e m recre;
Mort m'a, e per mort li respon,
E vau m'en, pus ilh no m rete,
Caitius en yssilh, non sai on.—*Ed.*

me of my faith, my heart, herself and all the world, who left me nothing but desires and regrets.

"Never have I been able to recover my senses again, since the hour in which she permitted me to look at myself in a mirror, too pleasing to me. Ravishing mirror! I have sighed ever since I beheld my image in thee; I have lost myself, like Narcissus in the fountain.

"Since all is over now, as nothing will avail before my lady, nor prayers, nor rightful claim, nor mercy; since she desires my homage now no longer, I shall have nothing more to say of love. I must renounce—I must abjure it. She has deprived me of my life. I reply to her, as one no longer living, and I depart for exile, I know not whither."

And in fact, Bernard did quit his native Limousin. It would not be a matter of indifference to the history of Provençal poetry and its propagation beyond the limits of the country to which the Provençal language was indigenous, to know the probable date of his departure. Now Ebles III. had married Azalaïs of Montpellier about the year 1156, and supposing the liaison between Bernard and his lady to have lasted three or four years, it must have been toward 1160 that Bernard left his country for the purpose of roving about in quest of adventnres. He must then have been about thirty years of age.

It would seem that at that time the Provençal Troubadours and Jongleurs had already commenced to frequent the provinces of the north of France, and more especially Normandy. It was in the latter that Bernard sought refuge at the court of Henry II., who was then nothing more than a duke. Henry had married, in 1152, the celebrated Eleanor of Guienne, who was the grand-daughter of William IX., count of Poitiers, and the divorced wife of Louis VII., king of France. This princess, having been brought up amid the elegance and poetical refinements of the southern courts, had kept alive a relish for whatever could resuscitate the memory and the pleasures of her earlier years. Accustomed to the reception of Jongleurs and of Troubadours at her mansion, she extended to Bernard a more honorable and a kindlier welcome than to any other, he being at that time the most distinguished of them all. Eleanor was handsome, still young, and, according to the accounts of the Provençal traditions, an admirable judge of prizes, of honors, and of the blandishments of speech—in other words, of poetry. So much as all this was hardly necessary to inspire Bernard with confidence, to choose her as the subject of his new songs. Eleanor was delighted with the compliment, and in the language of his Provençal biographer, more delighted than the Troubadour could ever have anticipated. "Bernard," says

this author, "remained for a long time at the court of the duchess of Normandy. He became fond of her and she of him, and he made many a song of it."*

Some of these songs were composed between the years 1160 and 1164, while the lady was yet a duchess and the wife of the duke, others again were written subsequently to the latter of these dates, when Henry II. was already on the throne of England. But I can scarcely find three or four of them, that bear distinct indications of their motive, and among these even there are none of a sweeter and more original cast than those I have already given. I shall therefore not attempt to translate them, for fear of exhausting the degree of interest, due to this branch of Provençal poetry, too fast and prematurely. I shall quote but a single passage, which I have selected not on account of its intrinsic beauty, but as a curious and characteristic instance of chivalric manners.

"My lady has so much address and artifice, that she always makes me think she loves me. But she deceives me thus agreeably and she repels me with her sweet pretensions. My lady, leave the guile and artifice; for as thy vassal suffers so will be thy damage."

"My lady will assuredly do wrong, if she makes me come where she disrobes herself, unless, permitting me to kneel beside her couch, she deigns to extend her foot, commanding me to untie her easy fitting shoes."

To be present with a lady in her dishabille, to assist her even in undressing and to see her retire, were among the legitimate favors of chivalric etiquette and among those which the Troubadours solicit most frequently and ardently. One might be easily tempted to attribute this usage to motives of a very vulgar sort, but this would be an error. The point in question was nothing further than a consecrated usage of the vassalage of love, a usage adopted, like so many others, from the manners of feudal vassalage. It was quite an ordinary occurrence for vassals to assist and wait upon their suzerains, when the latter were retiring to rest.

Bernard de Ventadour went to England on several occasions, sometimes in the retinue of Henry II., and sometimes to accompany Queen Eleanor. He is the first of the Troubadours known to have succeeded in propagating some notions of Provençal poetry among the Anglo-Normans (about the year 1165 or 1166).

Finally, however, for reasons now unknown to us, or perhaps merely to gratify his desire of seeing the countries of the South again, Bernard ceased to be contented in Normandy

* "Lonc temps estet en sa cort, et enamoret se d'ella et ella de lui; e'n fea motas bonas cansos." Raynouard, vol. v. p. 69.—*Ed.*

and repaired to Toulouse, to the court of Raymond V., which was at that time the most brilliant of the countries, where the Provençal tongue was used. It would appear, that our Troubadour soon became attached to Raymond, in whose service he remained for the rest of his life, if we except some transient absentments occasioned by various excursions into Provence, Italy, Spain and Limousin, where duty called him to revisit the objects of his earlier affection.

Great changes had meanwhile taken place at the château of Ventadour, we do not know exactly at what date, but very probably soon after the year 1160. His former master and patron Ebles III., under the influence of motives of which we have no knowledge, had resolved to retire from the world. He had crossed the Alps and retreated to the monastery of Mont-Cassin, where he died in 1170. In regard to the Viscountess Adelaide, the wife of Ebles, we do not know what became of her. The historian says not a word about her. But among the compositions of our poet, there is one which has every appearance of having been written with reference to her, and would go to prove, that Bernard's first attachment was far from being extinct. I shall endeavor to translate a portion of it, in spite of the impossibility of giving in another language the slightest conception of the graceful sweetness of expression, that pervades the original from one end to the other.

"Fair lady, he is not susceptible of sorrow, he was not made for love, he who can part from thee without a tear." *

"The season when the birds begin to warble is at hand. I see the flax grow verdant in the fields and the blue violet peep forth behind the bushes, the streamlets rolling clearly o'er the sand, where the white flower-de-lis unfolds its blossoms."

"I have long since been poor and bereft of the blessings of love, by the fault of a cruel friend, in whose service I'm awaiting my end."

"My own hand has gathered the rod, wherewith the fairest one that ever lived now slays me. To please her, to obey her, I have long lived an exile from my native soil, 'mid painful desires, severe regrets and sorry recompenses."

* Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 60. Piece No. IX.

Bels Monruels, aisselh que s part de vos
E non plora, ges non es doloiros,
Ni no sembla sia corals amics. . . .
Ai! chant d'auzel comensa sa sazos,
Qu'ien aug chantar las guantas e'ls aigros,
E pels cortils vei verdeiar los lis,
La blava flor que nais per los boissos,
E'ls riu son clar de sobre los sablos,
E lay s'espan la blanca flors-de-dis.
Etc. etc. etc.—*Ed.*

"He loves but little, who is never jealous, loves little who is not generous, loves little who never lost his reason, loves little who is not prone to sadness. Fair tears of love are worth more than its smiles."

"On my knees, before my lady, while she accuses me and searches me for wrongs, I supplicate for mercy, my eyes suffused with tears. Then she heaves, sighs and makes me hope again; she kisses my mouth and eyes, and the pleasure I then experience is one of the pleasures of paradise."

"I commend my hope to God; I recall again, by memory, the honor she once bestowed on me beneath the orchard pine, at the time she conquered me; this souvenir consoles me and makes me live again; this hope renews the blossoms of my youth."

The exalted tone of this piece, the disorder, the incoherence of the sentiments, the ideas which pervade it, seem to be the natural effect of a strong and deeply-rooted passion. It contains verses and entire couplets of most exquisite melody, and such as one can find but few examples of, in the most cultivated poets of the best periods of literary history.

I now return for a moment to the excursions of Bernard. We have a piece by him, composed in the year 1176, and addressed to a princess of the house of Est, to whom he gives the name of Joannah. In this piece our Troubadour makes a very distinct allusion to the battle of Lignano, which was won by the Lombard league over the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, exhorting the latter in the strongest terms to revenge himself on the Milanese as speedily as possible, unless he wished to forfeit completely his power and his honor. From these indications there is very little doubt but that Bernard visited in Italy the camps of Frederic I., the court of Ferrara, and probably several others. In the Italian documents of the thirteenth century, there are yet to be found traditional vestiges of the great renown, which he had left on the other side of the Alps.

The time of Bernard's residence at the court of Raymond V. comprises the largest portion of the life of this Troubadour, who during this interval no doubt had other adventures and other amours, on which he composed new songs, some of which at least must constitute a part of those now left of him. But his life at the period in question is too little known even to make it possible to connect it with any degree of probability to any one of the pieces, of which it was the subject. Nevertheless these pieces possess attractions and beauty of detail enough to merit our notice, apart even from the circumstances, to which they relate and by which they were inspired. But the limits of this cursory survey will not admit of their insertion.

I will, however, translate a very pleasant piece of versification and of style, wherein our Troubadour appears in a new situation, being disappointed and betrayed by a lady, who had at first accepted his love and services.

"I have heard the sweet voice of the wild nightingale; it has entered my heart; it softens, it allays its cares and the torments, which love has inflicted, and thus I have at least the joy of another to console me."

"He is indeed a man of abject life, who lives not in joy, who directs not his heart and desires to love, when all are abandoned to joy, when everywhere the songs of amatory glee resound, through meadows, groves, through heath and plains and thicket."

"And I, alas! whom love has now forgotten, unhappy wanderer! instead of my share of this joy, have but chagrin and thwartings. Do not then deem my conduct vile, if some discourteous word escape me now."

"A false and cruel dame, unfaithful and of wicked lineage betrayed me, and betrayed herself. She chose with her own hand the rod, wherewith she punishes herself; and if any one asks her the reason for her conduct, she charges me with her own self-inflicted wrongs; she finds it just, that the last comer obtains from her more favors than I could ever gain with all my long attentions."

"I served her truly to the moment, when her heart became unsteady. But, since she now rejects me, fool were I, did I serve her any longer. The hope of Bretons and an unrequited service were never good but for converting seignior into squire."

"That God might punish to their desert the bearers of false messages. But for these slanderers, I might have tasted of the fruits of love."

"But (happy or not so) he is indeed a fool, who quarrels with his lady. Let mine but pardon me and I will pardon her. I hold all those to be impostors, who made me speak of her insultingly."

"Yet, she has broken faith toward me so grievously, that henceforth I abjure her seigniory. I want no more of her; I'll speak no more of it. But if another speak of it; I'll listen willingly, and from my very heart rejoice in it."

It was probably for the benefit of the same lady and on the subject of the same treachery, that Bernard composed another piece of six couplets, in which, with inimitable grace and naïveté, he expresses his perplexity in regard to the conduct which he ought to maintain toward his unfaithful mistress. I

shall only translate four of these couplets.* It will be perceived from the first of them, that the author addresses himself to some one whom he consults in relation to his position, and to whom he attributes the quality of seignior. This was perhaps the count of Toulouse, Raymond V. himself.

"Give me an advice, my lord, thou who art possessed of sense and reason. A lady has bestowed on me her love, and I too have loved her long. But I know now, I am certain, that she has chosen another friend. And if ever I suffered from having a compeer elsewhere, I surely must from having one of this sort."

"One thing I hesitate about and feel uneasy; if I submit with patience to this wrong my lady does me, I shall expose myself to many sufferings; if I reproach the unfaithful one for her conduct, I shall consider myself lost to love. I fear, that God will not permit me after that to invent either songs or verses."

"Those perfidious fair eyes, which looked on me so graciously, look elsewhere now, and in this consists their great injustice. And yet I never can forget the honor they bestowed on me; I never can forget that there was a time, when among a thousand round them, they would have seen but me."

"Of the tears which trickle down my eyes I still write greetings, the greetings which I send to her, who will ever be to me the fairest and most prepossessing of her kind; to her, whom I saw once, the time I took my final leave, conceal her countenance, unable to give utterance to a word."

I must cut short now my examination and these extracts from the poems of Bernard of Ventadour. I am aware (and it is a matter of regret to me), that in order to be sure of producing a just appreciation of productions so peculiar in their kind, it would be necessary to exhibit them more closely, more in detail and in their native costume, the only one that fits them, the only

* Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 88. Piece No. XXI. Strophes 1, 3, 5, and 7.

Acossellatz mi, senhor,
Vos qu'avetz saber e sen;
Una domna m det s'amor
Ou'ai amada longamen,
Mas araa sai per vertat
Que'lh a autr'amic privat:
Et anc de nulh companho
Companha tan greus no m fo.

D'una ren sui en error,
Et estau en pessamen,
Que loncx tempts n'aurai dolor,
S'ieu aquest tort li cossen;
E s'ieu li dic son peccat,
Tenc mi per dezeretat
D'amor; e ja dieus no m do
Pueis faire vers ni chanso.

Li suei belh huelh traidor,
Que m'esguardavan tan gen,
Araa esguardon alhor,
Per que y fan gran faillimen;
Mas d'aitan m'an gent honrat,
Que s'eron mil ajustat.
Plus guardon lai ou ieu so
Qu'a selhs que son d'enviro.

De l'aigua que dela huelhs plor
Escriu salutz mais de cen
Que tramet e la gensor
Et a la plus avinen.
Mantas vetz m'es pueis membrat
L'amor que m fetz al comjat,
Qu'ie'l vi cobrir sa faisso,
Qu'anc no m poc dire razo.

—*Ed.*

one in which their proper physiognomy shows to advantage. But perhaps the mere consideration will be enough to awaken in these poems an interest of a far more elevated nature than that of literary curiosity only, that at the epoch at which these Provençal poets expressed, with so much refinement of art, sentiments so novel, so delicate and so complex, the rest of Europe was yet immersed in a state of more than semi-barbarity, and that the first sign of poetic life which it exhibited was this enthusiasm with which it listened to, and reiterated these first accents of the chivalric poetry of the South. We shall see the force of this remark more clearly, when we shall have proceeded a little further. At present I have only a few words to add, to finish what I have to say concerning the life of Bernard de Ventadour.

There is to be found in the manuscripts, and Mr. Raynouard has published under the name of this Troubadour, a piece written in Syria during the crusade of Richard Cœur de Lion. But I do not hesitate to believe that this piece is not by Bernard, and that the latter never took the cross.

He remained at the court of Toulouse until the year 1195, when Raymond V. died. Bernard, now left without a patron, and too far advanced in life to find a new one without difficulty, or to resume the life of an itinerant, retired to the Carthusian monastery of Dalon in Limousin. After this the records of his life are silent. We know that he died there, but that is all. The year of his decease is unknown; whether it was near the close of the twelfth or at the beginning of the thirteenth century must still be a mere conjecture.

It is a remarkable fact, worth our notice at present, and once for all, that the most celebrated Troubadours died nearly all in the cloister and in the habit of monks. Soon worn out by the excitement and the agitations of a factitious, and we might almost call it, an extravagant life, and inevitably seized by religious scruples, they seldom failed, at their decline of life, to take refuge in some monastery of austere seclusion, and to consecrate to God the remnant of an existence which the world and love were no longer willing to accept.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LYRICAL POETRY OF THE TROUBADOURS.

II. AMATORY POETRY.

ARNAUD DE MARVEIL AND RAIMBAUD DE VAQUEIRAS.

I HAVE just signalized Bernard de Ventadour as one of the first of the Troubadours possessed of genius and originality. He is, however, not the only representative of his epoch. He had many rivals, somewhat younger than himself, several of which enjoyed quite as much, some even more celebrity than he himself, and among these there are some whom I am not at liberty to pass over in silence.

Such are, in the first place, Giraud de Borneil and Arnaud Daniel, who make their appearance simultaneously, as if they had been summoned by each other, and each claims for himself the palm of Provençal poetry. Borneil has in his favor the judgment of his contemporaries and of those who spoke his language. In support of Arnaud Daniel we can produce the great authority of Dante and of all the Italian poets of the fourteenth century, who still preserved of Provençal poetry, even after its extinction, an immediate tradition full of interest and admiration.

My plan does not admit of a formal discussion or a solution of this question. It will be necessary for me to speak, and I shall speak in another place, of Arnaud Daniel and of Giraud de Borneil, but this must be done separately, and they must be considered from points of view entirely distinct. My remarks, however, on both these Troubadours will contain, implicitly at least, a very positive answer to the question propounded.

It is more especially as a writer and as an innovator in the style of Provençal poetry, that Arnaud Daniel claims our consideration, and it is therefore in the general survey of that part of my subject that an occasion to speak of him will most naturally present itself. I hope to show then, that judging him merely from his productions still in our possession, Arnaud Daniel was but an indifferent poet, destitute of imagination and

of sentiment, and one of those who contributed most to the deterioration of Provençal poetry, by reducing it to a mere mechanism, without any higher aim than that of charming, or at any rate of astonishing, the ear.

In regard to Giraud de Borneil, he is, in my opinion, in spite of his defects, the most distinguished of the Troubadours, the one who has contributed most to ennoble the tone of Provençal poetry and to idealize its character. When, therefore, after having considered historically the principal branches of this poetry, I shall, as I propose, proceed to the attempt to give a general idea of it, by taking it up at its highest degree of perfection, and by contemplating it as the noblest expression of the civilization of the Middle Age, my task will be a definite and an easy one.

It will be restricted to the examination of the compositions of Giraud de Borneil. Till then I have nothing to say of this Troubadour, and I shall therefore continue the review of the most celebrated contemporaries of Bernard de Ventadour.

The four next in distinction to those whom I have just named, are Pierre Roger, Gui d'Uissel, Peirols, and Gaucelm Faydit, of Limousin or of Auvergne.

In the amatory pieces of Pierre Roger I find nothing of sufficient interest to deserve citation. In regard to his life we can hardly have any more motive to make ourselves acquainted with it, the moment we set aside his works. There is one trait, however, exhibited by it, which I must notice, because it illustrates a general fact of a certain interest in the history of Provençal poetry and culture.

Pierre Roger had received a distinguished education; he was a man of letters, and had once been canon of Clermont. At that time this was a position of considerable importance in society. Nevertheless Roger quitted it for the purpose of becoming a Jongleur; and, nothing is of more frequent occurrence than to see clerks, and men educated for the priesthood, or even already engaged in the service of the church, renounce their profession to become Troubadours or singers to the Troubadours. Some chose this part from motives of vanity; others simply because, too miserable and poor in the condition of clerks and priests, they hoped to live a life of greater ease and pleasure in the capacity of poets.

Gui d'Uissel is a Troubadour, under whose name the manuscripts contain a score of tolerably elegant pieces. His life presents to us a particular, which is perhaps unique in the history of the Provençal poets. He had two brothers and a cousin, who owned together in joint-tenancy the seigniory of the château of Uissel, beside several others. All four of them possessed a

portion of the talents, the union of which was at that time necessary to constitute a poet. Gui could compose chansons, but no other species of poetry, and he was neither a musician nor a singer. His two brothers likewise only succeeded in one kind of poetic composition, and this was the *tenson*, which they were unable either to set to music or to sing. It was the fourth of their number, the cousin, who, himself unable to make verses, composed the music for, and sung those of the three brothers. It was thus that four distinct individuals by their united talents formed one single Troubadour, and this Troubadour even was scarcely a complete one.*

From the poems of Gui d'Uissel I shall quote but one couplet, and curious enough it is, in which the author explains the reasons why he had not composed as many amatory pieces as he had wished. He says:

"I should make songs much oftener, but I am sick and weary of constantly repeating that I weep and sigh from love; for all the world could say as much at least. I fain would make new verses with airs agreeable, but I find nothing which has not already been said. How shall I manage then to supplicate my lady-love? I'll tell the same things in another fashion, and thus I'll make my song appear original."

Gui d'Uissel makes here a very naïve confession of that which the majority of Troubadours did without any such avowal. But if this is true, the small number of those, who had talent and individuality of character enough to vary to some extent a theme so simple, is so much the more worthy of admiration.

Peirols is the fourth of the distinguished Troubadors who were contemporary with Bernard de Ventadour. But I must exempt myself from speaking of them here, until I shall have reported some highly finished productions of theirs under another division of my subject. There remains, therefore, but a word more to be said on Gaucelm Faydit.

This is one of the Troubadours, of whom we possess the greatest affluence of pieces. These pieces are, for the most part, highly wrought, of a finish habitually elegant, sometimes perfect. But there is nothing in them that might be called inspired, nothing proceeds from an original sentiment; all is imitation and study for effect. The report of the Provençal traditions, or the impression produced by these pieces on contemporary minds is quite remarkable. "Gaucelm Faydit," they say, "went about the world for twenty years, without

*E l'us de aos frairas avia nom N Eblea e l'autre EN Paire, e'l cozin avia nom N Elias. E tug quatre si eron trobador. EN Gui si trobava bonas cansoa, EN Elias bonas tenaos, EN Ebles laa malaa tensos, EN Peire cantava tot quant els trobavan. The biographer adds in conoluaion: "Mas lo legatz del Papa li fetz jurar que mais no fezea cansos; E per lui laisset lo trobar e'l cantar." Raynouard, vol. v. p. 175.—*Ed.*

succeeding in making either his songs or himself acceptable and welcome."* This is an evidence that the public of the Troubadours made much nicer distinctions in their poetry than we could make in our day, and there are many other facts which might be cited in support of this remark. There are yet extant, for example, several amatory pieces from the pen of a Troubadour, Deudes de Prades by name, which modern critics would be tempted to rank among the most agreeable. We will see now, what the judges of the time say in regard to them. "His songs did not proceed from love; this is the reason why they produced no favorable impression on the world; they were not sung at all."†

Arnaud de Marveil.—The group of Troubadours, of which I have just spoken, belongs to the northern portion of the countries of the Provençal tongue, to Auvergne namely, and to Limousin, countries, which the inhabitants of the Provence properly so called, those of the banks of the Garonne and of the plain between the Cevennes and the Mediterranean, designated, it would seem, by the name of ultramontane, a denomination perfectly just and appropriate relatively to themselves.

But although the most ancient Troubadours now known to us are incontestably included in this group, yet these were not the provinces in which the poetry of chivalry had originated. This poetry was there but an adopted one; it was an acquired poetry, born further toward the South, closer to the shores of the Mediterranean and to the Pyrenees. This is a question to which I shall return perhaps hereafter, but which at present I can waive without any inconvenience.

It is an indubitable fact, that in the countries, which have since that time been known under the name of Lower Languedoc, there existed at quite an early day several schools of Provençal poetry, of which the one at Toulouse is the earliest known to us. Giraud le Roux, that knightly Troubadour, whom I have already designated as one of those who composed verses during the first half of the twelfth century, during the interval between the count of Poitiers and Bernard de Ventadour, this Giraud le Roux, I say, belonged to that school; he is its earliest alumnus, but not its founder.

Without giving an account of these different schools, and without attempting to distinguish them respectively, one may very aptly form a separate group of the Troubadours, who

* "Mot fon lonc temps desastrucs de dos e d'onor a penre, que plus de XX ans anet per lo mon qu'el ni sas cansos no foro grazitz ni volgutz." Raynouard, vol. v. p. 158. —*Ed.*

† "E fes cansos per sen de trobar; mas no movian ben d'amor. Per que non avian sabor entre la gen, ni no foron cantados, ni grazidas." Raynouard: vol. v. p. 126.—*Ed.*

received their professional training there during the second half of the twelfth century; and in this group I think I may include Arnaud de Marveil, notwithstanding he was born out of the Gironde, and this because he spent the greater part of his life in Lower Languedoc, because he died there, and composed there all that is now known of him. Of all the Troubadours of this epoch, and of this part of the South, he is the one, in whose compositions we find the greatest amount of sentiment, of sweetness and of elegance.

Arnaud was from Marveil, a château of the diocese of Perigord. Though born in an obscure condition and in poverty, he had received all the education which the age afforded, and had learnt the Latin. Having entered by the aid of it the clerical profession, he spent some time in the exercise of it; but weary at last of the uneasiness, and perhaps of the obscurity in which he vegetated, he resolved to apply himself to the culture of poetry, and set out on his errantry in quest of fortune and adventures.*

He had already travelled over many a country and visited many a castle, when his good or evil star brought him to the court of Rogers, surnamed Taillefer (the iron-shaped), the viscount of Béziers, and father to the one whom the count of Montfort consigned to such a wretched end at the commencement of the horrible war against the Albigenses. Rogers was a valiant knight, at whose court everybody plumed himself on his elegance of manners and his gallantry. He had married in the year 1171, Adelaide, daughter of Raymond V., the count of Toulouse, to whom he gave the title of Countess de Burlatz, because she had been born in the castle of that name.

Arnaud entered the service of the countess, but we do not see very well in what capacity. His biographer says, that he was an excellent singer and reader of romances,† words, the precise import of which I do not see, but which seem to signify something foreign to the condition and profession of the Troubadour or Jongleur. It was, however, only by his poetry that he distinguished himself at the court of Beziers. After having become enamored, and very seriously enamored, of the countess, he composed on her several pieces, remarkable for their grace and tenderness. But unlike the other Troubadours in this respect, he neither dared to avow himself the author of these pieces, nor to tell the countess that he had made them out of love to her; he gave them as the work of an unknown author, and enjoyed in silence the pleasure with which everybody listened to them.

* Compare the Provençal account, Raynouard, vol. v. p. 45.—*Ed.*

† "Aquel Arnautz e cantava be e legia be romans."—*Ed.*

Among the pieces by Arnaud, which have come down to us, we easily recognize some of those, which he composed during this first period of his amours. I give here two stanzas from one of them, which indicate his situation tolerably well, but in which his poetic talent is not yet fully developed.

"Fair and pleasant lady, thy great beauty, thy ruddy complexion, thy accomplishments and courteous qualities give me the knowledge and the occasion to sing. But my great fear and agitation prevent me from saying, that it is of you I sing; and I know not what would betide me from my songs, whether it would be for my benefit or my misfortune."

"Yes lady, I love thee secretly, and no one is aware of this, but Love and I myself. Thou even thyself art ignorant of it; and since I dare not speak to thee in private, I shall at least address thee in my songs."

Encouraged by the success of these songs, Arnaud de Marveil could not resist the temptation of pursuing the rest of his adventure in his proper name and person. He composed a new song for the countess, quite as impassioned as the others, and of which he avowed himself the author. This was tantamount to declaring himself the author of all the previous ones. In spite of a certain naïve delicacy of sentiment and expression, this new song is still quite mediocre; and I should have nothing to say of it unless it constituted an era in the life of our Troubadour. Here are the first three couplets; and this is more than is necessary to give its leading idea.

"Noble lady, thy ingenuous worth, which I cannot forget, thy way of looking and of smiling, thy fair appearances, cause me (better than I know how to express) to heave a sigh from my inmost heart; and if goodness and mercy plead not in my behalf before you, I know that it will make me die."*

"I love thee without dissimulation, without deception and with constancy. I love thee more than it is possible to imagine. This is the only thing I could be guilty of against thy wishes. Oh lady of my heart, if in this respect I should appear to err, pardon this fault of mine."

* Le Parnasse occitanien, page 16.

"La franca captenensa
Qu'ien non posc oblidar,
El dos ris e l'esgar,
El semblan queus vi far,
Mi fan, domna valens,
Melhor qu'ieu no sai dir,
Ins el cor suspirar:
E si per me nous vens
Mercea e cauzimens,
Tem que m n'er a morir."

"Ses gienh e ses falhensa
Vos am, e ses cor var
Al meils qu'om pot pesaar.
D'aitan nous aus forsar
Per vostres mandamens.
Ai! domna cui dezir,
Si conoissetz nius par
Que sia fallimens
Quar vos soi be volens,
Sufretz m' aquest fallir."
* * * *
"Domna, per gran temensa,
Tan vos am eus ten car,
Nous aus estiers pregar." etc., etc.
—*Ed.*

"It is with great fear that I love thee, and I not even venture to ask a favor. Still it is better to love an obscure man, who knows how to please and to conceal the favors love bestows, and to feel grateful for the honor done him, than some great personage, displeasing and ungrateful, who thinks that all the world is to obey him."

The countess of Burlatz not only was not offended by this confession of the Troubadour, but, according to the biographer of the latter, whose naïve words I cannot do better than reproduce, "She listened to his prayers and received them graciously; the poet himself she put in harness (that is to say, she furnished him with handsome garments and with horses) and encouraged him to find (*trobar*) and to sing of her."*

The majority of the pieces, which we possess of Arnaud de Marveil, were composed in this situation, which permitted him to aspire from wish to wish, from prayer to prayer, up to the highest favors, which his lady was permitted to accord unto her friend; and this progression of chivalric love is indicated with sufficient clearness in the pieces in question.

The first of them are still the expression of a timid love, scarcely exhibiting a ray of hope across his many longings. I will select a few passages from them, deciding, as I am accustomed to do, less in favor of those which are intrinsically the most beautiful, than of those which offer the greatest facilities for translation.

"As the fish have their life in the waters, so I have and always shall have mine in love. Love made me choose a lady, through whom I live contented, without expecting any other good. Her value is so high, that I cannot say, whether I derive most pride or shame from it; these are two things which love has both united in me, and that so well, that measure and reason lose nothing by their blending."

"Fair lady, thou whose steps are guided by joy and youth, wert thou never to love me, I still would love thee always; 'tis love would have it so, and I cannot resist. 'Tis love, that knowing me to serve thee truly with all my heart, has taught me methods of approaching thee. I touch thy hand in thought and I impress a thousand kisses; and this delight is sweet; no jealous rival can deprive me of it."†

* "E la comtessa non l'esquivet, ans entendet sos precs e los recenp e los grazic; e'l mes en graes, e set li baudezs de trobar e de cantar d'ells. *Rayn.* v. p. 45."—*Ed.*

† Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 207. Piece No. II. Strophes 1, 3, 4.

Si cum li peis an en l'aigua lor vida,
L'ai ieu en joy e totz temps la i aurai,
Qu'amors m's fait en tal domna chauzir
Don viu jauzens sol del respieit qu' ieu n'ai;

Tant es valens que, quan ben m'o cossir,
M'en nays erguelhs s'n creys humilitatz;
Si s tenon joinz amors e jois amdos
Que ren no i pert mezura ni razos.

"Good lady, endowed with every accomplishment, thou dost surpass the best I am acquainted with so far, that with thee I should rather long and languish than enjoy from another all that a lover can claim. I am content with this, so much I am afraid of not obtaining more. And yet I do not despair of this entirely; for I have often seen at powerful courts the poor man overwhelmed with gifts magnificent."

I now proceed to give a few couplets from another piece of Arnaud's, remarkable for its extremely graceful versification and as being one of those pieces, where that taste for antithesis begins to make its appearance, which at a somewhat later date became a preponderating characteristic in Provençal poetry, from whence it passed over into the poetry of the Italians and Catalonians.

"My lady, thou art pressing me so sorely, thou and my passion, that I dare not love thee, and still I cannot help it. The one incites, the other stops me; the one emboldens, the other intimidates. I dare not ask thee for joy or favor. I am like the warrior mortally wounded, who, though he knows he'll die, combats still bravely. I call on thee for mercy from a heart, that is surrendered to despair."*

"Let thy exalted worth not prove my ruin, the worth which I have done my best to extol and celebrate. From the first moment I beheld thee, I've consecrated all my knowledge and my power to the enhancement of thy fame. Of these I've made men speak and listen in many a noble place; and if thou wouldst condescend to be a little grateful, I should demand no other guerdon but thy friendship."

"Dost thou desire to know the wrongs and all the injuries, of which thou canst accuse me and complain? It is that I have

Belha domna, cui joys e jovens guida,
Ja no m'ametz, totz temps vos amarai,
Qu'amors o vol ves cui no m puesc
guandir;
E quar conois qu'ieu am ab cor verai,
Mostra m de vos de tal guiza jauzir:
Pensan vos bais e us maney e us embraz;
Aquest domneis m'es dous e cars e bos,
E no'l me pot vedar negus gelos.

Bona domna, de totz bos aips complida,
Tant etz valena part las melhors qu'ieu sai,
Mais am de vos lo talant e'l dezir
Que d'autr' aver tot so qu'a drut s'eschai;
D'aisso n'ai pro, quar tem el plus falhir,
Pero non sui del tot dezesperatz,
Qu'en ricas cortz ai vist mantas sazos
Paubr' enrequir e recebre grans dos.—*Ed.*

* Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 223. Strophes 1, 3, 4, 5.

1. Si m destrenhetz, dona, vos et amors
Qu' amar no us aus, ni no m'en puesc
estraire;
L'us m'encaussa, l'autre m fai remaner,
L'us m'enardis, e l'autre m fai temer;
Preyar no us aus per enten de jauzir,
Aissi cum selh qu'es nafratz per murir,
Sap que mortz es, e pero si s combat,
Vos clam merce ab cor dezesperat.
* * * * * *

5. Vostre gen cors, vostra fresca colors,
E'l dous esguartz plazens que m sabetz
faire
Vos mi fan tan dezirar e voler,
Qu'ades vos am on plus m'en dezesper;
E si folhei, quar no m'en aai partir:
Mas quant me pens quals etz que m faitz
languir,
Cossir l'onor, et oblid la foudat,
E fug mon sen, e sec ma voluntat.—*Ed.*

been more charmed and ravished by thee than by any other object in the world, it is that I have recognized and celebrated thee as the best and fairest of thy kind. This constitutes the wrong, and this is all of which thou canst accuse me."

"Thy graceful person, thy ruddy hue, thy sweet way of regarding, constrain me to desire and to love thee, in spite of my despair. I know full well that it's a foolish thing; but when I consider, what thou art, I at once forget the folly; I look but at the honor; then I dismiss my reason and follow inclination."

There is something in the general tone and in several traits of this piece which reminds us somewhat of Petrarch, and which would lead us to presume that the latter had made the works of this Troubadour the subject of particular study. Petrarch, in fact, speaks of Arnaud de Marveil, and ranks him among the most celebrated Troubadours, but still he puts him below Arnaud Daniel, from whom he distinguishes him by the expression of "the less famous Arnaud." Petrarch makes here a distinction, which is not to be taken too rigorously. A Troubadour, who ever and anon reminds us of him, is surely far superior to the heavy and dry Arnaud Daniel.

The specimens which I have just extracted from the better pieces of Arnaud de Marveil will suffice to give us an idea of his genius. I shall not quote any others, except a few, which may serve to indicate still further the eventual progression of his sentiments, and of the principal incidents of his erotic life.

Here is, for example, a passage in which he formally requests his lady to take him into her service, by receiving his homage in accordance with the customary ceremonial, which, as we have already seen above, was precisely and in every point that of feudal vassalage.

"Oh thou, the fairest mortal that ever was born into the world, the hope I entertain of thee is so delightful and so sweet, that I could never bestow my heart on any other. But it is high time that I should call thee my liege and mistress, and that, with hands joined in humility before thee, thou deignedst to receive me as thy knight, as some good seignior deigns to accept his vassal."

From among the various passages of several pieces, which prove that the prayer of Arnaud had been benignantly received, and that his fair countess had adopted him as her servant and treated him occasionally with tenderness, I will only quote two. The first is contained in a couplet of nine verses, which are perhaps the most spirited and the most brilliant of this author. It is to be remarked beforehand, that they are intranslatable, and the following can only be said to be a faint reflection of their beauty:

"When my fair lady addresses me and looks at me, the lustre of her eyes and the sweetness of her breath penetrate my heart together. Therefrom my lips derive such great delight, as I know could never spring from my own nature; it can only be born of the love which has fixed its abode in my heart."

The second passage is less poetical, but more positive and clearer than the first.

"Fair lady, full well didst thou deprive me of my life, the day thou gavest me the kiss, which left eternal trouble in my heart. But surely I was a fool, I, when I boasted of that kiss; and I deserve an ignominious death (to be dragged by horses). But oh, sweet object of my love, pardon the criminal! Restore me to my joy and hope again! For I shall be a cypher in the world, until the day when I shall be again admitted to thy service."

Arnaud obtained his pardon and continued to convert the slightest incidents of his love for the countess of Beziers into poems, which were always well received and always replete with pleasant traits. But in a happiness like his there was something too fragile and too adventurous to be lasting.

The viscount of Beziers was in intimate relations both of interest and of friendship with Alphonso I., king of Aragon, who paid him several visits, either at Beziers or at Carcassonne. In the course of these visits Alphonso became enamored of the countess, and when he perceived the tenderness with which she cherished Arnaud, he became jealous of it, and by his prayers and intrigues prevailed on her so far as to induce her to dismiss the poor Troubadour and to put an interdict upon his celebrating her thereafter in his verses.

When Arnaud de Marveil heard of his dismissal (says his ancient biographer) he was grieved beyond all grief; and quitting the countess and her court, like a man abandoned to despair, he went to William of Montpellier, who was his friend and seignior, and remained with him for a long time. There he gave vent to his complaint, shed many a tear, and wrote the song which says:

"My thoughts were very sweet indeed," etc. *

This song is one of those of Arnaud which are still extant, but it is not one of his best. The Troubadour there assures his fair countess, in somewhat common terms, of his inability to cease to love her and to sing of her, and he conjures her to per-

* "Arnautz de Marueil, quant auzi lo comjat, fo sobre totas dolors dol'ens; e si s'en parti com hom desesperatz de lieis e de sa cort. Et anet s'en a'N Guillem de Monpestier qu'era sos amics e sos senher, e estet gran temps ab lui. E lai plays e ploret, e lai fes aquesta canso que dis:

Molt eran dous miei cossir."

Raynouard, vol. v. p. 46.—*Ed.*

mit him to return to her presence. It would appear that she made no account of it, however; and our Troubadour died disconsolate while yet in the bloom of life, at Montpellier or its environs, in one of the châteaux of William.

Arnaud de Marveil is one of that very limited number of Troubadours who are known to have admired and celebrated one lady only. This unity of object would give an additional interest to his pieces, if all of them were yet extant, or if we could only succeed in arranging those which are left us according to the order in which they were produced. Sweetness and an elegant correctness constitute the principal characteristics of his poetry.

Among the number of the most original and most distinguished Troubadors who flourished with Arnaud de Marveil in the countries which were subject to the authority of the counts of Toulouse, I include Raymond de Miraval, Peter Vidal of Toulouse, William de Cabestaing, so famous for his tragic history, and Hugh Brunet or Brunec of Rhodez. Among their pieces are to be found some of uncommon piquancy of subject, and others again contain exquisite touches of poetry, but these I cannot communicate to the reader for want of space. I regret more especially my inability to narrate what is known to us of the lives of these Troubadours, which are even more poetical than their poetry, and invaluable for the history of the society, in the midst of which they lived.

The only one of these four Troubadours, concerning whom I think I can afford to say something, is Brunet; not because he is more interesting or more remarkable than the other three, but simply because he is the one of whom we possess the smallest number of works, and of whose life we know the least.

Hugh Brunet was a man of education, and a scholar, a clerk of Rhodez, who, like so many others of his profession, turned Troubadour and Jongleur. He frequented several courts, but lived principally at that of Rhodez. He was for some time the admirer of a lady of Aurillac, who at first appeared to be pleased with his verses, but who discarded him in the end. Brunet was not one of those who only made pretensions to love; he really loved, and under the influence of the chagrin, which the sternness of his lady caused him, he entered a Carthusian monastery and died there.

We have but seven or eight pieces from him, wherein we meet with many pleasant things expressed with a good deal of spirit, but which are particularly remarkable in the history of Provençal poetry, as being the first wherein the amorous language of the Troubadours is found to be modified in a sense, of which I should like to give some conception. The emotions and im-

pressions of love are there described, as it were, physically, and in a measure personified. A few short quotations will enable us to comprehend more clearly what I wish to convey. And in the first place, the following are three couplets of a piece, wherein he complains, as he was wont to do, of the cruelty of his lady.

"When love came to assail my heart, in the beginning, my lady told me, she made me hope, that she would share with me the sentiment of love; but great is now the measure of my anguish, and that of happiness is small."

"Ah, what was then the purport of the language of those eyes? What did they ask of me, that she now comprehends not my distress, that she makes no reply to all my prayers? Surely her looks were faithless messengers; and if I had suspected this, by heavens, I never would have opened them my heart."

"Now they persist in staying there, in spite of all the world, and whenever I regain the mastery of my mind, to divert it elsewhere, love with all its force advances and seizes it anew; it annihilates my resolutions and makes me tread its path again."

The characteristic which I have endeavored to signalize in the pieces of Hugh de Rhodez, appears still more prominent in the following couplet, which is the first of another piece.

"A sweet commotion agitates my heart, which promises me joy, but which will give me pain. But too well knew he how to strike me with his amorous lance, who is a courteous sprite, who only shows himself by fair appearances, who gently darts from eye to eye, from eye to heart, from heart to thought."*

The same piece contains a passage which expresses a very common idea with studied elegance and singular boldness. "Let but my lady," says he, "treasure up my memory in her heart; the rest I will abide, provided only her looks and smiles exchange caresses, that no repulse may chill the ardor of our love."†

To all appearances (and it is well not to forget the fact), the passion, expressed in these glowing terms, was a serious and deeply-felt reality. Genius and talent never could invent such things; but where they find them already invented, they adopt and accommodate themselves to them.

* Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 315.

Cortezamen mov en mon cor mesclansa
Qne m fai tornar e l'amoros dezire;
Joya m promet et aporta m cossire,
Quar en aissi sap ferir de sa lansa
Amors, que es us esperitz cortes,
Que no s laissa vezer mas per semblans,
Quar d' huelh en huelh salh e fai sos dous lans,
E d' huelh en cor e de coratge en pes.—*Ed.*

† E sol qu'el cor aya de mi membransa,
Del plus serai atendens e sufrire,
Ab que l'esgnar se baizon e ill sospire
Per qu'el dezirs amoros no s'estansa.
etc. etc. etc.—*Ed.*

Rambaud de Vaqueiras.—Of the Troubadours, which I have thus far designated as having rendered themselves illustrious in that species of Provençal poetry, which is consecrated to the expression of knightly gallantry, not one belongs to Provence properly so called, which at that time comprised the whole area extending from the Isère to the sea, and from the Rhone to the Alps. Of the Troubadours of this country I now propose to form a third group, at the head of which I think I must put Rambaud de Vaqueiras, he being the most distinguished for originality and talent.

Rambaud de Vaqueiras is one of those Troubadours, who by dint of their poetic fame rose to the honors of knighthood, and whose life was divided between the lyre and the sword. He was born at Vaqueiras, a village agreeably situated in the vicinity of Orange. He was the son of a knight, but of a knight who was an idiot and poor, and with whom his lot was little better than that of an orphan.

Being conscious of some taste for poetry, he embraced the profession of Jongleur, which was then the poetic apprenticeship almost invariably imposed by custom, and then repaired to Orange, to the court of William the Fair, who was the prince of that city. William became his patron, and brought him into vogue and honor in all the courts of Provence.

Already celebrated on this side of the Alps, Rambaud resolved to seek his fortune in Piement, and accordingly presented himself at the court of the marquis of Montferrat, one of those nobles of the south of Europe, who are so often spoken of. Boniface received him very favorably, dubbed him chevalier, and attached him to his service in that capacity. He had a sister, Beatrice by name, who was considered amiable and handsome, and at that time not yet married. Rambaud having become enamored of her, celebrated her charms in his verses, under the poetic name of the *Belhs Cavaliers*, and it is generally believed, adds one of the old biographers of the Troubadour, that his lady was not indifferent to his addresses.

Another biographer gives us some particulars in regard to the manner in which this *liaison* between Beatrice and Rambaud originated. His narrative is graceful, and he paints the manners of the high feudal classes of the South at that epoch, so admirably, that I think I may be permitted to yield to the temptation of translating a portion of it literally:

"Having become enamored of Madame Beatrice," says the ancient Provençal author, "Rambaud loved and coveted her exceedingly, taking, however, good care to keep the matter secret; and such was his success, that he procured her great esteem and gained her many a friend among both sexes. But

he was dying with desire and fear, not venturing to ask her to return his love, or to make it appear that he had set his heart on her. Nevertheless, as a man under the impulse of love, he told her one day that he was enamored of a lady of high worth, that he enjoyed her society familiarly, but still did not venture to disclose his passion, nor to supplicate her favor, so much he stood in awe of her great merit. And he besought her, for God's sake, to give him her advice, and to tell him, whether he ought to make manifest his heart and his desire to the lady or die in love and reticence."

"And this gentle lady, my lady Beatrice, who had already perceived that Rambaud was dying with languishment and longing on her account, when she had heard his words and understood their meaning, was touched with pity and affection and said to him: 'It well behooves, Rambaud, that every faithful friend who loves a noble lady, should dread to disclose to her his passion. But sooner than die, I should advise him to speak and to beseech the lady to accept him as her servant and her friend. And I assure you, that if she is wise and courteous, she will not take offence at the request nor deem it a dishonor; but, on the contrary, she will regard him who has made it, as all the better a man for it. I advise you therefore to tell the lady, whom you love, your mind and the request you have to make of her, and to beseech her to accept you as her knight. Such as you are, there is no lady in the world, but what would gladly retain you as her chevalier and servant.'"*

"When Rambaud heard the advice and the assurance given him by lady Beatrice, he told her that it was she who was the lady he loved so much, and in regard to whom he had entreated her advice. And my lady Beatrice told him to consider himself welcome; that he had only to exert himself to do well, to speak well, and to be worthy of the honor, and that she was disposed to accept him as her chevalier and servant. Rambaud did his utmost to advance in merit, and he composed the song which says:

"Love now demands its customary tribute of me."†

This piece, of which the ancient biographer only quotes the first verse, is one of those which are still extant of Rambaud de Vaqueiras; and we may therefore assure ourselves that its

* Raynouard, vol. v. p. 417.

† E ma dona Biatritz li dis que be fos el vengut; e que s'esforses de *ben far e de ben dire e de valer*, e qu'ela lo volia retener per cavayer e per servidor. Don Raimbaut s'esforset d'enansar son pretz tan quan poc, e fes adoncs aquesta canso que dis:

Era m requier sa custum'e son us
Amors, per cui planh e sospir e velh . . . . . etc., etc.

—Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 258, Piece II., where it is given entire.—*Ed.*

beauty does not correspond with the interest of its motive; and indeed we can say as much of the majority of the pieces composed in honor of Beatrice. All of them contain fine verses of an energetic and lively turn, but, in order to overcome the inherent monotony of this species of poetry and to surpass anterior examples, the author resorted to pedantic accessories, foreign to the character and object of all sentimental poetry.

There is an interesting circumstance to be noticed in the life of Rambaud de Vaqueiras. This Troubadour had read a large number of romances or chivalric epopees, and he somewhere seems to intimate that he possessed a collection of them. Excessively fond of this kind of reading, he thought he was doing wonders by interweaving in his *chansons d'amour* allusions (sometimes of considerable length) to the heroes of those romances and to their adventures. It is true he did nothing more in this respect than follow the example of the earlier Troubadours; but that which among the latter was but an ornament and an accessory in their amatory songs, appears to be the principal object of his, to such an extent do they abound in comparisons, similes and allusions derived from the action of the poetic romances at that time in vogue. This is a serious blemish, but a blemish which renders the compositions, in which it occurs, extremely valuable to the history of the Provençal epopee.

The gallant pieces, in which Rambaud exhibits most talent, are those in which he gives vent to his spite on account of his frequent misadventures in love; for he successively became obnoxious and reconciled again, not only to his fair Beatrice, but also to other ladies; and we are sometimes at a loss in regard to the connection subsisting between these disagreements and the different pieces, of which they formed the theme. I shall limit myself to translating two of these pieces, the motive of which is sufficiently clear. In the first of them, he discloses his intention of turning knight-errant out of spite against a faithless mistress, who probably was a certain lady de Tortone, with whom he is known to have had intrigues and quarrels.

"Love and my lady have broken faith with me in vain, and put me under ban; believe not that I on that account forget to sing, that I suffer my honor to be forfeited, that I renounce any glorious enterprise, or that I do not cross the mountains, as I did formerly."

"Galloping, trotting, leaping, running, vigils, fatigue and hardships will henceforth be my pastime. Armed with wood, with iron, steel, I'll brave both heat and cold; the woods and

by-paths shall be my habitation; *sirventes* and *descorts* my songs of love; I will protect the feeble against the strong."*

"Yet still it would be an honor for me to find a noble lady, beautiful, engaging, of matchless worth, who would not take delight in my misfortune, who were not volatile nor credulous of scandal; who would not make one supplicate too long; I should consent to love her willingly, if so it pleased her; and to love thus would yet redeem my happiness."

"My reason has got at last the mastery o'er my folly, which for a whole year possessed me, on account of an unfaithful one of an ignoble heart. The glory of arms has such attractions now, that it suffices to give me joy and to dispel any disappointment despite of love, despite my lady and my feeble heart; I have now shaken off the yoke of all the three, and I shall henceforth learn to act without their aid."

"I shall learn the art of serving well in war, among emperors and kings, to spread abroad the rumor of my bravery, to bring good with the lance and with the sword. Toward Montferrat, or here, toward Forcalquier, I'll live by warfare, like the chief of a band. Since I derive no benefit from love, I'll bid farewell to it, and let itself sustain the prejudice."

The second piece, composed in nearly the same strain of sentiment as the preceding, is inferior to it neither in point of vivacity nor in point of harmony of expression, and is perhaps still more curious from the fact of its showing us in a stronger light, how much a chevalier even in the greatest paroxysms of amorous disappointment and chagrin would still respect the general ideas of his times on the moral importance and necessity of love. I give here three or four of the better couplets:

"A man may still, if he'll but take the pains, be happy and rise in worth, and yet dispense with love: he has only to guard himself against baseness, and concentrate his powers on doing right. Thus, therefore, though love may fail me, I still persist in acting to the best of my ability; and for my having lost my love and lady, I would not also lose my price or worth: without a lady and without love, I wish to live a brave and honored life; I do not wish to make two evils out of one."

"Yet still, if I renounce love entirely, I am aware that I

* Raynouard, vol. v. p. 419, where only the following strophe of this chanson is given:

Galop e trot e saut e cors,
Velhars e maltrait e afan
Seron mei sojorn derenan
E sufrirai fregz e calors,
Armatz de fust e de fer e d'acier;
E mos ostal seran bosc e semdier
E mas cansos sirventes e descortz,
E mantenrai los frevols contra 'ls fortz.—*Ed.*

renounce the highest good. Love betters even the best and can impart a value to the worst. It can make cowards brave, the uncouth boor a graceful, courteous man; it has made many a poor man rise to power. Since love then is possessed of so great virtue, I willingly would love, I, who am so envious of merit and of honor, would love, if I were loved."

"Nevertheless, let us leave love alone! Love delights more in taking than in giving; for one good he inflicts a hundred ills, and for one pleasure a thousand pangs; he never confers glory without reverses. But let him manage, as may seem good to him, I want no more either of his smiles or of his tears, either of his pleasures or of his sorrows. Let us be nothing, neither bad nor good; and let us leave love alone."

Surely the man who said things like these, who said them nearly seven centuries ago, and above all, who said them in the capacity of master of a most delicate art, in full and sonorous verses, interspersed here and there with the happiest audacities of language and of style, was by no means an ordinary poet.

From the moment he had entered the service of the marquis of Montferrat, the life of Rambaud de Vaqueiras was a very active and a very stirring one, almost equally divided between poetry and warfare, between the adventures of love and those of chivalry. Of the two the latter are best known, as being connected with the actions of the marquis of Montferrat. Gallant, ambitious of renown, enterprising and clever, this seignior acted a part in the transactions of his time, which was far above the material resources of his power.

In 1202, Thibaut, count of Champagne, having died the moment he was going to depart for Syria as the chief commander of a numerous army of crusaders, the barons who had arrayed themselves under his banner were obliged to elect another head. Their choice fell on the marquis of Montferrat, who accepted this honor and deserved it. In 1204, the crusaders marched on to Venice under his conduct, whence they expected to embark in vessels of the Republic, and with Venetian supplies.

By what singular accidents this army, instead of landing in Syria, directed its course toward Constantinople, how it took that city, how it gained possession of the whole of the Greek empire, and effected a partition of the provinces among its leaders, is already too well known to need repetition here. The marquis of Montferrat received the kingdom of Thessalonica as his share, where he established himself immediately, and whence he made a descent on Greece, and conquered the whole of it.

Rambaud de Vaqueiras, who had followed the marquis,

served him faithfully in every encounter and in all his wars, and obtained as a reward for his services a vast and rich fief in the new kingdom, thus rising rapidly from the condition of a poor chevalier to that of a puissant lord.

There was something in this new position wherewith to satisfy the love of glory and the chivalric vanity of Rambaud. Nevertheless, situated as he was so far from his native land, in a perilous state of things, so different from that to which he had been accustomed, in the midst of a people to whose language and manners he was an entire stranger, he could not help deploring his absence from Provence and from Italy, and to recall to memory with melancholy musings the days that had but too rapidly glided away in the gallant courts of those two countries, in which he had been a welcome, an honored and admired guest, wherever the fame of his songs had preceded him. He remembered more especially his former loves; they flitted through his mind in a somewhat promiscuous order and as vividly as ever, and paramount among all these tender souvenirs was that of his *Beau Chevalier*, of that amiable Beatrice, whose tenderness and indulgence had constituted his first incentive to glory.

This was a thoroughly poetic disposition of mind, and it appears that it actually inspired several pieces, all of which are now unfortunately lost, with the exception of one* only, which on that account is so much the more curious. I propose to translate the whole of it, although it is somewhat long. Its historical interest enhances its poetical still more.

"Winter nor spring-time, calm weather, nor the foliage of

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 275. Piece XIV. Strophes 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.

1 No m'agrad'iverns ni pascora,
Ni clar tempa ni fuelhs de guarricx,
Quar mos enans me par destricx
E totz mos magers gangz dolors;
E son maltrag tug mei lezer
E dezesperat mei esper;
E si m sol amors e dompneya
Tener guay plus que l'aigua'l peys;
E pus d'amdui me sui partitz,
Cum hom eyssellatz e marritz,
Tot'autra vida m sembla mortz
E tot autre joy desconortz.

2 Pus d'amor m'ea falhida'l flors
E'l dous frug e'l gras e l'espicx,
Don jauzi'ab plazens prediox,
E pretz m'en en sobrav' et honors,
E m fazia entr'els pros caber,
Era m fai d'aut en bas chazer;
E si no m sembles fola esfreya,
Qu'ieu for'esteyns e relenquitz
E perdutz en fagz et en digz,
Lo jorn que m venc lo desconortz
Que no m merma, cum que m'esfortz.
* * * *

6 Anc Alixandres no fetz cors,
Ni Karles ni'l reya Lodoycx
Tant honrat; ni'l coms N Aimericx,
Ni Rotlan ab sos ponhedors,
No saubron tan gen conquerer
Tan ric emperi per poder
Cum nos, don pueia nostra leys;
Qu'emperadors e ducx e reya
Avem fagz, e castels garnitz
Pres dels Turcx e dels Arabitz;
Et ubertz los camis e'ls portz
De Brandis tro al bratz Sanh Jortz.

7 Doncs que m val conquitz ni ricora?
Qu'ieu ja m tenia per plus ricx,
Quant era amatz e fis amicx,
E m payasia cortes'amora;
N'amava mais un sol plazer
Que sai gran terr'e gran aver;
Qu'ades on plus mos poders creya,
N'ai maior ir'ab me mezeis;
Pus mos Belhs Cavaliers grazitz
E joya m'ea lunhatz e faiditz,
Don no m venra jamais conortz;
Fer qu'es mayer l'ira e plus fortz.—*Ed.*

the desert have aught now to delight me. My good adventures appear to me misfortunes, my greatest pleasures sources of grief. All my leisure is fatigue, my expectations are but despair. Love and its service kept me as merry as a fish in the water; but since the time, when, like a man in exile and proscribed, I have divorced myself from love, every other mode of life appears to me a death, every other joy a pain."

"I have lost my all with love, the flower and sweet fruit, the spike and grain; my graceful verses gave it formerly to me; they added glory also to the gift; they made me count among the valiant and the brave. From such a height must now be needs my fall. Ah! but for the fear of seeming cowardly, I should have extinguished my lamp of life faster than any flame; should have desisted from all glorious deeds and words, and bid farewell to every noble enterprise, the day on which I lost the precious boon of love."

"But sad and dejected as I am, I would not give my enemies the pleasure of seeing me forgetful of glory and of valor. I still can prejudice, I still can render service. Vexed as I am here, among the Latins and the Greeks, I yet can seem content. The marquis, who has begirt me with the sword, is fighting with the Turks and the Bulgarians, and never since the creation of the world has any people accomplished exploits like our own."

"I daily hear of and witness resplendent arms, redoubted warriors, engines of war; I see and hear of great battles won, cities beleaguered, high towers overthrown, and ancient walls and new walls levelled with the dust. But I see nothing which can serve me in the place of love. On my proud charger, arrayed in splendid armor, I go, I speed in every direction, in quest of combat, of fierce assaults and warfare; I always triumph and increase in power: but ever since I've lost the joy of love, the entire world seems but a desert to me, and I cannot console myself to sing."

"Never did Alexander, or Charlemagne, nor our king Louis keep such a brilliant court as ours. Never did Roland and his companions conquer so valiantly an empire so extensive. We have established our law: we've made an emperor and kings. We have constructed fortresses against the Turks and Arabs, and we have opened all the passages and all the ports from Brindes to the canal of St. George."

"But what avail me all these conquests and this power? Alas! I felt myself much more puissant, when I loved and was loved in return; when my whole heart was exalted with love. I now possess vast tracts of lands and riches in abundance, but not one solitary joy, and my vexation increases with my seign-

iory. I am undone for ever; I have lost my fair chevalier, and without him I can enjoy nor boon nor pleasure any longer."

These verses contain a sort of presentiment of the fate which awaited Rambaud de Vaqueiras in Romania. He not to be permitted to see again his native Provence, or Italy, or his fair chevalier. He was killed in one of the battles (which the Latin crusaders lost) against the Turks and the Bulgarians, or against the insurgent Greeks, perhaps in the same in which Boniface, the marquis of Montferrat, lost his life, in 1207.

Of all the countries in which the Troubadours flourished, Provence proper was the one which had the smallest number of them. There is indeed no doubt, but that there, as elsewhere, the fashion of the times required every man of a certain rank to have a taste for verses, and to compose them if he could, and the number of those, who had this taste and who thus composed, was very great. It is the Troubadours by profession, the men who felt or believed that they had a special vocation for this much cherished art of *trouving*, who were scarcer there than elsewhere. I can hardly find four or five of them to group around Rambaud de Vaqueiras, in so far at least as he was an author of amatory songs, and among these four or five there is but one, who deserves particular mention. This is Folquet of Marseilles, whose harmless renown as a poet is lost in a measure in the odious celebrity, which he acquired, as bishop of Toulouse, during the infamous war against the Albigenses.

Among the best of the Troubadours there is perhaps scarcely one, who surpasses Folquet de Marseilles in delicacy of sentiment, in elegance and in artistic versatility of diction. But in the midst of this elegance and artificiality one can already perceive the signs of decadence. We perceive, that the monotonous but enthusiastic and earnest simplicity of the earlier Troubadours is already supplanted by the refinements of a vitiated taste, by pretensions to subtlety by the mannerism and studied contrivances of an art, which exhausts itself and which, diverted from its proper end, loses itself in the pursuit of the means. A few examples will convey more clearly the force of this remark; but I must first of all say a few words about the life of Folquet. In the Troubadour who breathes forth the most ingenious and tenderest verses, it is curious to consider for a moment the bishop, who was the auxiliary and accomplice of Monfort, that ruthless butcher of the population of the South, both Albigense and Catholic.

Folquet was born at Marseilles between the years 1160 and 1170. His father was a Genoese merchant, who lived in re-

tirement in that city, and who, when he died, left him a considerable fortune. The old biographer of our Troubadour recounts his entrance into the world in somewhat remarkable terms, and which, though a little vague, already announce in the poet a man, resolved on doing his utmost to act a prominent part in life. "Folquet," says he, "showed himself covetous of honor and renown, and turned to serving the powerful barons, courting their company and intriguing for their favor."

When Richard Cœur-de-Lion was on his way to Genoa, where he expected to embark for Syria, he made a stay of some length at Marseilles. Folquet took advantage of it to insinuate himself into the good graces of the prince. At that time he was already in great favor with Alphonso II., king of Aragon, with Alphonso VI., king of Castile, and with Raymond V., the count of Toulouse. But it was more especially with Barral de Beaux, seignior of Marseilles, that he kept up frequent and intimate relations, living almost constantly at his court and quitting it only a short time before his retirement from the world.

Azalaïs de Roche-Martine was the wife of Barral, and Folquet himself was also married. But we know that, according to the Provençal code of manners, it was always honorable to love, and that there could be no such thing as love in their sense of the term within the limits of matrimony. Folquet chose Azalaïs as his lady, and composed in honor of her nearly all the verses we possess by him.

Here there is a discrepancy in the accounts of Provincial traditions. According to some, Folquet sung and celebrated the lady of his master to no purpose: "He never," say they, "could find any favor, nor obtain any of the advantages accorded by the usages of love." According to others, Azalaïs was not so indifferent to the addresses of Folquet. It is true, she might have given him his *congé* and withdrawn her permission to sing of her, but it would appear to have been done out of spite for seeing him too agreeable and eager in his attentions to Laura de Saint Jorlan, the sister of Dom Barral, a person distinguished for beauty and gracefulness of manners.

Folquet, disconsolate in consequence of this dismissal, ceased to sing, to write verses, and to frequent society; and the motives of his grief, instead of diminishing, soon assumed a still more aggravated form. Azalaïs died, and shortly after her died also her husband Barral de Beaux. The kings Richard Cœur de Lion, Alphonso of Aragon, and the count of Toulouse were already dead. Deeply affected by the heavy losses, which he had successively sustained, and, although yet young, already

disgusted with the world, he resolved to retire from it. He turned monk, entered the monastry of Toronet in Provence, which was one of the order of Cîteaux, and in 1200 he was its abbot.

It was from this place, that five years afterward he was elevated to the episcopal see of Toulouse, which he occupied till 1231, the year of his death. I pass over this period of his life; it is foreign to my subject, and I may congratulate myself on it. It only remains now to give a few specimens of his poetry; this is much easier to quote and to judge of. I select in the first place purposely one of those pieces,* which were most admired at the time of their novelty. It requires no historical preliminary to appreciate it; it is enough to suppose that it is one of the first which Folquet composed in honor of Azalaïs de Beaux.

"I am so much pleased with the thought of love, which is come to take up its abode in my heart, that no other thought can find a place there; none other is agreeable or sweet to me. 'Tis vain to think that this thought will kill me; it seems to me to be the very one which makes me live. Love, which leads me captive by means of fair appearances, alleviates my torments by the boon it promises, but which it is too slow to grant me."

"Whatever I may do, it is all in vain; I know it well. How can I help it, if love will ruin me by giving me a longing, which neither can subdue nor be subdued? I am the only one, that's vanquished. My sighs are wearing out my life little by little, since I receive no aid from her I love, and hope none from another; unable as I am to have another love."

"Good lady, be pleased to accept the good I wish thee, and then the ills which I endure will not be able to crush me by their weight. They then will seem to me to be divided between us. Or else, if thou desirest me to love another, put off thy beauty, thy bewitching smile, those charms which rob me of my reason, and I shall then be able to disengage myself from thee."

* Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 149. Piece No. 1. Strophes 1, 2, 3.

Tan m'abellis l'amoros pessamens
Que s'es vengutz en mon fin cor assire;
Per qne no i pot nuls autres pens caber,
Ni mais negus no m'es dous ni plazens;
Qu'adoncs sui sas qnsn m'ancizo'l cossire:
E fin'amors m'alenza mon martire
Que m promet joy, mar trop lo m dona len,
Qu' ab bel semblan m'a tengut longamen.

Ben ssi que tot quan fas es dretz niens;
E qu'en puesc mais, s'amors mi vol aucire!
Qu'a escien m'a donat tal voler,
Que ja non er vencutz, ni el no vens:
Vencutz si sui, qu'aucir m'an li sospire
Tot snavet, quar de liey cui dezire
Non si secors, ni d'aillors no l'aten,
Ni d'autr'amor non puesc aver talen.

Bona domna, si ns platz, siatz snfrens
Dels bes qui'ie us vuel, qu'ieu sui dels mals sufrire;
E pue is li mal nom poiran dan tener,
Ans m'er semblan qu'els partam egalmens:
Pero si us platz qu'en sutra part me vire,
Partetz de vos la beutat e'l dous rire,
E'l gai solas que m'afolleis mos sen,
Pueis partir m'ai de vos, mon escien.

—*Ed.*

This is but half of the piece in question; but it is already more than enough, to give us an idea of the tendency to *bel-esprit* and to the finical and affected subtlety, which at the epoch of Folquet already begins to make its appearance in the poetry of the Provençals.

The writings of this Troubadour contain entire pieces, which are nothing more than long and subtle apostrophes to love. Here is the first stanza of one of them; it may give us an idea of them all:

"Pardon! my Love, pardon! Pray, do not make me die so often, since thou canst kill me with a single blow. Thou makst me live and die at the same time, and doublest thus my martyrdom. But, though I am half dead, I still rest faithful to thy service and deem it preferable a thousand times to any recompense, I might obtain from another."

All this is far-fetched and affected beyond all measure; it is, however, just to observe, that Folquet is not always so to the same extent, not even in his most labored pieces, and there are others of a livelier and a lighter tone, wherein the graceful ideal already borders on the artificial, but still is not yet lost in it. The following are three couplets of a little piece, composed in this style, to which the reader, however, should restore in thought the harmony, which I could not preserve in the translation:*

"I could wish that none might hear the singing of the birds, but the man who is in love. Nothing can charm me as much as the birds in the fields; but the lady, to which I am devoted, delights me more than songs, more than all graceful trills, or lays of Brittany."

"She pleases me, she charms me; but I am none the luckier for that. Every man enjoys with avidity what he has acquired by pains. But what does it avail *me*, to have a lady and to love her, if I am not accepted? Must I still love her without return? Oh yes! sooner than not occupy my thoughts with her."

* Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 155. Piece No. IV. Strophes 1, 2, 3.

Ja no volgra qu'hom anzis
Los doutz chans dels auzellos
Mas cill qui son amoros;
Qne res tan no m'esbaudis
Co il anzelet per la planha,
E ilh belha cui soi aclis;
Cella m platz mais que chansons,
Volta, ni lais de Bretanha.

Be m'agrada e m'abellis,
Mais no soi aventuros;
Qu'ades es hom cobeitos
D'aisso qu'es plus grieu conquis:
Doncx, que m val ni que m gezainha
S'ieu l'am, et ilh no'm grazis!
Amarai doncx en perdos?
Oc ieu, anceis que remanha.

Be m'estera s'ades vis
Lo sieu bel cors gai joios;
E quan no vei sas faissos,
Si be m soi en mon pais,
Cug esser loing en Espanha
Preon entre Sarazis:
Sol lo vezer m'en es bos,
Q'als non aus dir que re m taigna.—*Ed.*

"Much consolation would I now derive from seeing her, so beautiful, so graceful! Whene'er I see her not, though I am in my country, I still seem to be far, far off in Spain, and lost among the Saracens. But her sight is all the boon I can receive from her; I cannot boast of any other favor."

Such are among the Troubadours, the singers of chivalric love, those who in my opinion deserved particular notice. These poets, however, had competitors, which it is impossible for me to pass over without a few remarks.

These rivals were women. Not only did poetesses or *Trouveresses*, as they were styled, exist among the Provencals, but we shall see hereafter, that there were particular kinds of Provençal poetry, the cultivation of which was exclusively or principally reserved for these fair Trouveresses. Of all the kinds of this poetry, the songs of love, it would seem, ought to have been the last, in which they would have been tempted to exercise their ingenuity. For them to express the love which they experienced, to celebrate the chevaliers who had succeeded in winning their favor, this was descending from the rank of idols to that of idolatresses, this was subordinating beauty to force, a sort of contradiction of the very ideas of chivalric propriety. But all the ladies were not equally disposed nor equally adapted to play the part of goddesses; there were a number, who suffered themselves to be entangled in love, before they had inspired it, and who, in order to inspire it, resorted to the charm of poetic talent, if they possessed or believed to possess it.

Among the poetical works of the Provençal Troubadours are found pieces by a half a score of women, nearly all of whom flourished within the second half of the twelfth century. Several are from the pens of ladies of high rank and distinction, such as the countess of Provence, the countess of Dié, Clara of Anduse, Adelaide of Porcairargues, Lady Capelloza, etc.

In point of subject and in point of form, the poems of these ladies differ in no respect from those of the Troubadours of the other sex, and still there is a distinction between them, which can be perceived at the first glance. We are made sensible, that beneath their style, which is generally feebler and more negligent, there is concealed more truth, more natural simplicity, more earnest passion. The limits of this chapter will scarcely permit to quote one or two passages from them. They will serve as a contrast to the preceding extracts both in regard to poetry and social usage.

Here are the two couplets of a piece, in which Clara of Anduse addresses herself to an unknown knight, with

whom enemies or jealous rivals had endeavored to embroil her.*

"Those, who blame me and forbid my loving you, could not render my heart better disposed toward you, nor augment the sweet desire I entertain for you. There is no man, how much soever he may be my enemy, but whom I love, if I but hear him speak well of you, and he who speaks ill of this can never say or do aught that can please me."

"Ah! my fair friend, fear not, that my heart ever shall deceive you, or that I ever will accept another friend, and were a hundred ladies to induce me with their prayers, Love, who holds me bound your captive, desires me to keep my heart for you in secret; and if I could thus hide my body too, such a one, as has it now, would never obtain it."

I shall now close these short notices of the Provençal poets, who were the most prominent in that kind of poetic exposition, which they denominated *canso*, and which was to them the highest form of amatory poetry, the poetic form *par excellence*.

But this same poetry has other sides and other forms, more varied and more popular than those which I have thus far indicated. In the next chapter I shall endeavor to divest them of the vagueness and obscurity in which they are enveloped.

* Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 335. Strophes 2, 3.

Selh que m blasma vostr'amor, nim defen
Non podon far en re mon cor mellor,
Ni'l dous dezir qu'ieu ai de vos maior,
Ni l'enveya ni'l dezir ni'l talen;
E non es hom, tan mos enemicx sia,
S'l n'aug dir ben, que no'l tenha en car;
E, si'n ditz mal, mais-no m pot dir ni far
Neguna re que a plazer me sia.

Ja no donetz, belhs amics, espaven
Que ja ves vos aia cor trichador,
Ni qu'ie us camge per nul autr'amador,
Si m pregavon d'autras donas un cen;
Qu'amors, que m te per vos en sa bailia,
Vol que mon cor vos estuy e vos gar,
E farai o; e, s'ieu pogues emblar
Mon cors, tals l'a que jamais non l'auria.
—*Ed.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LYRICAL POETRY OF THE TROUBADOURS.

III. POPULAR FORM.

In what I have thus far said concerning the amatory poetry of the Troubadours, it has been my principal aim to indicate the most original and the most poetic elements, which the most distinguished of these Troubadours had derived from the system of chivalric gallantry, by closely adhering on the one hand to the rigor of the system, and on the other to the purely lyrical form—that is to say, to the expression of their own sentiments, of their own individuality.

But it was impossible, that the poetic imagination, however little developed we may suppose it to have been, should not have found itself embarrassed by the restraints imposed by such narrow limits, and that it should not have made continual and varied efforts to extend or overleap them.

The description of these efforts will constitute half of the history of the form under consideration, and perhaps, according to our present mode of feeling and of judging, the most agreeable and the most interesting half.

I have already shown, how the consciousness of the limits of this poetry had prompted certain poets, who were possessed of ingenuity and of a delicate imagination, to avoid its monotony by introducing the mannered subtilties of a vitiated taste and of bel-esprit. We must, however, in justice admit, that this same consciousness also acted, at times at least, in a happier and more natural manner. Of the different results of this action I now propose to give some idea; I shall endeavor to show by what succession of modifications the Provençal imagination attempted to vary the expression of chivalric love.

Of these modifications, some had reference to the poetic form of this expression, others to the subject-matter itself, to the character of the sentiments and ideas. The first, which are the most numerous, are also those which are most intimately connected with the history of the amatory poetry of the Troubadours, in which in fact they constitute as many particular species.

Weary of the rigor and the exigencies of the lyric form, some Troubadours hit upon the very simple idea of having recourse to the dialogue in order to express their sentiments. They gave themselves one or two interlocutors, who were sometimes Love personified, sometimes the lady-love, and sometimes both at the same time. Owing to the metrical system of the Provençals, it was a matter of no little difficulty, to give a free and animated movement to the dialogue, and this is perhaps the reason why the manuscripts contain so few pieces of the interlocutory form. This is a pity, judging at least from the specimens which we possess, most of which are of a pleasing and a graceful turn. Here is for example one by Aimeri Peguilhan of Toulouse, which I shall abridge only of a few verses. The Troubadour in the first place converses with his lady and then proceeds to complain of her to Love, so that there is a shade of dramatic movement in the piece.

— My lady, I am in cruel torments on your account.
— My lord, 'tis folly, for I do not thank you for it.
— My lady, in the name of God, have pity on me.
— My lord, your prayers are of no avail with me.
— Fair lady, how I love you so tenderly!
— My lord, and I detest you above all men.
— My lady, it is on this account, my heart's so sad.
— My lord, and I am all the merrier and content for it.
— My lady, my life is worse than death to me.
— My lord, I'm glad of it, provided it's not my fault.
— My lady, you have been but a source of grief to me.
— My lord, do you perforce desire me to love you?
— My lady, a single look from you would save me.
— My lord, expect no hope or consolation of me.
— My lady, shall I go elsewhere then to cry for mercy?
— My lord, go, go: who would detain you?
— My lady, I cannot; my love for you detains me.
— My lord, this really is without my wish or counsel.*
(Here the rejected Troubadour addresses himself to Love.)
— Love, you, you have exposed me to abandonment.
— My friend, I could do nothing more for you.

* Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 425, strophes 1–5.

— Domna, per vos estanc en greu turmen.
— Senher, que fols faitz qu'ieu grat no us en sen.
— Domna, per dieu aiatz en chauzimen.
— Senher, vostres precs y anatz perden.
— Bona dona, ja us am ieu finamen.
— Senher, et ie us vuelh pietz qu'a l'autra gen.
— Domna, per so n'ai ieu lo cor dolen.
— Senher, et ieu alegre e jauzen.
* * * * * * *
— Amors, gitat m'avetz a no m' en cal.
— Amics, per dieu vos en puesc far ren al.
— Amors, e vos ja meretz de tot mal.
— Amics, per so us en trairei san e sal.
— Amors, per que m faitz chauzier don' aital?
— Amics, ieu vos mostrei so que mais val.
— Amors, no puesc sofrir l'afan coral.
— Amics, per so queira m'autre logual.
Etc., etc.—Ed.

— Love, 'tis you who are the author of my ills.
— My friend, I'll get you safely out of all of them.
— Love, why did you then make me choose a lady of this sort?
— My friend, I've shown you that which was most excellent.
— Love, I can no longer endure my anguish.
— My friend, I'll put your heart into another place.
— Love, you deceive in all you undertake to do.
— Friend, you insult me and you do me wrong.
— Love, why separate me then from my fair lady?
— My friend, because I'm grieved to see you die.
— Love, fancy not that e'er I'll choose another.
— Friend, then make up your mind to suffer patiently.
— Love, do you think I'll ever reap advantage from this love?
— Friend, yes, by suffering bravely, and by serving well.

This indirect and almost dramatic manner of embodying the sentiment of love is certainly not destitute of animation and of ingenuity, and it exhibits a grace which would not be unworthy of any age.

There is another species of amatory composition, more original or more capricious than the preceding, in which the narrative and the dialogue are combined, and in which they mutually interpenetrate each other. These are the pieces in which the Troubadour, having chosen a bird as his messenger, dispatches it to bear his homage, his vows, his prayers to his lady-love. This bird is sometimes a nightingale, sometimes a starling, at other times again a swallow or a parrot, all of which are favorites of the Troubadours, all expert in conveying messages of love, and always successful, however delicate or difficult the task to be performed. It is perhaps singular enough to see the parrot play a part in the poetic mythology of the Provençals, analogous to that which it plays in the mythology of the Hindus, where it serves Cama, the god of love, as an animal for riding.

Of the two most remarkable pieces of this kind, the one is by Peter of Auvergne, the other by Marcabrus, Troubadours, of which I have already spoken. One of them is evidently an imitation of the other, and there is nothing to indicate with certainty which of them has been the model. It is probably that of Marcabrus. Nevertheless both pieces are agreeable compositions, and I should like to give an idea of them; but it seems to me to be impossible. The principal merit of these poems consists in their extraordinary nimbleness of versification, and in the kind of harmony which results from the facile and daring combination of verses of very unequal measure.

The only piece of the kind which I could translate—it being

the shortest, and of a simpler form than the preceding—is perhaps the least poetical. But, by way of compensation, this is a little historical curiosity which merits particular notice. It represents a swallow performing the part of messenger between a lady on this side of the Pyrenees, and a chevalier of Aragon or Catalonia. It is the latter who holds a colloquy with the bird.

"Swallow, thy song annoys me: what wouldst thou? What dost thou demand of me? Why dost thou not suffer me to sleep, me who has never slumbered, since I left Monda? Would that thou brought'st me a message or greetings from her on whom I set my hope of happiness. Then I should listen to thy speech."

"My lord and friend, it's to obey the wishes of my lady that I am come to see you; and if she were too, as I am, a swallow, she would have been present here these full two months, before you near your pillow. But knowing neither the countries nor the road, she sends to you good news by me."

"O gentle swallow! I should have given thee a kindlier reception, have feasted thee and done thee greater honor. May God protect thee, He who has rounded off the world, who made the heavens, the earth, and the deep sea. And if I have preferred an unkind word against thee, for pity's sake do not revenge it on me!"

(It is very probable that a couplet is wanting here, in which the swallow invites the knight to cross the mountain-passes for the purpose of paying his lady a visit, an invitation to which the latter replies:)

"My swallow, I could not at this moment leave the king, but I must follow him to Toulouse, where I expect and hope (I say it not to vaunt, and let lament it whoever wishes!) to unsaddle many a knight, on the fair centre of the bridge of the Garonne."

"My lord and friend, may God crown all your wishes with fulfillment! But as for me, I return now to my lady; and I am in great fear that she will burn or beat me, for when she comes to learn what you resolve on, her heart will be a troubled storm of grief."

The knight who was the author of this piece is a personage unknown to us, but there is every indication that he was a chevalier of Pedro I., king of Aragon; and there is little doubt but that the expedition on which he was about to enter, and in which he was so eager to signalize himself, was the expedition of King Pedro against Simon of Montfort, the date of which was 1213. Simon at that time occupied the small town of Muret, about four leagues above Toulouse, on the banks of the Ga-

ronne; and the campaign ended in the battle fought under the walls of this town, a stupendous engagement, where everything went on contrary to all previous expectations. Simon de Montfort, who had hardly over twelve hundred men, defeated, killed or routed with this small number, and in the twinkling of an eye, at least forty thousand of the enemy; and the chevalier, who through the agency of the messenger-swallow had just made such haughty promises to his lady, was perhaps likewise among the number of the dead.

These little colloquial pieces were, or could be, by the very nature of the case, of a much simpler and more familiar tone than the purely lyrical pieces, the chansons, properly so called. Nevertheless, taking matters as they were in general, all these poetic compositions turning on chivalric love, of which I have thus far given a variety of specimens, were, as I have had repeated occasion to remark, the songs of the courts and castles.

There is no doubt but that they contained obscurities, which were such even to the highest classes of society, to which they addressed themselves, and for whose exclusive benefit they were composed; and as for the people, the masses in general, they certainly were beyond its comprehension, nor could they in any way derive any sort of pleasure or amusement from them. For, supposing their diction even to have been clear and simple, which was rarely the case, the sentiments and the ideas were far too elevated and too refined for the general understanding.

As it had its own method of understanding and of making love, so it had also its peculiar way of singing it, grosser undoubtedly, but simpler and freer from restraint than that of the chivalric poets. There were therefore two sorts of amatory poetry, that of the Troubadours and that of the people. These two classes of poetry undoubtedly maintained a separate and distinct existence for some time, but it was impossible that in the long run they should not exercise a certain influence, one over the other, that they should not in a measure tend to approximate each other and become blended into one. In all that relates to the arts and the enjoyments of civilization, the people always imitates eagerly and to the utmost of its ability the example of the higher classes; and in order to relish and to adopt the poesy of the Troubadours, the populations, in the midst of which this poetry flourished, had only to find in it something which was within the reach of their intellectual capacity.

On the other hand, it was impossible that the Troubadours should forever divest themselves of all sympathy for the poetic wants and tastes of the people, that they should never be tempted to apply their art to its amusements and its pleasures. Certain it is, that we are far from being acquainted with all the

Troubadours; scarcely anything is left us but the productions and the souvenirs of the most distinguished of them, of those who shone at the courts of kings and of great nobles; but all did not belong to this privileged portion of their order, all did not sustain such intimate relations with the feudal classes. There were some of them, who either from inclination or from necessity lived among the people and sung for them; and these must necessarily have sung in tones less sublime and in language less elevated than their professional brethren of the castles.

Nay, more than this; among the latter even there were some, and these were precisely those who were by nature endowed with the greatest affluence of sentiment and genius, who, worn out by the perpetual efforts which they were obliged to make in order to distinguish themselves in the amatory poetry of the castles, returned, at intervals at least, to the ease and the simplicity of nature. They composed songs of chivalric love, simpler than the rest, songs of which the people may have been unable either to relish or to comprehend the sentiments, but of which it understood the words at least.

This return or this tendency to popularity on the part of some of the Troubadours occasioned or strengthened a revolution in chivalric poetry, of which the collections of the writings of the Troubadours exhibit various and frequent vestiges. From that time there were as it were two species, two styles of amatory poetry, the one learned and elevated, in which labored elegance, obscurity and difficulties passed for excellences rather than for faults; the other natural and clear, one of the greatest merits of which was that of being easily understood.

Each of these two styles received different names, which naturally occupied a conspicuous place in the poetics of the Troubadours. The one of the two, which approximated the popular tone most closely, was designated by the epithets *leu*, *leugier*, *plan*, that is to say, the light, the simple. The studied style, on the other hand, was from its difficulty and labored refinement fitly termed *clus*, *car*, that is to say, *close*, *elaborate*, a denomination manifestly opposed to that of popular. Many of the Troubadours wrote alternately in the one and in the other of these styles; some of them adopted exclusively the one or the other of the two, and thus formed two opposite schools.

It is a remarkably singular fact, that the most positive indications of the existence and the opposition of the two schools in question are to be found in Giraud de Borneil, that is to say, in the Troubadour, who of all others is habitually the most elevated and the most difficult to comprehend.

In the beginning of one of his pieces he expresses himself on this subject in the following manner:

"I scarcely know how to commence a piece of lighter verse, which I would fain compose, and on which I have reflected since yesterday. I would like to make it of such a sort that all the world might comprehend it, and that it might be easy to sing; for it is for sheer amusement that I compose it."

"I could indeed have made it more elaborate, but a song which is not clear to all the world seems to me to be imperfect. Let him, who will, then take offence at it; but as for me, I am delighted when I hear one of my songs repeated by emulous voices, clear or hoarse, and when I hear it sung beside the fountain."

It is impossible to announce in more explicit terms pretensions to popular aims in poetry more obvious than these. And this passage of Giraud de Borneil is not the only one which attests the existence of two styles and of two schools of amatory poetry.

The same fact likewise appears on a grander scale from the comparison of the different countries of the Provençal tongue, wherein the Troubadours flourished. We are convinced by various positive proofs and testimonies, that of these countries some cultivated by way of preference the learned and obscure poetic style, while others again chose the natural and simple. The taste for the latter of these styles preponderated in the countries, which have since been known under the name of lower Languedoc—countries, which from a multitude of considerations we must regard as the cradle of chivalric poetry, and in which the poetic instinct was most generally diffused. On the other hand, the taste for the factitious and elaborate style prevailed in the countries north of the Cevennes, where it is certain that Provençal poetry was originally but an adopted and acquired one.

But, admitting even the existence of these variously shaded gradations from clearness to obscurity, from artless simplicity to studied elegance in the pieces of amatory poetry of which I have thus far spoken, there is after all scarcely one among all these pieces which might properly be supposed to have been written for the people, or made for being relished by them with something like a real pleasure. The only amatory poems of the Troubadours, to which, by reason of their tone and destination, the epithet popular can more or less fitly be applied, constitute three small classes, each of which is distinguished by a characteristic title. These are the pastorals (*pastarollas*, *pastoretas*), the ballads (*balladas*), and the *aubades* (*albas*), or morning-serenades.*

* On these different forms of popular poetry compare Raynouard, vol. ii. p. 229–248, where specimens of each of them are given.—*Ed.*

These three species of composition constitute an entirely distinct and separate group in the system of Provençal poetry—a group which it is worth our curiosity to study for a moment, not so much under the artistic as under the historical point of view.

Not one of these three forms in question was invented by the Troubadours, unless I am mistaken. All of them were already in vogue in that primitive Provençal poetry which was anterior to the age of chivalry, and were to all appearances nothing more than a feeble reminiscence, a vague tradition of the ancient Greco-Roman poetry. When the Troubadours came into the field they adopted these forms; they preserved the motive and idea, and only modified their costume and details according to the spirit of chivalry. In that event, these forms thus modified are one of the points by which the poetry of the Troubadours, the chivalric poetry of the twelfth century, links itself to the poetic traditions of classical antiquity. It is chiefly with the intention, and in the hope of developing, and if possible, of justifying this assertion, that I propose to enter into some details in regard to the three forms of poetry which I have indicated, and which, aside from this connection and on their own account, are well worth a more particular notice. I shall commence by speaking of the ballads.

In the Provençal sense of the term, which is the primitive and true one, the ballad was a little poem intended to be sung by an indefinite number of persons, who accompanied the song by dancing. The name *balada*, *ballada*, which comes from the Greek *βαλλίζω*, I leap, I dance, is itself already indicative of the ancient origin of this species of poetry in the south of Gaul. There is, in fact, no doubt but that some of the dances at least, to which the ballads of the Troubadours were adapted during the twelfth century, were of Greek, or more properly of Massilian, origin. The principal and most popular of these dances were circular dances, akin to those which the Greeks denominated *χόρος*, and which the south of Europe likewise designated by a name which is a derivative of the Greek, by *corole*, namely, or less correctly in Italian, by *carole*. All these dances were mimic, and to some extent dramatic. The words of the song were descriptive of some action or of a succession of different situations, which the dancers reproduced by their gestures. The song was divided into several stanzas, each of which terminated in a refrain, which was the same for all. The dancers acted or gesticulated separately, in imitation of the action or situation described in each stanza, and at the refrain they all took each other by the hand and danced around orbicularly with a more or less agitated movement.

Popular dances, derived from this, and bearing more or less resemblance to it, are still to be found in many parts. Nevertheless they have gradually fallen in desuetude, and many of them have already been entirely forgotten. It is in the south of France that they preserve most of their primitive character, and it is undoubtedly there that the Massaliots first taught them to the Gallic tribes of their vicinity. I remember having witnessed some of these dances in Provence, the subject of which appears to be quite ancient; among others one which imitated successively all the habitual operations of the poor husbandman, tilling his ground, sowing his wheat or oats, reaping, and so on to the end. Each of the numerous couplets of the song was sung with a slow and drawling movement, as if to imitate the fatigue and doleful tone of the poor laborer; and the refrain was of an extremely lively movement, at which the dancers gave themselves up to all their gaiety.

In the Middle Age the word ballad was undoubtedly applied to dances of a different description from the one which I have just described, but always, I presume, to dances of character, to imitative dances of an antique origin, either national or foreign.

After this explanation, I think it will appear evident that the Troubadours did not invent the ballad, any more than they had invented the dances to which the ballad was applied. This was a species of popular poetry, not only anterior to them, but one of the very earliest of those in vogue before them in the south of France. All that the Provençal poets of the twelfth century did or could do in appropriating this form, was to bestow on it more care and elegance than it had received before them, without, however, giving it a shape contrary to its essentially popular destination. They restricted the subjects and motives to motives and subjects of gallantry, thus making it enter into the moral unity of Provençal poetry.

The *ballads* are pieces which rarely occur in the manuscript collections of the Troubadours. This species was neglected as being too exclusively popular. There are even some indications that its culture was abandoned to the women. At any rate, we find that the Provençal traditions represent the wives of Troubadours, themselves poetesses or trouveresses, as occupying themselves particularly with songs and dances, and as composing them in honor of their lovers. Among all the pieces of this kind which have come to my notice, I have not found one, the substance of which was sufficiently interesting or agreeable to have any meaning, after being deprived of the effect of the measure and the music. My only aim was to indicate, by way of explanation, the existence of this species of

poetic composition among the Troubadours; and I now pass on to the *pastoral*, the next in order.

I have already remarked, and it is well to repeat here, that the only way in which the Provençal traditions make mention of Cercamons, the first of the Troubadours known to us, after William IX. of Poitiers, is that they designate him as the author of pieces in verse and of *pastoretas in the ancient style.* Now, these pieces of verse, thus qualified by the epithet ancient at an epoch when chivalric poetry was yet in its infancy, have certainly the appearance of being much anterior to the latter, and consequently of having constituted a part of the species of popular literature, of which that of the Troubadours was but a sort of development or reform.

This species is therefore another of those links, by which it is probable that chivalric poetry is connected with the traditions of classical antiquity. However, there is but little to be said on the pastoral poetry of the Troubadours, whatever may have been its origin, except that it is perhaps one of the strangest poetic abstractions recorded in the history of literature.

Among the Greeks and Romans, the classes which inhabited the country and cultivated the soil were generally slaves, or in a condition differing but little from that of servitude; and there is very little room for supposing that their lot was worthy of being envied. This, however, did not prevent the Greek and Latin poets from delineating their enchanting pictures of rural life, and from representing it as an ideal state of innocence, of repose and happiness. These pictures were probably nothing more than an indirect expression of the painful sentiments which were naturally inspired by the spectacle of a greatly agitated society, as was that of the Ancients; a sort of poetic reaction of the imagination against the vexations and the melancholy of those scenes. And these observations are also applicable with more or less propriety to the rural poetry of modern nations.

We cannot say as much of that of the Troubadours, in which we might search in vain for the least idea, the feeblest picture, true or false, of the condition of the inhabitants of the country and of a certain *ensemble* of rural life. To these Theocriti of the châteaux there are neither husbandmen, nor swains, nor flocks, nor fields, nor harvests nor vintages; they never speak of the country or of rural scenery; they appear to have never seen either brook or river, forest or mountain, village or cottage. With all this they never have anything to do. The pastoral world of every one of them reduces itself to an isolated shepherdess, watching over a few lambs, or not watching over anything at all, and the adventures of the pastoral world are

limited to colloquies between these shepherdesses and the Troubadours, who in riding by them never fail to notice them, and speedily dismount to tell them some gallant things or to entreat them for their love.

Sometimes these compliments and prayers were successful, and the flatterers then obtained what they solicited. But this case is an exception. Generally these shepherdesses are discreet and well-informed lasses, who politely reply to the compliments addressed to them, but who know enough to distrust them, and who are careful not to attach to them the value which those who made them hoped they would. This is the framework and the substance of nearly all the pastorals of the Troubadours; and the details, the accessories are not much more interesting or more varied.

The most remarkable specimens of this kind of poetic compositions which I have found, are six pieces by Giraud Riquier of Narbonne, a Troubadour of indifferent talent from the second half of the thirteenth century. These pieces constitute a connected series, so that one appears as the continuation of the other, and their subject consists of six successive interviews held at six different intervals between the poet and his shepherdess, which intervals amount to a period of twenty-one years. In consequence of this connection subsisting between them, these pieces form in reality but one and the same little poem of rather a fantastic description, in which, however, the exposition-scenes and the dialogues succeed and blend with each other with great ease and consistency. The incidents which constitute its subject are so minutely detailed and of such a vulgar character, that it is impossible to take them for poetic fictions. There is no doubt but that Giraud Riquier actually had the interviews, which he describes, and with the shepherdess, of which he speaks; and the sense of this reality is sufficient to give his piece a certain interest, the like of which I do not find in any other production of the same kind. It was my purpose to give some idea of it; but I changed my mind when I came to reflect that in order to do so, it would be necessary to make an abstract of considerable detail and out of proportion with the importance of the subject.

Of all the popular forms of the amatory poetry of the Provençals, the one, which it now remains for me to speak of, is by far the most agreeable, the most poetic in its design, and that which the Troubadours have turned to most account. This is the *alba* or *aubade*, to which may be added another one closely allied to it, the *serena*, namely, from which the name of our serenade is derived. That this is one of the most ancient forms cultivated by the Troubadours is a fact attested by still

existing proofs; and it appears to me extremely probable that it is also one of those which, like the ballad, and certainly much more than the pastoral, may be considered as having originated in the traditions of the ancient pagan poetry.

Among the prodigious variety of popular songs, which the Greeks possessed for all the occasions of private and domestic life, there were some which were designated by the generic name of songs of the night, and which were intended to be sung at night by lovers, under the window or at the door of their lady-loves. Of these songs there were various kinds, according to the hour at which they were expected to be sung. There were those which were sung at midnight; these were the songs inviting to sleep, and on that account denominated *κατακοιμητικά*, songs of slumber or lullabies, as we should call them. Others again were sung at the dawn of day, and these were termed *διεγερτικά*, waking-songs.

The literature of all the nations of southern Europe contains songs which seem to be but an echo of these ancient lays; and this can be said more particularly of the *serenas* and the *albas* of the Troubadours, which correspond exactly to the night-songs of the Greeks, except that in the former we recognize at the first glance the characteristic modifications of the poetry of chivalry. Thus the aubades of the Troubadours were intended to wake up at the dawn of day the chevalier who had spent the night with his lady, and to admonish him to withdraw speedily, in order to escape detection. The Troubadours sometimes put this song into the mouth of one of the companions of the lucky knight, who acts as his sentinel during the whole of the night, in order to watch and to announce the break of day. At other times again they put it into the mouth of one of the two lovers at the moment of parting. More often still the aubade is intended to be sung by the sentinel, who watches on the top of the bell-tower and who is supposed to be a party to the sleeping lovers. These are but so many expedients resorted to, for the purpose of giving a little variety to the form and to the accessories of this species of composition, which is naturally very limited.

Among the small number of songs of this description, which have come down to us, there are some which are really charming. In none of their other works, perhaps, did the Troubadours bestow so much care and delicacy on the melody of the versification, and on the adaptation of this melody to the subject. It is this same elaborate elegance of measure, that makes it impossible for us to give the slightest idea, in a prose version, and I am inclined to add in any version, of some of these pieces, the charm of which depends in a great measure on the musical

march of the couplet, and of the refrain in which it always terminates. I am acquainted with but two of them, the metre of which, by a sort of exception, is simple enough to admit of translation. These pieces are fortunately among the most agreeable, and I shall endeavor to translate them.

The first of these is undoubtedly the oldest of the pieces of this kind which are still extant. The extreme simplicity of sentiment and the impassioned tone, which characterize it, induce me to believe that it was written by a woman. We have but one copy of it, and this copy is not even a correct one. Some of the stanzas are, in my opinion, out of place, and one of them is entirely wanting. I have been able to remedy these defects but very incompletely. I give here the piece,* as I understand it.

"There is a lady graceful and agreeable, whom all the world eyes for her beauty; she has set her heart on loyal love. May heaven speed the approach of early dawn!"

"In the orchard under the hawthorn branch, the lady sits, her lover by her side, waiting for the watch to call the break of day. May heaven speed the approach of early dawn!"

"Ah would to God the night would never end, and that the watch would never see nor dawn nor day, so that my friend might never leave my side! May heaven speed the approach of early dawn!"

"Fair lover sweet, let us embrace adown the meadow, where the herb's in bloom. Let us rejoice in spite of jealous eyes. May heaven speed the approach of early dawn!"

"Fair lover sweet, yet one more amorous sport in yonder garden where the birds are singing! Lo there the sentinel, who sings his aubade now. May heaven speed the approach of early dawn!"

"He has left me now, my friend, my fair, my merry, courteous friend. But with the balmy air which meets me from below, I still inhale a sweet draught of his breath. May heaven speed the approach of early dawn!"

The following aubade is by the celebrated Giraud de Borneil. It is, I believe, the most graceful of them all, both in respect to the details and in the ensemble. We must suppose it to have

* Raynouard, vol. ii. page 236. "Elle est l'ouvrage d'une femme, dont le nom est inconnu."

La dompna es agradans e plazens;
Per sa beutat la gardon mantas gens,
Et a son cor en amar leyalmens,
Oy dieus! oy diens! de l'alba tan tost ve!

En un vergier, sotz fuelha d'albespi,
Tenc la dompna son amic costa si,
Tro la gayta crida que l'alba vi.
Oy dieus! Oy dieus! de l'alba tan tost ve!

Plagues a dien ja la nueitz non falhis,
Ni'l mieus amicx lonc de mi no s partis,
Ni la gayta jorn ni alba no vis.
Oy dieus! oy dieus! de l'alba tan tost ve!

* * *

Per la doss' aura qu'es venguda de lay
Del mien amic belh e cortes e gay,
Del sien alen ai begut un dous ray.
Oy dieus! Oy dieus! de l'alba tan tost ve!

Ed.

been sung under the window of the apartment, where the fortunate chevalier is reposing, and by a friend of the latter who has passed the night standing sentinel for him. The first couplet of the piece is a prayer, which will perhaps appear a little too solemn for the occasion. But we know already, how serious the chevaliers of the Middle Age were in all that concerned their loves.

"Thou King of glory, veritable Light, all-powerful Deity, be pleased to succor faithfully my companion; I have not seen him since the fall of night, and now the morn is near at hand."

"My fair companion, are you yet asleep? you've slept enough, awake, the day's approaching! I have seen bright and clear the orient star which brings the day; I recognize it well, and now the morn is near at hand."

"My fair companion, I call you with my song, awake! I hear the chirping bird which flutters through the grove in search of day, and I'm afraid your rival will surprise you, for now the morn is near at hand."

"My fair companion, put your head to the little window; look at the sky and at the stars now turning dim, and you will see that I am a good sentinel. But if you do not listen, you'll fare the worse for it, for now the morn is near at hand."

"My fair companion, since you have left me, I have not closed my eyes in sleep, nor budged from off my knees, beseeching God and the Son of Mary, to return me my faithful companion safely, and now the morn is near at hand."

"My fair companion, from yon high balcony you did conjure me not to yield to slumber, and to watch well all the night until the break of day, and now you heed not either my song or me, and yet the morn is near at hand."

Some of these morning-songs are of a very peculiar form, on which I think I ought to say a word or two. These are the aubades, which appear to be incorporated with other songs. There is a piece† by a Troubadour, Cadenet by name, which

* Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 313. Piece No. IV. Strophes 1–7.

Rei glorios, verais lums e clardatz,
Dieu poderos, senher, ai a vos platz,

Al mieu compainh aiaa fizela ajuda,
Qu'ieu non lo vi pus la nueitz fo venguda,
Et adea aera l'alba.

Bel companhos, ai dormetz o velhatz
Non dormatz plus, qu'el jorn ea apropchatz,
Qu'en Orien vey l'eatela creguda
Qu'adutz lo jorn, qu'ieu l'ai ben conoguda,
Et adea aera l'alba.

Bel companhos, en chantan vos apel,
Non dormatz plus, qu'ieu aug chantar l'anzel
Que vai queren lo jorn per lo boscatge,
Et ai paor qu'el giloa vos assatge,
Et ades aera l'alba.

Bel companhos, isaetz al fenestrel,
Et esgardatz las ensenhas del cel,
Conoiseretz si us sui fizels measatge;
Si non o faitz, vostrea er lo dampnatge,
Et adea aera l'alba. etc., etc.—*Ed.*

† Raynouard, vol. iii. page 251. Piece No. IV. Strophes 1, 2, 3.

S' anc fui belha ni prezada,
Ar aui d'aut en baa tornada;
Qu'a un vilan sui donada,

Tot per sa gran manentia;
E murria,
S'ieu fiu amic non avia

offers us an example of this kind of amalgam, and as the piece is a beautiful one, I will translate a passage or two from it. It treats of a lady who was unhappily married, and who gives vent to her complaint in the following terms:

"I am possessed of beauty, and once was honored, but now I'm fallen, alas! too low from this great eminence. They gave me to a villain, whose only claim to me were his great riches, and I should die, had I not a fair friend, to whom I might recount my ills, and a complaisant watch, to chant for me the approach of day."

And thereupon commences a veritable aubade from the mouth of the guette (or watch) herself:

"I am a courteous sentinel, and I desire not that true and faithful love should be destroyed. This is the reason, why I watch for the early peep of day, that he who sleeps beside his lady-love, may take a tender leave, when I see the dawn appear."

"A long and dark night pleases me the most, the winter-night, which lasts so long, and where, in spite of cold, I still continue on my loyal watch," etc., etc.

These couplets are followed by two more, one of which is from the mouth of the sentinel, and the last from that of the lady, who assures us that the menaces of her husband will never prevent her from keeping her vigils with her lover until the dawn of morning.

This search after variety in the form and the accessories of this species of poetry, seems to be an evidence of the care with which the Troubadours applied themselves to it. Nevertheless the aubades are by no means plentiful in the collections of their pieces; and the same can be said of all that there is of a popular description in their amatory poetry; that is to say, of the ballads, the pastorals, and the messages of love; for the pieces of the last of these classes can very well be added (as in fact I have already attempted to do), to those which I have specially styled popular. The poems, which preponderate, both in point of number and importance, in all the manuscript collections of Provençal poetry, these are the *chansons* or songs of love properly so called. This was the poetic form par excellence, which above all others constituted the glory of the

Cuy disses mo marrimen,
E guaita plazen
Que mi fes son d'alba.

Ieu sui tan corteza guaita,
Que no vuelh sia desfaita
Leials amors a dreit faita;
Per qu'ieu sui guarda del dia
Si venria,
E sel qui jay ab s'amia
Prenda comjat francamen,
Baizan, e tenen,
Qu'ieu crit quan vey l'alba.

Be m plai longua nuegz escura,
E'l temps d'ivern on plus dura,
E no m'en lays per freidura
Qu'ieu leials guayta no sia
Tota via; etc., etc.—*Ed.*

Troubadours and the delight of castles. And this is the reason, why so many pieces, so many chansons of this kind, which we now regard as productions of a most tedious mediocrity, have in the majority of collections invaded the place of a multitude of aubades and ballads, in which in all probability we should have found a grace and beauty much more analogous to our tastes and our ideas.

Dante's treatise on vulgar eloquence contains a chapter, full of curious traits, which show very clearly the kind of poetic supremacy at that time attributed to the purely lyrical chanson over all other kinds of amatory poetry. Dante endeavors, in the first place, to demonstrate, that of all the forms of popular poetry, the one which the Provençals had designated by the name of chanson, was the most elevated and important. "This," says he, "can be proved by various considerations. In the first place, although any and every composition in verse may be sung, and might on that account be called a chanson, yet the chanson is the only one which has really assumed that name; which never could have taken place except in virtue of an ancient forsight. Besides, whatever of itself alone attains the end for which it was made, is superior to any other thing which stands in need of something exterior to itself. Now, the chanson accomplishes of itself whatever it is destined to accomplish; and this is not the case with the ballad, which stands in need of players of instruments in order to fulfill its purpose; the chanson is consequently nobler than the ballad. Moreover, we esteem those things most noble, which bring most glory to their authors; therefore the chansons, bringing more honor to those who compose them, than the ballads, are more noble than the latter. Finally, the noblest things are those which are preserved with the greatest care, but of all the poems sung, the chansons are those which are preserved most preciously, as any one can see by merely glancing at the books."

I do not know whether Dante gives a good explanation of the fact which he announces, but he at any rate establishes it, and we see that in the collections of poetry with which he was acquainted, as in those which have come down to us, the songs, which were composed for the châteaux and which could please only there, left but very little room for the popular songs or for those, which, without being composed expressly for the people, could nevertheless be relished and enjoyed by it, in some respects at least.

There is still another branch of Provençal poetry, of which I have not yet spoken. This comprises the *tensons*, *partimens*, or, as we should term them, the *poetic contests* (jeux-partis).*

* On the *tenson* or *contencio* of the Provençals compare Raynouard, vol. ii. p. 186–196.

Of all the forms of the amatory poetry of the Troubadours this is the least poetical, the one which has the strongest tendency to lose itself in the didactic forms. Nevertheless it is too characteristic and occupies too conspicuous a place in the ensemble of the poetic system of the Troubadours, to be passed over without some few remarks, and especially as it is not necessary to speak of it at length to give an adequate idea of it.

The term *tenson* was applied to colloquial pieces, in which two or more interlocutors maintained contrary opinions on some given thesis. This was commonly a thesis of chivalric gallantry, and it was only by a sort of exception that it sometimes extended to questions and subjects of another kind. These tensons always present themselves in the form of a challenge; a Troubadour first propounds two opposite sentiments on one and the same subject, and then calls on his adversary to sustain whichever of these two sentiments he may choose, he himself offering to maintain and to carry the opposite side of the question. The challenged Troubadour having made his choice, the proposed question is debated in six or eight couplets, all of which are symmetrical with the first, that is to say, with the one in which the challenge was proposed.

It is evident from the very conditions of this kind of poetic debate, that it never could arise except on questions of extreme subtilty, on questions of which the affirmative and negative were nearly equally true, equally doubtful, equally easy to maintain. It is, in fact, clear, that if the challenging Troubadour had given his antagonist the option between two opinions, of which the one were plausible and the other absurd or ridiculous, he would, in doing so, have infallibly prepared his own defeat. His interest and his cleverness consisted in proposing two questions of such a character, that it would be a matter of indifference to him whether he would have to sustain the one or the other.

And indeed all the questions of the tenson are of this description, questions of such extravagant refinement and subtilty, that a capricious curiosity alone can attach the slightest interest to them. I will state a few of them, which will suffice to enable us to judge of the majority.

"Is it better to love a lady, quite young and beautiful and courteous, as yet still ignorant of love, but in the way of learning it, or some fair madame already perfect and experienced in love?"

The question was a practicable one; it was not anti-chivalric;

On the *partimen*, *joex partitz*, and *torneyamen*, p. 197–206. Specimens of the tenson, vol. iv. p. 1–45. On the *cours d'amours*, to which the questions discussed in the tenson frequently had reference, see vol. ii. p. cliii.–cxxiv.—*Ed.*

but usage had already solved it. A young lady, who accepted a lover, was obliged to wait until she was married before she could grant him even the smallest favor. With a married lady no time was lost by any such delay, and the success of the knight depended on the will of the former alone; the chance was a better one. But here is a second question, a little more embarrassing than the first.

"Which is preferable, to be beloved by a lady, to receive from her the most desired proof of it and then to die immediately after, or to love her for many years without being loved by her in return?"

The thesis, which constitutes the second part of this question, was the easiest to maintain according to the ideas of chivalry, and it was in fact the one maintained by the Troubadour, to whom the challenge had been given, and who by the way was a monk. "I would rather serve my lady without any recompense whatever, than die after the reception of the first. In loving my lady, I shall perform whatever my good love commands; I shall be valiant and brave and I shall signalize myself by many a noble deed."

Here is a third question of a much gayer description than the two preceding. "Two men are married; the one has an amiable and handsome wife, the other an ugly and disagreeable one. Both of them are jealous; which of them is the greatest fool?"

Among the many futile questions of this kind, there are nevertheless some, which are not without a certain interest. These are the questions, which are in some way or another connected with the history of the opinions, the manners and the poetry even, into which they enter as a constituent element of some importance. I have for example already elsewhere spoken of the existence and the expeditions of knights-errant in the south of France, and among the evidences of this fact we may adduce a tenson from the middle of the thirteenth century, the combatants of which are Lanfranc Cigala, a Genoese Troubadour, and lady Guillaumette de Rosers (which I believe to be St. Gilles on the Rhone). The Troubadour challenges the lady in the following terms:

"Lady Guillaumette, twenty knights-errant were riding at a distance, in the midst of a terrible storm, and they complained among themselves for not finding any shelter. They were overheard by two barons, who were passing by in great haste on their way to see their ladies. The one of the two barons retraced his steps, to offer succor to the wandering knights; the other pursued his journey toward his lady. Which of the two conducted himself best?"

The following tenson, composed about 1240 at the latest, proves that at that epoch the chivalric romances, in which

enchanted arms are introduced, were already in vogue in the countries of the Provençal tongue, since these enchanted arms were a familiar subject of allusions. "Which would you prefer," asks Guigo, a Provençal Troubadour, of I do not know what other Troubadour by the name of Bernard, "which would you prefer, an enchanted cloak, by the aid of which you might subdue the hearts of all the ladies, or a trenchant iron lance, which would possess the virtue of levelling with the dust every knight that comes within its reach, however valiant and strong he might be?"

The questions of these poetical combats sometimes allude to facts of history of a still more general and interesting character than those which I have just now mentioned. It happens that some of the Provençal poets discuss in these tensons the claims of certain nations of their acquaintance to distinction and glory. Thus, for example, there is a tenson in which a Troubadour by the name of Raimon challenges another to debate the question, whether the Provençals or the Lombards, that is to say, the nations of southern France or the Italians excel the most in war and in other respects. In another tenson the same question is proposed with reference to the Provençals and the French.

The arguments by which each disputant sustains his side of the question are not always, as we can easily imagine, of the gravest or of the exactest description. But there would have been a fatality or a miracle in their being all absolutely false or equally frivolous, and the truth is, that they contain here and there interesting traits in illustration of the general history of mediæval life and civilization. Thus, to speak only of the tenson, in which a parallel is drawn between the French and the Provençals, and to say but a few words on the subject, we there perceive that the latter proclaim themselves the inventors and the models of poetry, and thence derive one of their principal titles to national glory. We there perceive, what is elsewhere established by the unanimous testimony of all the historical documents, that the development of the chivalric spirit had ceased to progress much sooner in France than in the countries of the Provençal tongue, and that, if in the latter, society was freer, more animated and accomplished, it was in the former better disciplined, more serious and energetic.

We perceive, therefore, that the Provençal tensons, indefault of a poetic interest, are possessed of a certain historical interest, by reason of which they have a stronger and a different claim to our consideration, than has heretofore been conceded to them. In regard to the composition and the form of this kind of poetry, there are questions which I will simply announce, without attaching any great importance to their solution.

Among the Troubadours, there are some who are expressly and particularly designated as writers of tensons good and bad. If we were to take this testimony in its rigorous and most natural sense, it would be necessary to suppose, that the tensons in question were each composed entirely by one and the same individual, sustaining both the affirmative and the negative of one and the same question. In that event, these pieces would be but a child's play without any aim or motive.

This does not prove that there were not really tensons of this kind, but this could only have been by way of exception. Everything authorizes us to suppose, that the tenson was a real debate between two Troubadours, that this debate took place in the châteaux with more or less solemnity and before a sort of public, that it was not prolonged indefinitely, but that it was required to terminate within an interval of limited extent. In fact, a tenson could hardly have any point or interest, except so far as it was to some extent extemporaneous, or at any rate rapidly composed by the two adversaries contending face to face. There was a judge appointed by mutual consent, who decided, which of the two combatants had sustained his thesis with success.

I shall conclude now this review of the forms of Provençal poetry, which may be regarded as expedients or tentatives to give a little variety to the expression of chivalric love. All of these forms were more or less directly the result, the reflex of the feeling, that there was somethiug monotonous or factitious in the Provençal chanson; they all originated in a sort of reaction of the poetic imagination against this monotony.

But this reaction neither could nor did stop there; it extended itself to the very foundation of the sentiments and the ideas of chivalric gallantry. Precisely as there were Troubadours, who were weary of harping on love in the same key and in the same poetic form, there were also those who refrained entirely from celebrating a love, wherein they thought they perceived something too conventional and too equivocal; a love which pretended to be a sort of impossible middle term between the natural desires and an absolute purity.

Some of them were in favor of banishing all sensuality from the domain of love, and to reduce it to a pure interchange of sentiments and thoughts. Others, and these were by far the greater number, divested the sentiment of love of all its enthusiasm and morality, in order to reduce it to that grosser and more vulgar form, which it so frequently assumes in all ages and in every place.

We have from this latter class of poets a number of pieces, almost equally intranslatable, some on account of their unbounded

licentiousness, others because they exhibit a vulgarity, which is altogether too undisguised and free.

I can find but one of them, of which I can translate a part at least. It is by a Troubadour by the name of Perdigon, and reads as follows:

"I am a loyal lover now, but there is but little time left; for thus far the rewards of love have given me too little satisfaction. But I have just made a conquest of a lady, who will make me sing of her most merrily. Still I wish to love with prudent moderation, and let my lady not imagine, that I shall love her long, if I perceive that she intends to make my passion kill me. I am resolved, if she maltreats me, to pay my addresses to another."

"I have been so well schooled in love, my lady fair, that before I will estrange my heart entirely, I'll first see whether I shall not find mercy before you. My heart is mine as yet sufficiently, and I can yet withdraw it, etc."

"I have besought you not to make me suffer, and I have made a declaration of my wishes. Do not imagine, then, that I am going to love you two years or three for nothing. I wish at once to obtain the profit of my suit with you, my lady, whom I love so tenderly; and I beseech you not to persist day after day in telling me your *No.* This is a word I hate, and whoever tells it me too frequently is sure to be deserted."

"I do not say that you are the handsomest woman in the world; and I beseech you, good lady, not to be offended at my frankness. I am neither count, nor duke, nor marquis, and it seems to me that it would ill befit me to love the flower of women. But you have surely enough of beauty, of youth and merit, for me to be content with, and I will cling to you, if you will but reward me."

I will excuse the reader from the perusal of the last couplet, in which the disenchanted Troubadour explains himself in the same tone, and with the same platitude of freedom, on a point more delicate than the rest.

I have, in conclusion of this last chapter on the amatory poetry of the Troubadours, produced such specimen-quotations as will suffice to give us an idea of the decadence of this poetry, as far as art and literary excellence are concerned. Its moral decadence is still more strongly marked in the piece which I have just translated. It is thus, that the poetic enthusiasm and the enthusiasm of chivalric love both declined, deteriorated, and finally disappeared together. They had been born one of the other, they had developed themselves one through the other, and they constituted, as long as they coëxisted, the most brilliant phenomenon of the Middle Age in the south of France.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LYRICAL POETRY OF THE TROUBADOURS.

IV.—PIECES RELATING TO THE CRUSADES.

WARS OF THE HOLY LAND.

Next to that of chivalric love, the lyric poetry of the Provençals has no more frequent or more favorite theme than the celebration of martial prowess, as exhibited either in the ordinary wars or in those of a religious nature. Among the latter it sung particularly those, which under the name of Crusades made so great and so diversified a noise in history. It would indeed appear, that there could scarcely be an argument more suitable than this to the genius of these Troubadours, who thought as much of their religion as they did of their chivalric spirit; and judging in advance, and on the evidence of general appearances merely, one might be tempted to imagine that their crusade-songs were the most beautiful of all, or at any rate superior to those in which they celebrated chivalric valor only, and apart from every religious motive. But at the risk of compromising to some extent the religious reputation accorded to the Troubadours, I shall be obliged to say, and to prove, that they have celebrated in their songs warfare in general, war for the sake of war, much more poetically than the sacred war of the crusades. I shall begin by speaking of the latter.

We certainly now no longer possess all the lyrical pieces of the Troubadours relative to the crusades, but those which are left us are probably the best of them—probably those, which at the time of their first appearance were the most celebrated and productive of the greatest effect—so that they may be supposed to represent advantageously those others which may have been lost; and no serious inconvenience can result from the absence of the latter in a general survey of this branch of Provençal poetry.

The first crusade must have been the subject of a variety of popular songs, wherever it was preached. But it is only in

Italy, and more particularly in Lombardy, that history makes any mention of these songs. It points out at least one of them, which it designates with the epithet of *passage-song* (*de ultreia*), and to which it seems to attribute a powerful influence on the zeal with which the Lombards flocked to the standard of this first crusade. But this is all that we now can say on the subject of this song: not a single word of it has come down to us; we do not even know whether it was in Latin or in some one of the dialects of the Italian. The first of these suppositions is the most probable.

There can scarcely be any doubt but that the first crusade, which, as we shall see in its place, had furnished the theme for a number of grand epic compositions in the Provençal, was likewise made the subject of a variety of songs of shorter dimensions, some of which must have belonged to the historical, and others to the lyric species. But all these songs were already lost in the thirteenth century. The only one extant at that time was that of the count of Poitiers, William IX., which I have translated above (p. 294), and in which we can see with what repugnance and with how many regrets this chief, who had but little of the enthusiasm of the crusaders, left his fair duchy of Aquitaine to enter on this expedition for the Holy Land.

The second crusade commenced in 1146. Everybody knows that St. Bernard was the principal instigator, the all-powerful preacher, the supreme director of this movement, and that it would have depended on himself alone to have become the military chief of it. The assembly at Vazelai, where Louis VII. and the principal seigniors of France were induced, by the voice of the saint, to assume the cross, was nearly as numerous as that, for which, fifty years before, Pope Urban II. had preached the holy war for the first time. It was the same cry of *Deus vult! Deus vult!* (God wishes it!), with which the united nations had responded to the exhortations of the pontiff at Clermont—with which now for a second time the innumerable multitude at Vezelai received, as if it had been a mandate from Heaven, the appeal of the Abbé of Cîteaux in behalf of a second crusade.

Raymond V., the count of Toulouse, was present at this assembly of Vezelai; he there took the cross, and thus induced a large part of the South to join in the movement of this second crusade. But the Troubadours did not interfere with this movement; they did not second it, and their patron even, Raymond V., took his departure for the Holy Land to die there, without obtaining from them the slightest eulogy for this heroic devotion, which had become hereditary in the family of Raymond

of St. Gilles. They reserved their songs, as we shall see elsewhere, for other crusades which about the same time were already preparing against the Arabs of Spain.

In all the collections of the lyrical poetry of the Provençals, there is, as far at least as I have seen, but a single piece relating to the crusade of St. Bernard; and this even is a piece, which, so far from being a eulogy or sermon on the theme, contains only a vague and indirect allusion to it. The poem is by the same Marcabrus, of whom I have already spoken with some detail; and its style, like that of most of his productions, is not without considerable originality. In composing it, Marcabrus probably never thought either of St. Bernard or of the disastrous results of his crusade; but the piece is nevertheless *de facto* a sort of poetic commentary, naïve and bold enough, on certain famous words of the saint. The latter, in his report to Pope Eugene III. on the success of his preaching, had thus briefly recapitulated it:

"The cities and castles are deserted to such an extent that there is scarcely a man left for seven women: everywhere we see nothing but widows whose husbands are yet alive."*

I subjoin now the piece by Marcabrus. Its relation to the somewhat venturesome words of the saint will readily suggest itself to the mind of every one.

"Close to the fountain of the grove, along the sand, beneath a fruit-tree's shade, whereon the birds were singing, I found alone (the other day) her who desires not my happiness."†

"This was a noble damsel, the daughter of the seignior of a castle. I imagined that she was there to enjoy the newborn season, its verdure, and the song of birds, and I thought she would gladly lend her ear to what I had to say. But the matter was far otherwise."

"She began to weep at the margin of the fountain; and, sighing from the bottom of her heart, she exclaimed: 'Jesus, King of the universe, it is for thy sake that I endure such sufferings. The insults to which thou wast subjected fall back on me; for the most valiant of this world are gone to serve thee, beyond the sea, and thou commandedst it!"

"'And he too's gone with them, my friend, my fair, my noble,

* See the collection of St. Bernard's epistles in Migne's Patrol. Cursus Completus, vol. 182.—Ed.

† Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 375. Piece No. II., entire:

A la fontana del vergier,
On l'erb'er vertz josta'l gravier,
A l'ombra d'un fust domesgier,
En aiziment de blancas flors
E de novelh chan costumier,
Trobey sola, ses companhier,
Selha que no vol mon solatz.

So fon donzelh' ab son cors belh,
Filha d'un senhor de castelh;
E quant ieu cugey que l'auzelh
Si fesson joi e la verdors,
E pel dous termini novelh,
E que entendes mon favelh,
Tost li fon sos afars camjatz.
Etc., etc.—Ed.

valiant friend; and I remain alone here, to long for him, to weep and mourn disconsolate. Ah! what fell thought he entertained, Louis our king, to ordain this crusade, which has brought such sorrow to my heart!'"

"When I heard her lamenting thus inconsolably, I drew on toward her along the limpid brook, and said to her: 'Fair, rosy cheeks and sunny visage are marred by too much weeping. Thou shouldst not yet despair: He who has decked the woods with foliage, can make thee yet rejoice again.'"

"'Ah, seignior,' said she, 'I believe indeed that God will yet have mercy on me one day, and in another life, as he has mercy on many another sinner. But meanwhile he bereaves me in this world of him who was my sole delight, of him whom I have kept so short a time, and who is now, alas! so far away from me!'"

Such a piece added to the silence of the other Troubadours, does not indicate a very lively enthusiasm for the second crusade in the countries of the Provençal tongue.

A different state of things existed during the interval between 1189 and 1193, while the somewhat slow preparations for the third crusade were going on. It was for this expedition, that they composed nearly all the pieces on the subject of the holy wars, which we possess of them; at least all those which merit something more than ordinary attention in the poetic history of the Middle Age. Their zeal on this occasion is not difficult of explanation.

In the first place, the third crusade was preached at the most flourishing epoch of Provençal poetry. Never before had there existed so many and such distinguished Troubadours as at that time; and never had there been such eager emulation among them all.

Moreover, the high renown of the leader of this enterprise was another and very particular inducement to the Troubadours to take an interest in the cause, to enlist in it and to celebrate it in advance. The emperor Frederic Barbarossa and Richard the Lion-hearted were the favorite heroes of these poets. Philip Augustus was not so much to their taste, but Philip Augustus had commenced to gain an ascendant over the South, which could allow no one to be indifferent toward his projects or his actions.

These reasons combined are sufficient to account for the enthusiasm with which the Troubadours sung the third crusade. Giraud de Borneil, Rambaud de Vaqueiras, Pierre Cardinal, Bertrand de Born, Pierre Vidal, Gaucelm Faydit, and many others of less distinction have left us poems commemorative of this event, which must be numbered among the most remark-

able of each of them. Several of them were not content with preaching the holy war; they wanted to assist in making it; they followed those whom they had incited to the undertaking; their poetic enthusiasm was subjected to the ordeal of the events; we shall see how it came out of it.

The pieces of the Troubadours relative to the third and to all the subsequent crusades are of two kinds, and they form two classes, distinct from each other by reason of their difference of aim and motive. The one consists of formal exhortations addressed to the public, to assume the cross and *to pass outramar*, that is to say to sail for the Holy Land. The others are songs inspired by personal motives, in which the Troubadours, without concerning themselves about any one's enlisting or not enlisting in the crusades, simply express their own sentiments and resolutions on the subject. The latter class partakes more or less of the character of the ordinary compositions of the Troubadours, and it is for this reason that I shall dwell on it a little more minutely. It will be sufficient to show by a few examples, how these ideas of the crusades and of the sacred war sometimes interfered with the amatory destinies of the Troubadours.

Among those of them, who passed *outre-mer*, there were few into whose resolution love did not enter in one way or another as the leading motive. Some went there to get killed out of regret for having lost their lady-loves, others to divert and to console themselves for the grief occasioned by the rigor or the infidelity of theirs; another still embarked in obedience to the order of his fair one, or in the hope of determining her by this proof of devotion to accord to him at last the love he had thus far sought in vain. But whatever may have been the motive, this adventuresome resolution is ordinarily sufficient to diffuse a certain peculiar charm over the songs, in which it is expressed.

One of the most graceful of these poems, with which I am acquainted and which it is in my power to quote, is attributed to a Troubadour, named Peirols, of whom I have already spoken. This was a poor chevalier, who loved for a long time a sister of the dauphin of Auvergne, the wife of Beraud de Mercœur, one of the great barons of the country. We do not know precisely at what epoch or in whose company he embarked for Syria, but it is certain that he went there once at least, and in connection with one of those expeditions, which followed closely upon the grand crusade of Richard Cœur-de Lion and Philip Augustus, and which constituted, so to speak, its trail. At the moment of departure he composed the following piece, which is a dialogue between himself and Love.

It is in my opinion one of the most graceful and most delicate pieces of its kind.*

"When Love beheld my heart enfranchised of all thought of him, he assailed me with a quarrel, and I will tell you how: —Friend Peirols, it is a great mistake in thee, to quit me; when thy thoughts shall be no more of me, when thou shalt sing no more, what wilt thou be then, tell me, what will be thy worth?"

"Love, I have served thee long, and thou hadst no compassion on me; thou knowst thyself the trifling guerdon I've received from thee! I'll not accuse thee, but grant me at least substantial peace in future; I ask no more, and I aspire to nothing sweeter."

"What! Peirols, dost thou forget the fair and noble lady, who, at my behest, received thee so graciously and with so much affection? Thou hast indeed a thoughtless, frivolous heart; though no one would have ever said so from your songs, so full of joy and love dost thou appear in them."

"Love, I have cherished my lady constantly since I first saw her, and I love her yet, I love her with an earnest, steady thought; thus she has pleased, thus she has charmed me, from the first moment of our meeting. But the time has come for many lovers to quit with tears their ladies fair, who, were it not for Saladin, might stay with them in blest jocundity."

"Peirols, the assaults thou art about to make on the tower of David, will not expel from it the Turks or Arabs. Attend and listen to a bit of good advice: Love and sing! What! thou wilt join the crusade, when the kings don't join? Witness the wars they raise among themselves; witness the barons how they invent their subjects of dispute!"

"Love, I have never failed in deference to thee, thou knowst it. But to-day I am constrained to disobey thee. I beseech God to make peace among the kings, and to be my guide. The crusade is deferred too long, and there were great need indeed, that the devout marquis of Montferrat had more companions!"

Peirols actually took his departure, as he had resolved to do,

* Raynouard, vol. iii. p. 279. Piece No. VI. Strophea 1–6.

Quant amora trobet partit
Mon cor de son pesaamen,
D'una tenson m'aaalhit,
E podetz auzir comen:
"Amicx Peyrols, malamen
Vos anatz de mi lunhan,
E pus en mi ni en chan
Non er vostr'entencina,
Diguatz pueis que valretz vos?"

"Amors, tant voa ai aervit,
E pietatz no us en pren,
Cum vos sabetz quan petit
N'ai aiut de jauzimen;
No us ochaizon de nien,
Sol que m fassatz derenan
Bona patz, qu'ala no us deman,
Que nulhs antres gauzardos
No m'en pot esaer tan boa."

"Peyrols, metetz en oblit
La bona domna valen
Qui tan gen vos aculhit
Et tant amorosamen."
Etc., etc., etc.—*Ed.*

in spite of the dissuasions of Love, and we shall presently see what sort of a farewell he addressed to Syria, after having stayed there for some time. Meanwhile I return to the second class of pieces, which the Troubadours composed with reference to the crusades.

These pieces were denominated *prezies*, *prezicansas*, that is to say, exhortations or sermons; and this title, which suits them in every respect, leaves no uncertainty in regard to their object. This was to exhort the masses of the Christian nations, and more especially the chivalric class, to take up arms against the infidels of the Holy Land. There can therefore be no doubt, but that they were sung with a certain expenditure of solemnity in public places, in the streets of the cities, at the gate and in the interior of the castles, in short, in all places where there were gatherings of people.

The subject-matter itself, the substance of these poetic sermons, corresponded in every point with their object and their name. The arguments which the Troubadours used, to incite the people to take the cross or to contribute money to defray the expenses of the crusades, were copied from those which the church made for the same purpose. They were arguments of a pious, theological and mystic caste, which they generally borrowed from the discourses of the monks and priests, already made and in the very formulas in which they found them.

"God having died upon the cross for the salvation of men, therefore to take the cross and to go to the Holy Land to fight in his cause was the best opportunity for every Christian of returning to God love for love, sacrifice for sacrifice. To die in combating the infidels was the most desirable of deaths, it was the certain exchange of the anxieties and miseries of earth for the eternal joys of paradise. It was the height of folly in the great seigniors and kings to engage in pitiless feuds amongst themselves from petty motives of vain-glory or at the utmost to gain a strip of land, instead of marching on with united forces to exterminate the infidels."

Such are, reduced to their simplest expression, the religious ingredients of nearly all the pieces of Provençal poetry on the crusades. The Troubadours do not seem to have aimed at being anything more than the auxiliaries of the ecclesiastical preachers. What the latter said gravely and in prose in their churches, the former repeated in the open air and with the additional charms of music and of versification.

These pious exhortations, however, did not proceed with equal propriety from the mouths of the ecclesiastics and from those of the Provençal poets. The church was at its ease in

regard to the secular powers; there was no danger to be apprehended from the grand seigniors and kings; it had no occasion to flatter their venality, their ambition, their turbulence, their love of glory and of pleasure. More than ever at variance with the nobles, to whose errors it imputed the disasters of the preceding crusade, the church by no means thought of flattering them; and when it sent them to the Holy Land, it piqued itself particularly on thus offering them an opportunity to ex piate the habitual disorders of their chivalric life at home.

The case could not have been the same with the Troubadours preaching the crusade. They were indeed persuaded of the truth of whatever they uttered on the subject. But by the side of this idea there were others, which it was difficult for them to reconcile with it. For they also believed in chivalry, in glory and in love; and it was hard, that this creed of theirs, on which their very existence and their genius might be said to depend, should not also manifest itself to some extent on those occasions even, on which they were expected to speak none other than the austere language of religion and of faith. Among the many poetic discourses on this crusade composed by them, there may perhaps be some, in which this language really predominates, sufficiently at least to cover whatever incongruities they may contain. But in the majority and in the most remarkable of them, the poetic ideas of the Troubadours break through distinctly, and in contrast with the religious idea, which has the appearance of being their principal motive. Hence, the different degrees, shades and varieties of this contrast constitute the most piquant and the most characteristic points of the species of composition in question. It is by taking them under this point of view that I shall endeavor to give some conception of them.

Peter Vidal, of Toulouse, composed several pieces of many beauties of detail on the third crusade, in which he himself enlisted in person. I subjoin here a short passage from one of them:

"Men ought not to be slow to excel in speech, and still more in their actions, as long as life lasts; for the world is but an evanescent breath, and he commits the greatest folly who relies the most on it."* This and what follows was serious enough and very appropriate in an exhortation to the crusade. But

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 108. Piece XII. Strophe 3.

Hom no s deuria tarzar
De ben dir e de mielhs far,
Tan qnan vida li es prezens,
Qu'elh segles non es mas vens,
E qui mais s'i fia
Fai maior follia, etc.—*Ed.*

Pierre Vidal, who plumed himself on his gallantry and chivalric spirit, who had himself been knighted by one of his illustrious patrons, was not the man to speak long in this strain and to lose sight of his favorite sentiments in five or six long stanzas of his poem. I subjoin here the passage which precedes the one I quoted above:

"If from fatigue or care I were to cease to sing, the world would say, forsooth, my spirit and my valor were no longer what they were wont to be. But I can swear without committing perjury, that never youth and chivalry and love and prowess delighted me so much."*

We perceive that the ordinary ideas of gallantry control here the idea of the crusade, while they contrast still more strikingly in the subsequent stanzas, where the poet again returns to speak at great length of his lady-love, and appears to be much more occupied with her than with the deliverance of the sacred sepulchre.

I add now the two last stanzas of a piece which Rambaud de Vaqueiras composed on the crusade, at the head of which the marquis of Montferrat started for Palestine in the year 1204.

"Our Master commands us to march on to the conquest of the Holy Sepulchre and of the Cross. Let him, therefore, who wishes to be in His company and to live forever in the heavens, die here below for him. Let him make every effort to cross the sea and to exterminate the dog-race of the infidels."

"Fair chevalier, for whom I sing, I know not whether on thy account I ought to keep the cross or to abandon it; I know not, either, how to go or how to stay. For thy beauty causes me so much suffering, that I die when I behold thee, and in any other company, where I see thee not, methinks I'm dying in a desert."†

There is no need of my expatiating on the sort of contradiction in which the lover-Troubadour involves the Troubadour-crusader in this passage. I will quote another example, which contains a similar instance of inconsistency.

* The same poem. Strophe 1.

Si m laissava de chantar
Per trebalh ni per afar,
Ben leu diria la gens
Que no fos aitals mos sens
Ni ma gallardia
Cum esser solia;
Mas en ver vos puesc jurar
Qu'ancmais no m plac tan jovens
Ni pretz ni cavallairia
Ni domneis ni drudaria.—*Ed.*

† Raynouard, vol iv. p. 115. Piece No. XIV. The two last stanzas:

Nostre senher nos mand e ns ditz a totz
Qu'anem cobrar lo sepulcr'e la crotz:
E qui volra esser de sa companha
Mueira per lui, si vol vius remaner
En paradis, e fassa son poder
De passar mar e d'aucir la gen canha.
Bels Cavayers, per cui fas sons e motz,
No sai si m lais per vos o m lev la crotz;
Ni sai cum m'an, ni non sai com remanha,
Quar tan me fai vostre bel cors doler,
Qu' en muer si us vey, e quan no us puesc vezer
Cug murir sols ab tot' autra companha.—*Ed.*

The famous Bertrand de Born was one of the Provençal poets who preached the crusades. Among other pieces on this subject he composed one in honor of Conrad of Montferrat, brother to the marquis Boniface, who, while awaiting the arrival of the kings Richard and Philip Augustus, defended himself in Syria with distinguished bravery against Saladin. The second stanza of this piece is as follows:

"Sir Conrad, I commend thee to God, and I should also now be over there with you, I vow, unless the delays of the counts, the dukes, the princes, and the kings had obliged me to renounce my project. Since then I've seen my lady, my fair, blonde lady! and I have lost all courage to depart; had this not been, I should have made my voyage more than a year ago."*

These examples suffice to show with what facility the ordinary ideas of love and gallantry recur even in these exhorations on the crusades, and in the midst of sentiments and arguments of a religious character, which seemed by their nature destined to exclude them.

These poetic discourses present also frequently an incongruity of another description. The Troubadours strive to the utmost of their ability to exalt the excellence of Christian ideas as compared with the insignificance of worldly grandeur and glory, and still in reality they cannot refrain from attaching the greatest value to this glory, and from regarding the pursuit of it a merit. Hence the pretension, on their part, to reconcile the general ideas of chivalry, the natural tendencies of the chivalric spirit with the religious character and motives of the crusades.

"What folly," says Pons de Capduelh, "what folly in every doughty baron, not to succor the Cross and the Holy Sepulchre! Since with fine armors, with glory, with courtesy, with all that is prepossessing and honorable, we can obtain the joys of Paradise."†

"We are going to see now," says another with the same assurance of enthusiasm, "we are going to see now, who are those who desire at the same time the glory of the world and the glory of God; for they can gain both the one and the other

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 95. Piece No. VI. Second strophe.

Seigner Conrat, a Jesu vos coman,
Qu'eu fora lai ab vos, so vos affi,
Mas lassei m'en, quar se tarzaveu tan
Li comt e ill duc e ill rei e li princi,
Pois vi mi dous bell'e bloia,
Per que s'anet mos cors afreollan,
Qu'eu fora lai, ben a passat un an.—*Ed.*

† Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 92. Piece No. IV. Strophe 5.

Jamais no y s guap negus bars que pros sia,
S'ar no socort la crotz e'l monumen,
Qu'ab gen garnir, ab pretz, ab cortezia,
Et ab tot so qu'es belh et avinen
Podem aver honor e jauzimen
En paradis; etc., etc.—*Ed.*

who will resolutely set out on the pilgrimage to recover the Holy Sepulchre."

Finally, among the pieces of the Troubadours on the crusades, there are those in which the chivalric sentiment preponderates over the religious, and these are naturally most in conformity with the general spirit of Provençal poetry. Such are, for example, those of Giraud de Borneil, on this account the most remarkable of all, those which contain the greatest degree of elevation and unity of sentiment. I will give, from the two finest of them, those passages which I did not find too difficult to translate, and I will give them as if they constituted but one and the same piece.

"In honor of God I now resume again my songs, which I had quite renounced. It's not the twitter of the birds, it's not the newly budding foliage of spring, it's not my blithesomeness of spirits that invite my song. I am disheartened and incensed, because I see evil predominate, merit degraded, and iniquity rise." *

"I am amazed, when I consider to what extent the world is steeped in sleep, how the root of all excellence is withered, and with what exuberance the plant of evil germinates and thrives. The insults offered to our God are scarcely heeded; and whilst with us the powers are quarrelling amongst themselves, those perfidious, lawless Arabs are the undisturbed masters of Syria."

"But the moment now is come, when no courageous man, and valiant in arms, can any longer, without disgrace, refuse to serve the cause of God. And since wherever there is a proper disposition, the Holy Spirit adds the power, let every one be on his guard, lest he should compromise the sacred enterprise. Let those who are responding to the call of God but constitute one single individual force. Success was never seen to spring from wills at variance."

"The more powerful one is, the more he ought to strive to prove himself acceptable to God. Fine arms and courtesy and

* Lexique Roman, vol. i. p. 388.

Al honor Dieu torn en mon chan
Don m'era lonhatz et partitz,
E no mi torna braitz ni critz
D'auzels ni fuelha de verjan,
Ni ges no m'esjau en chantan,
Aus sui corrossos e marritz
  Qu'en mainz escritz
  Conosc et vey
Que podera pechatz,
Per que falh fes, e sors eneqnitatz.

E cossir mout meravelban
Com s'es lo segles endurmitz,
E com ben seca la razitz
E'l mals s'abriv'e vai poian,
Qu'er a penas prez'om ni blan
Si Dieus es anctatz ni laiditz
  Qu'als Arabitz
  Traitors, sens ley,
Reman Suria en patz,
E sai tenson entre las poestatz.

Mais pero ges non es semblan
Qu'om valens d'armas ni arditz,
Pos c'a tal coch'er Dieus falhitz,
Ja sens vergonha torn denan;
Mas selh qu'aura pres d'autrui bran
De grans colps, e del sieu feritz,
  Er aculhitz
  E de son rey
Si tenra per pagatz,
Qu'el non es ges de donar yssarratz.
Etc., etc.—*Ed.*

elegant diversions are no longer an evil, the moment the Holy Spirit takes root in them. The gallant man, he who is eager to gain distinction, will not be hated by God on account of his prowess or for the courteous polish of his manners."

"All noble pleasures, provided only the heart and faith be not at fault, will on some future day be pardoned. A man of lofty nature cannot live in sadness and anxiety. And if youth and joy are now dishonored and proscribed, it is the fault of those ignoble men in power, who know no longer the worth of gifts and hospitality, and who are frightened at every generous act."

"But let us leave these despicable men; it is too painful to speak of them; and let us rather think of destroying the haughty Turks and their nefarious law."

This wholly poetical and courteous indulgence, as we might term it, with which Giraud de Borneil, however religious in other respects he may appear in these fragments, treats here the tastes and usages of chivalry, is remarkable enough; and one might be tempted to regard it as the evidence of a manifest tendency to transfer the initiative of the crusades from the clergy to the feudal order; and this tendency was, in fact, one of those which in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries developed the struggle between the priesthood and the empire.

Among the Troubadours, who in their predications on the crusades preferred, by way of exception to the general rule, to enforce the arguments of a purely religious and ecclesiastical description, there were some who endeavored at least to appropriate these arguments, to impart to them the impress of their imagination, to give them a freer turn, a more poetic form. Of this number was Pierre Cardinal, a Troubadour of great distinction, concerning whom I shall have much to say, when we shall have arrived at the consideration of the satiric forms of Provençal poetry. We have from him a piece on the third crusade, in which he almost exclusively employs arguments of a pious and mystical character; but these arguments he endeavors to embellish, sometimes with a more ingenious expression, sometimes with images, which have not the appearance of being borrowed from the ordinary language of the church. I think I can quote a few examples of them.*

"Of the four extremities of the cross, the one aspires toward

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 444. Piece No. XVI.

Dels quatre caps que a la cros
Teu l'us sus ves lo firmameu,
L'autre ves abis qu'es dejos
E l'autre ten ves Orien
E l'autre ten ves Occiden,
E per aital entresenha
Que Crist o a tot en poder.

La crotz es lo dreg gofainos
Del rey cui tot quant es apen. . . .
Etc., etc.—*Ed.*

the firmament, the other is directed downward toward the abyss; a third points to the east, the last to the west. The cross thus indicates, that the power of Christ extends to all parts of the universe."

"The cross is the true banner of the king on which all things depend. . . . . .

* * * * * * * *

"Surely, this was a marvellous event, that the tree, which had borne death, brought us new life and pardon. Every man, who will seek it, will find upon the cross the true fruit of the tree of knowledge."

"This fruit so fair, this fruit so sweet, we are all invited to gather in love. Let us then gather while the season lasts: to assume the cross is gathering it."

In summing up what I have just said on the conduct and the sentiments of the Troubadours in reference to the third crusade, or to those which followed it in immediate succession, we see that they exerted themselves at all events in behalf of the success of these expeditions; and there is everything to warrant the presumption, that these songs were not without their influence on the resolutions of so many gallant chevaliers, who marched on to the relief of the Holy Land, under the banner of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, of Philip Augustus, of Boniface of Montferrat, and of the legates of Pope Honorus III.

The result of the crusades, not even excepting the one which Philip Augustus and Richard Cœur-de-Lion commanded in person, was by no means commensurate with the enthusiasm and the immense resources with which they had been undertaken. Philip Augustus withdrew as soon as he could do so with some show of honor, and suffered his illustrious rival to exhaust his strength in efforts more brilliant than useful, and which produced no change in the precarious condition of the Christian powers in Syria.

Matters were still worse in the subsequent crusades, where several instances of over-hasty success served only to bring on irreparable disasters. But I could not do better than quote on this subject a short passage from an elegant writer, to whom we are indebted for the last and best history of the crusades.

"The third crusade, however unfortunate in its results," says M. Michaud, "did not give rise to so many complaints as that of Bernard, for the reason that it was not without glory. Nevertheless it found its censors, and the arguments which were adduced in its defence bear a strong resemblance to those which were employed by the apologists of the second sacred war. 'There are people,' says one of them, 'who reasoning without discernment, have had the audacity to maintain, that

the pilgrims had gained nothing in the land of Jerusalem, since the Holy City had been left in the power of the Saracens. But do these men regard the spiritual triumph of a hundred thousand martyrs as nothing? Who can doubt of the salvation of so many noble warriors, who of their own accord condemned themselves to all sorts of privations, in order to merit heaven, and whom we, we ourselves have seen, in the midst of all those perils, attending daily the mass which their own chaplains celebrated?' Thus," adds M. Michaud, "thus spoke Gauthier Vinisauf, a contemporary writer. To enumerate among the advantages of a crusade the immense number of martyrs which it made, must appear to us a singular idea."

As to the Troubadours, who were by no means deficient in this religious enthusiasm, as we have had abundant opportunities to see, they still could not reconcile themselves so piously to the results of the expeditions which they had preached with so much ardor. In the midst of such a multitude of martyrs, they could have wished to see a certain number of Christians still alive and victorious. They depicted the evils and the reverses of the crusades, without any fear or consideration, and attributed them to those to whom they were legitimately to be charged, to the ecclesiastical or military leaders of these enterprises. The more zeal they had exhibited in their martial exhortations, the greater was the boldness and the bitterness of their palinodes; and when we compare the latter with the former, it is sometimes necessary to assure ourselves that they are really both the works of one and the same poet.

The abrupt return of Philip Augustus, which compromised the presumable results of the third crusade, appears to have been one of the incidents, at which the Troubadours took most offence. One of their number, whom I have already quoted, Pierre Vidal of Toulouse, composed a piece, which contains the following passage:

"The Pope and his false doctors have put the holy church in such distress, that God himself has become incensed at it. Thanks to their sins and to their follies, the heretics have risen; for when they give the example of iniquity, it is difficult to find one, who'll abstain from it."*

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 105. Piece VI. Strophes 2, 3, 4.

Quar com an vont en tal pantays
L'apostolis e 'lh fals doctor
Sancta gleiza, don dieus s'irays,
Que tan son fol e peccador
Per que l'eretge son levat;
E qnar ilh comenso 'l peccat,
Greu es qui als far en pogues,
Mas ieu non vuelh esser plagues.

E mov de Fransa tot l'esglays
D'els qui solon esser melhor,
Qu'el reys non es fis ni verays
Vas pretz ni vas nostre senhor,
Qu'el sepulcre a dezamparat,
E compr' e vent e fai mercat
Atressi cum servs o borges,
Per que son aunit siei Franses.
Etc., etc.—*Ed.*

"It is from France the whole disaster comes, from France, which was in times of yore the land of the brave; but this land has at present a king, who falls short of the requirements of glory and of God; a king who has abandoned the Holy Sepulchre; a king who buys, sells, and holds market like a peasant or a bourgeois, thus making the French the object of contempt."

"The world goes on in such a fashion, that what was bad yesterday is worse to-day, and since the guide of the warriors of God, the valiant Frederic has perished, we have no longer heard men speak of an emperor glorious or brave."

The emperor, Henry VI., had not yet ordained the preaching of the crusade of 1196, when Peter Vidal expressed himself in these terms. In speaking of him, subsequently to that crusade, the Troubadour would not have limited himself to a vague and disdainful allusion in regard to him.

But the most piquant of all the pieces of the Troubadours, relative to the issue of the crusades of this period, is by the same Peirols, from whom I have above translated the graceful colloquy with love which he composed at the epoch of his departure for the Holy Land. The piece now in question is of a later date; it was written in Syria, immediately after the retaking of Damietta by the Sultan of Egypt, from whom the Christian crusaders had wrested it the year before, by dint of incredible exertions and hardships. The expedition had been conducted in the name of Frederic II., and under the command of two of his lieutenants. We will now see what Peirols says at the moment of leaving the Holy Land for Provence:

"I have seen the river Jordan; I have seen the sepulchre, and I return thee thanks, thou veritable God and Lord of lords, for having shown me the sacred land where thou wast born: this sight has filled my soul with satisfaction."*

"I now ask nothing more than a good sea and good winds, a good ship and good pilots, that I may speedily return to Marseilles; hence I will bid adieu to Sur, to St. Jean d'Acre and to Tripoli; to the hospital, the temple and the sea of Roland."

"The valiant king Richard was sorrily replaced here; on a

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 101. Piece No. IX. Strophes 1–5.

(1) Pus fium Jordan ai vist e 'l monimen
A vos, vers dieus, qui es senher dels senhors
Ne ren merces, quar vos plac tan d'onors
Qu'el sancte loc on nasques veramen
M'avetz mostrat, don ai mon cor jauzen;
Quar s'ieu era en Proensa, d'un an
No m clamarian Sarrazis Johan.
* * * *
(4) Belh senher dieus, si feyssetz a mon sen,
Ben guardaratz qui faitz emperadors,
Ni qui faitz reys, ni datz castels ni tors;
Quar pus son rics, vos tenon a nien;
Qu'ieu vi antan faire man sagramen
L'emperador, don ar s'en vai camjan,
Quo fes lo gnasc que traisses de l'afan.

(5) Emperador, Damiata us aten;
E nueg e jorn plora la blanca tors
Per vostr' aigla qu'en gitet us voutors.
Etc., etc.—*Ed.*

sudden France lost its gracious king, and the fleurs-de-lis the good seignior they recently adorned. Spain too had a brave king, which now it has no more; Montferrat mourns the loss of its good marquis, and the empire that of its valiant emperor. And I know not how their successors will conduct themselves."

"Good Lord of heaven! Wert thou to follow my advice, thou wouldst consider well whom thou madest emperor, whom thou madest king, and to whom thou gavest towers and castles. No sooner are they in power, than men no longer make any account of thee, and I have seen the emperor at another time swear many a solemn oath, which to-day he falsifies."

"Emperor (to Damietta)! Damietta waits for you; the white tower weeps by day and night demanding back your eagle, which a vulture has chased away. The eagle, which suffers itself to be beaten by a vulture, is verily a coward. The glory acquired by the Soudan is a disgrace to you; and apart from your disgrace, it is an evil for us all; it is a prejudice to our authority."

This short piece contains perhaps more energy, vivacity and poetic warmth than any other of those, in which the Troubadours preached the crusades, and the causes of this phenomenon are not difficult to be accounted for. To poets, who, like the Troubadours, were deficient in intellectual resources and in acquirements, the somewhat varied development of a vague and general idea, like that of the crusades, must have been the most difficult thing in the world. There was nothing, not even their religious belief, but what was in certain respects an obstacle in the way of this development. Scarcely able to conceive a language more powerful and consequently more poetical than the simple and precise formulas of their creed, they could not be tempted to deviate from them to any very great extent.

When, on the other hand, they came to speak of the reverses, the miscalculations, the errors and the vices of the crusaders, they then did nothing more than labor in the field of historical satire, and then their delineations and their allusions participate more or less of the positive interest and of the natural variety of their subjects.

Apart from its intrinsic merit, the piece by Peirols, which I have just quoted, is remarkable for an accidental peculiarity. It was written, as I have already mentioned, about the year 1222. It is, I believe, the only piece of its kind, that can be mentioned as having been composed during the interval between 1204, the epoch of the crusade of the marquis of Montferrat, and 1228, the epoch of that of the emperor Frederic II. During this interval of twenty years, the south of France

had been the theatre of events, which had violently diverted the attention of the Troubadours from the affairs of the East.

These enthusiastic advocates of the holy wars had learnt, to their surprise and at their own expense, the real nature and the causes of these wars, for which they had before scarcely found enthusiasm enough in their age and country. They had seen the crusades against the Albigenses substituted for the crusades against the Mussulmans, which they had seconded to the utmost of their power. They had seen the population, whether heretic or not, of several of their most flourishing towns butchered by hordes of European crusaders; they had witnessed the devastation of their fields, the burning or the demolishment of those castles, which had so long been the places of their chief delight; they had witnessed the massacre, the exile and the spoliation of the flower of the chivalry of the South, of those courteous, polished seigniors, who had been at once their rivals and their patrons. In the midst of the tumult and the desolation of these disorders, they did not cease to sing; but what a change in the tone, in the character and in the subject of their songs!

In the horrible crisis of this long struggle between their ecclesiastical and political chiefs, they had energetically espoused the cause of the latter, and the poetry of the Provençals had for a long time been nothing more than a dolorous concert of complaints and imperfections against the clergy.

After the energy of the Provençals, roused by these misfortunes, had succeeded in removing for a moment the scourge of these crusades from their country, and when the tide of crusaders could again resume its natural course toward the countries of the Mussulmans, the Troubadours were no longer so eager to increase this tide, or to contribute to its rapidity. Their religious enthusiasm had become, as it were, isolated from the church and turned against it. Their poetic enthusiasm itself had received some severe shocks from the disasters, which had changed the appearance of the South.

We have but few Provençal songs on the crusades of the emperor Frederic II.; and those we have are exclusively by Troubadours, who were particularly devoted to Frederic, who preached his crusade in his persoual interest and by no means in the general interest of Christianity and of the church. These songs are yet elegant and correct, as far as the diction and versification is concerned, but still they are, at bottom, nothing more than slightly varied repetitions of those which preceded them. They are distinguished from them only by their traits of satire, directly aimed against the clergy.

"The world, to speak the truth, has grievously degenerated in point of merit," says Folquet de Romans; "and the clerks,

who ought to uphold the good, are the worst of all. They love war more than peace; such pleasure do they find in malice and in sin. I should have been glad to have been a follower of the first crusades; but nearly everything I see in this one, displeases me."*

I will not dwell upon the crusade of Thibaut, the count of Champagne and king of Navarre, which took place between 1232 and 1236. Thibaut himself composed several pieces on this expedition, which are in French, among the oldest or the oldest of the kind. But the Troubadours of the South were not inspired by it. They do not seem to have waked up from their indifference for a single moment, until the announcement of the crusades of St. Louis, to which the personal character of the monarch gave an interest of a particular description. On the various incidents of these expeditions, including the death of St. Louis, which formed their catastrophe, there are yet extant a dozen pieces by different Troubadours, most of whom are quite obscure.

These pieces exhibit hardly a vestige of the tone and sentiments of those, which the crusades of Richard and of Philip Augustus had inspired scarcely more than half a century before. They are nothing more than lamentations over the repugnance, which the men of the feudal and chivalric order at that time manifested for this sort of expeditions; and these lamentations, which were in general as insipid as they were true, attested the rapid decadence of Provençal poetry and at the same time that of the former zeal in favor of the crusades.

"The knights, who died in Syria, have brought us into great affliction," says Lanfranc Cigala,† "and the harm would be still greater, if God had not received them into his company. But as for the chevaliers on this side of the sea, I do not see them very ardent to recover the sacred heritage. Oh chevaliers! ye are afraid of death. If the Turks abandoned their banner, they would find multitudes of champions to pursue them; but, firmly planted at their posts, they find but few assailants."

"There are many men," says Raymond Gaucelm of Beziers.

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 126. Piece No. XX. 1st strophe.

Tornatz es en pauc de valor
Lo segles, qui ver en vol dir,
E'l clergue son ja li peior
Que degran los bes mantenir,
E an un tal usatge
Que mais anon guerra que patz,
Tan lur play maleza e peccatz;
Per qu'al premier passatge
M'en volria esser passatz,
Qu'el mais de quan vey mi desplatz.—*Ed.*

† Raynouard, vol. v. p. 245.

Grans es lo dols e maior for' assatz
Dels cavalliers qui son mort en Suria,
Si no'ls agues dieus pres en compaingnia;
Mas cels de sai no vey gair'encoratz
De recobrar las saintas heretatz.
Ai! cavallier, aves de mort paors!
En crei qu'ill Turc fugisson de la'nseingna,
O fosson tan com li cerf en Sardeingna
Qu'il troberan a pro de cassadors;
Mas qui no s mov a pauc d'envazidor.—*Ed.*

one of the most indifferent Troubadours, from whom anything has come down to us, "there are many men, who pretended to be about to enter on the expedition, but who had really not the least desire. Excuses are not wanting to them. I cannot go without a royal pay, says one; and I am sick, another; had I no children, nothing could keep me here, assures a third."*

The death of St. Louis even, although it filled all France with grief, did not inspire anything more poetical than this. The least insipid of the three pieces which we have on this event, consists of a long and stupid imprecation against the clergy. "Accursed be Alexandria! cursed be the clergy, cursed be the Turks!" exclaims the author, not knowing what he should say further, and all this ends at last in groans and lamentations over the loss of all courtesy and chivalry. The poetry of the Provençals was surely in a worse state even than their chivalry, when it produced things like these.

The only Provençal piece relative to the crusades of St. Louis, which deserves particular notice in this survey, is somewhat anterior to those, to which I have just alluded. It must have been composed toward the year 1266, four years before the death of St. Louis, and the events to which it principally relates, are of the year 1265.

This year was one of singular disaster to the Christians of Syria. The famous Bibars, who at that time ruled over Egypt under the name of Malek Daher, had gained great advantages over them; he had defeated their Tartar, Armenian and Persian auxiliaries. He had taken in the first place the city of Cæsarea and then the castle of Arsouf, two places which St. Louis had fortified with the utmost care during his sojourn in Palestine. And Bibars, elated by these victories, was wholly intent on gaining fresh laurels; he menaced the Christian towns of Syria, all of which trembled, considering themselves already lost.

At this same time, the popes, instead of considering the perilous condition of the Holy Land, ordered the preaching of a crusade against Manfroi, the natural son of Frederic II., who at the death of his father had made himself master of the kingdom of Naples, which they had given to Charles of Anjou, the brother of St. Louis. It was with his head filled and troubled

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 135. Piece No. XXIV. Strophe 3.

Mas trop d'omes son qu'eras fan semblansa
Que passaran, e ges non an dezire;
Don se sabran del passar escondire
Ganren d'aquelhs, e diran ses duptansa:
Ieu passera, si'l soutz del rey agues;
L'autre diran: Ieu no suy bensnans;
L'antre diran: S'ieu non agues efans,
Tost passera, que say no m tengra res.—*Ed.*

by all these events, that a Provençal templar, whose name is unknown, composed the following piece:

"Sorrow and anger have taken possession of my soul, and they very nearly kill me. We fall beneath the burden of that very cross, which we had assumed in honor of him, who was attached to it. No cross nor law avails us any longer against these accursed traitors of Turks. It appears on the contrary, and every man can clearly see it, that God sustains them to our misfortune."*

"They've conquered Cæsarea at the outset and taken the strong castle of Arsouf by assault. Lord God! what will become of so many knights, so many squires, so many commoners, who were within the walls of Arsouf? Alas! the kingdom of Syria has already lost so many of its sons, that its power is fallen forever."

"And believe not that they imagine to have accomplish enough, these cursed Turks! They have sworn most solemnly, that they'll not leave a single man in all those places who believes in Christ; of the church of St. Mary, they say they'll make a maho*mary*. Very well! If God, to whom all this should be displeasing, gives his consent to it and finds it good, we too must be content."

"He therefore is a fool who seeks to quarrel with the Turks, when Jesus Christ allows them everything. What wonder, then, that they have vanquished Franks, Tartars, Armenians and Persians, and that they daily fight us here, us Templars? God, who was formerly awake, is now asleep; Mahomet exerts himself to the utmost of his power, and makes his servant Malek Daher work."

"The Pope is lavish of his indulgences to those of Arles and France against the Germans; but he is stingy of them here with us. What say I? Our crosses are exchanged for the crosses of tournaments, and the war of *outra-mar* for that of Lombardy;

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 131. Piece XXII. entire.

(1.) Ira e dolor s'ea dins mon cor assezа,
Si qu'a per pauc no m'auci demanes,
Quar nos met joa la crotz qu'aviam preza
En la honor d'aisselh qu'en crotz fos mes;
Que crotz ni ley no na val ni na guia
Contra'la fels Turcx que dieus maldia,
Ans ea aemblans, segon qu'hom pot vezer,
Qu'a dan de noa loa vol dieus mantener.

2.) Al comensar an Cezaria conqueza,
E'l fort castelh d'Asaur per forsa prea.
Ai! aenher dieus, e qual via an preza
Tan cavalier, tan airven, tan borzes
Que dins los mura d'Assur avia?
Ailas! lo regne deSuria
N'a tant perdut que, qui n vol dir lo ver,
Per toa temps mais n'ea mermatz de poder.

(5.) Lo papa fa de perdon gran largueza
Contr'Alamans ab Arlea e Francea:
E sai meat noa moatran gran cobeeza,
Quar nostras crotz van per crotz de tornea,
E qui vol camjar romania
Per la guerra de Lombardia,
Noatrea legatz, don ieu vos dic per ver
Qu'els vendon dieu e'l perdon per aver.
—*Ed.*

nay, I tell you for a truth, we have legates who vend God and indulgences for money."

"Seigniors of France, let Lombardy alone; Alexandria has done you greater harm than Lombardy;—it was at Alexandria that you were vanquished by the Turks, made prisoners, and compelled to pay your ransom."

Language of this description, in which the chagrin of a great disappointment appears already to assume a tincture of irony and of religious skepticism, indicates clearly enough that the time of the crusades was over, and that if St. Louis went to Massoura to be made prisoner, and afterward to Africa to die, it was not from a want of indications which ought to have made him anticipate some issue of this kind.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LYRICAL POETRY OF THE TROUBADOURS.

V.—PIECES RELATING TO THE CRUSADES.

WARS AGAINST THE ARABS OF SPAIN.

The crusades were a general movement of Christianity against Islamism. It was therefore impossible that the Arabs of Spain, who were so near the centre of this movement, should not have been affected by it more or less, should not have had their share of the hurricane which swept against their brethren of the East.

All the relations subsisting between the Andalusian Arabs and the Christian nations on this side of the Pyrenees, were founded on such powerful antecedents, they were to such an extent the result of time and necessity, that the crusades themselves could not produce any essential change in them; and these pious expeditions rather followed, than determined, the impulsions which had already been given long before them.

For three entire centuries (from 715 till 1019) the populations of the south of France had been obliged to keep up a terrible struggle against the Arabs of Andalusia; they had divided with the Spaniards of the northwest of the Peninsula the glorious task of repelling the aggressions of Islamism, and of driving it back to that coast of Africa from whence it had first planted its foot on the soil of Europe. But from the year 1020 these same populations had ceased to be directly interested in the enterprises of the Arabs; and in the wars against them they only interfered accidentally, and as the auxiliaries of the Spanish populations.

From this moment the commercial and business connections, which had commenced long before this time, between Mussulman Spain and the south of France, were gradually multiplied and consolidated; and there is every indication, that at the beginning of the twelfth century they had already become pretty generally established and diversified. Nearly all the

traces of that religious horror which the two countries had felt for each other, amid the intensity of their earlier struggles, had now disappeared. The superiority of the Arabs in all the arts of civilization was generally perceived by the higher classes of society in the South. They were admired; they were adopted as models; and this propensity in their favor was generally yielded to without any repugnance.

Moreover, in the eyes of the Christians, the Arabs of Spain were in general not guilty of the same injustice toward the former as those in Syria. They did not occupy the land where Jesus Christ was born; they exercised no dominion over the banks of Jordan; they were not in possession of the Holy Sepulchre, nor had they ever profaned it. This was a sort of merit for which the Troubadours eagerly gave them credit, even in the heat of their excitement for the crusades; and there is one of these Troubadours who goes even so far as not to be willing to exempt the Spaniards from the duty of joining in the crusades of Syria, in consideration of their wars against the Mussulmans, their neighbors: "For," says he, "although they are wicked Saracens, they are still not those who have demolished the sacred tomb of Jesus Christ."

From all these circumstances, we perceive that the crusades against the Arabs of Spain could neither be so animated nor so frequent as those against their brethren in Syria. More than this: there was, properly speaking, not one crusade against the Mahometan conquerors of the Peninsula, in which some oppressed Mussulman party, which at the moment found its interests identified with those of the Christians, did not figure as the ally of the latter against those very conquerors; and the grand policy of the crusaders consisted in seizing the occasions for such alliances.

The first expedition undertaken under the name of a crusade, against the Mussulmans of Spain, corresponds exactly with the crusade of St. Bernard, and has every appearance of having entered into the general plan of the latter, as its accessory. This was the epoch of a great political crisis in the Peninsula.

The African chiefs, who, under the name of Almoravides, had ruled for nearly a century both in Spain and Africa, were at that time in great danger of losing their authority over these countries. On the other side of the strait, they were assailed by a new party, by that of the Almohades; and in the Peninsula by the Arabs of Andalusia, who, having been oppressed and discontented for a long time, were now revolting on every side for the purpose of recovering their independence.

The Christian chiefs of Spain, seeing their adversaries at variance with each other, regarded the moment as a propitious one

to aggrandize themselves at their expense. With a view to this, they organized a league, of which the king of Castile, Alphonse VII., was elected chief, with the title of Emperor; and this league colluded, or pretended to collude, with the Almoravides, who, in the desperate condition of their affairs, had no longer any other choice of expedients.

All the smaller powers of the coasts of the Mediterranean, Italian as well as Provençal, entered into this league, in which they were expected to act in concert with the count of Barcelona. The seignior of Marseilles, William de Baux, William VI. of Montpellier, and the celebrated viscountess Ermengarde of Narbonne, are those of the nobles of the South whom history designates as having figured most actively in this affair. There is no doubt, but that among the motives from which this episode of a crusade was undertaken, the interests of commerce and of industry were not without their influence. It also appears that the nobles of the interior of the country did not participate in it; many of them having, indeed, already enlisted in the contemporary crusade of Raymond V.

It is not my part to occupy myself with the military and political results, either of this first crusade against the Mussulmans of Spain, or of those that succeeded it. My task is limited to the inquiry, what part the Provençal Troubadours took in these expeditions; and they took part in all of them. They sung and preached them all with the same zeal as they did those of Syria, and generally even with a greater degree of talent and success.

It is not, however, solely on account of their higher or lower literary merit, that the compositions of the Troubadours on the crusades of Spain are entitled to some attention: it is also, and quite as much, on account of the hints which they contain in regard to the relations subsisting between the south of France and Spain, both Mussulman and Christian, at the epoch of their origin. This being understood, I now return to the crusade of Alphonse VII.

Marcabrus is the only Troubadour who is known to have sung of it. There are yet extant two pieces by him relative to it, which, in spite of the vagueness and the obscurity of many of the details, are nevertheless still curious enough.

The first is an exhortation, a sort of poetic predication, destined to be sung in public, and for the purpose of rousing the imagination of individuals and masses to the importance of the grand enterprise projected against the Arabs of Andalusia. The predication in question exhibits only this peculiarity, that it seems to have been primitively destined to be addressed to the inhabitants of Spain; for the author always designates Spain as the country in which he found himself at the moment he is

supposed to be speaking. The most probable supposition is, that the piece was sung on both sides of the Pyrenees.

The poem is essentially religious, but yet the spirit of the Troubadours makes itself felt here and there by some outbursts of admiration or of sympathetic indulgence for the ideas and the manners of chivalry. The war against the infidels is mystically represented as a sort of piscina or spiritual lavatory, to which each Christian is invited to hasten, in order to purify himself from his sins; and as the term *lavador* (*lavatory*) recurs at a certain fixed place in every couplet, the piece has from that circumstance also assumed the title of *Lavador*. According to the Provençal traditions it was quite celebrated among the compositions of the Troubadours. I do not intend either to justify or to explain this celebrity. Nevertheless, as the piece is the most ancient one of its kind, and as there is every appearance of its having served as the model for several of those which were afterward composed for the crusades of Syria; as, moreover, it contains express indications of the influence, which the revolutions of Mahometan Spain were at that time still exercising over the south of France, I deem it my duty to endeavor to give an analysis of it. I shall translate it as closely as possible, at the inevitable risk of frequently becoming strange and stiff; and I must notice in the first place, that with an oddity, quite unique in its kind, the piece commences with a Latin verse which has the appearance of having been a formula from the liturgy.

"*Pax in nomine Domini.* Marcabrus composed this song, the verse and music both. Hear what he says: The Lord, the king of heaven, has in his mercy opened unto us, quite near at hand, a lavatory, the like of which does not exist on this side of the sea, nor even beyond it, along the valley of Jehosaphat.

"We ought all in obedience to reason, to purify ourselves both evening and morning. Let him therefore, who desires to cleanse himself, while he has life and strength, hasten to the sacred lavatory, which is the source of our health. Woe be to us, if we die before availing ourselves of this advantage! Far below, in the abyss, shall be assigned to us our abode eternal, by the powers on high!"

"Avarice and perfidy have banished pleasure and youth from the world. Ah! what a sad spectacle, to see each coveting the things, the gain of which will be a hell to him, unless, before closing forever eye and mouth, he hasten to the sacred lavatory! Haughty and stern as he may be, still every one will find one stronger than himself in death."

"The Lord, who knows whatever is, whatever was and shall be, doth promise us his recompense by the voice of the em-

peror (of Spain). Know ye what splendor will be awaiting those, who shall cleanse themselves in the lavatory, who shall avenge God for the insults which the pagans of Arabia have offered him? Their splendor shall excel that of the star, which guides the mariner."

"The dog-race of the Prophet, the traitorous followers of the grand impostor are so abundant here (on this side of the mountains), that there is no one left to honor the true God. Let us expel them by virtue of the sacred lavatory; guided by Jesus Christ, let us drive back these catiffs, who believe in witchcraft and in auguries."

"Let cowards and debauchees, revelling in drunkenness and merry bouts, remain in their pollution! God only wants the brave and courteous at his lavatory." . . .

"The marquis and those of the Temple are already sustaining bravely, here in Spain, the weight and strain of pagan insolence; and Jesus Christ pours on them from his lavatory the blessings, which will be denied to those base novices in prowess, who have no heart for joy or *déport*."*

If Marcabrus was not already in Spain at the time when he composed this piece, he went there immediately after. He then wrote a second piece on the same subject, in which he addresses himself directly to Alphonse VII. himself, whom he honors with the epithet of emperor. Though less finished and less elaborate in point of metrical construction, this second piece is nevertheless more interesting than the first. It contains several very direct allusions to the event which constitutes its subject, and to the general relations between the south of France and Spain. Unfortunately these allusions are so concise and couched in terms so general and metaphorical, that there is scarcely any advantage to be derived from them. I will nevertheless subjoin some of the more intelligible passages of the piece:

"Emperor, I know now from experience how great your prowess is increasing. I did make haste to come and I'm rejoiced to see you nourished with joy, rising in glory, blooming in youth and courtesy."†

"Since the Son of God calls on you to avenge him on the race of Pharaoh, rejoice in it."

"And if those from beyond the defiles do not bestir them-

* Amusement, diversion.

† Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 129. Piece XXI. entire.

Emperaire, per mi mezeis,
Sai, quant vostra proeza creis,
No m sui jes tardatz del venir,
Que jois vos pais e prez vos creis,
E jovens vos ten baud a freis
Que fai vostra valor doncir.

Pois lo fils de dien vos somo
Qu'el vengetz del ling Farao,
Ben vos en devetz esbandir;
Contra'ls portz faillou li baro,
Li plus de conduich e de do,
E ja dieus no'ls eu lais jauzir.
Etc. etc.—*Ed*

selves, either for Spain or for the Sepulchre, it becomes your part to assume the task, to expel the Saracens, and to humiliate their pride; and God will be with you at the decisive moment."

"The Almoravides are wholly destitute of succor, by reason of the treachery of the seigniors from beyond the mountains, who have set to work to hatch a certain plot of envy and iniquity. Yet each of them is flattering himself that he will get absolved, at the hour of death, from his part of the work."

"Let us then leave those from the other side the mountains to their own dishonor; those barons who love the ease and blandishments of life, soft beds and comfortable sleep; and let us on this side, responding to the call of God, reconquer gloriously his honor and his land."

"They rejoice greatly among themselves, these men, in their dishonor, who exempt themselves from the holy pilgrimage; and as for me, I tell them that the day will come, when they must leave their castles; but they will leave them with their feet in front, their head behind them."

"Let but the count of Barcelona persist in his resolve, together with the kings of Portugal and of Navarre, and soon we'll march ahead to pitch our tents beneath the walls of imperial Toledo, and destroy the pagans, who defend it."

In spite of this haughty assurance of the Troubadour, the success of the crusade of Alphonse VII. was but a partial one and far from being decisive. The Almohades, who had vanquished the Almoravides in Africa, established their power everywhere in place of the latter, in the Peninsula as elsewhere, and it was this new dynasty of conquerors, with which from that time the Christians of Spain were to continue the contest. The struggle lasted from 1150 to 1212, when it terminated to the advantage of the latter in the plains of Toloza. But during this interval of sixty-two years the Almohades gained several victories over the chiefs of Christian Spain, at which all Europe had occasion to be alarmed. The first was that which they won at Andujar in 1157. The king of Castile, Alphonse VII., died in the same year, and his death was a greater calamity to Spain than a defeat.

Among the pieces of Peter of Auvergne, there is one which makes allusion to these different events and also to I know not what project of an expedition against Africa; a project in regard to which history is silent. The piece must undoubtedly be ranked among those which have reference to the crusades, but everything in it is too vague and too concise to be poetical, and I consider it useless to dwell on it. The course of the events introduces us to others of greater interest.

Yacoub Almanzor having ascended the throne of the Almohades in 1184, it was not long before he rendered himself more and more formidable to the Spaniards. Having arrived in Spain with an immense force in 1195, he marched against Alphonso IX., king of Castile, and gained over him two successive victories, the first of which, that of Alarcos, was one of the most decisive and most glorious the Mussulmans had ever won over the Christians. This latter event is one of those, by which the history of the Troubadours links itself in quite a peculiar manner to that of the crusades of Spain. The ancient Provençal biographer of Folquet de Marseilles contains a passage of great interest with reference to the consequences of the battle of Alarcos; and I propose to translate the whole of it.

"When good king Alphonse of Castile had been discomfited by the king of Morocco, whose name was Miramolin, and when the latter had taken Calatrava, Salvaterra and the castle of Tonina, there was great sadness and distress throughout the whole of Spain and among all the noble people, who were informed of it, by reason of the dishonor, which it brought on Christendom, and of the damage which the king sustained, who had lost much territory by it; and the men of Miramolin entered often into his kingdom and made great havoc in it."

"Then good King Alphonse sent his messengers to the pope, in order that the latter might induce the barons of France and England, the king of Aragon and the count of Toulouse to succor him."

"Don Folquet of Marseilles, who was a great friend of the king of Castile, had at that time not yet entered the order of Cîteaux. He made a prezicansa, in order to exhort the barons and nobles to help the good king of Castile, showing them the honor, that would accrue to them if they brought such succor to the king, and the pardon which they would receive from God for it." *

The piece here designated by the biographer is yet extant; it is curious in a historical point of view, being the only monument now remaining of an attempt at a crusade of which history makes hardly any mention, and which was not attended with any known result.

In respect to poetical merit, the piece is not destitute of it. It is one of those in which the common-places of Christian belief and piety, which constitute the groundwork of nearly all of them, are rendered with most elegance and sprightliness; but still it is not free from traces of the mannered *bel-esprit*, which is one of the characteristics of the poetry of Folquet. I

* Raynouard, vol. v., p. 150.—*Ed.*

give here the greater part of it, faithfully rendered, and only curtailed of a few languid or idle passages.

"I know no longer any pretext by which hereafter we may excuse ourselves from serving in the cause of God. We have already lost the Holy Sepulchre; and shall we now permit Spain also to be lost? In our way to Syria we have found obstacles; but in passing into Spain we have neither wind nor sea to fear. Alas! What stronger invitation could God offer us, unless it were to redescend from heaven to die for us?"*

"God has once given himself for us, when he came, in order to obliterate our sins; and in redeeming us he has imposed on us here below a debt of gratitude. Let him, then, who desires to live beyond the grave, offer to-day for God that life, which God by dying returned to him. Every one must die, he knows not when. How foolishly he lives, who lives in unappalled security! This life, of which we are so covetously fond, is but an evil, and to die for God a good."

"What is the error then by which men are deluded? This body which none can save, for any price, from death, is cared for tenderly and pampered by each one of us, while no one stands in dread as to his soul, which he could preserve from torments and perdition. Let each one think then in his inmost heart, whether I speak the truth or not; and then he will have a better will to march on to the service of his God. Let no brave warrior be afflicted at his poverty. Let him but take the first step only; he'll find God ready to assist him."

"One thing at least is possible for every one: 'tis to have courage; let him then show it; as for the rest, God will take care of it, and our good king of Aragon. This king, who has never been wanting to any one, will not be wanting to any valiant palmer. He certainly will not be perjured before God, at the moment of being crowned, whether here below or on high in the heavens; for both these crowns are assured to him."

"And let not the king of Castile listen to foolish arguments; let him not be discouraged by his losses. Sooner let him render thanks to God, who to-day desires to triumph through his arm" . . . . .

* Raynonard, vol. iv. p. 110. Piece XIII. Strophes 1, 2, 3, 4.

(1.) Hueimais no y conosc razo
Ab que nos poscam cobrir,
Si ja dieu volem servir,
Pos tant enquer nostre pro
Que son dan en volc snfrir;
Qu'el aepulcre perdem premeiramen,
E ar suefre qu' Espanha s vai perden
Per so quar lai trobavon ochaizo;
Mas aai sivals no temem mar ni ven:
Las! Cum nos pot plus fort aver somos,
Si doncx no fos tornatz morir per nos!

(2.) De si mezeis nos fas do,
Quan venc nostres tortz dealir;
E fes so sai a grazir,
Quan si ns det per rezemso:
Doncx qui vol viure ab morir
Er don per dieu sa vid'e la y prezen,
Qu'el la donet e la rendet moren,
C'atressi deu hom morir no sap quo.
Ai! quant mal vin qui non a espaven!
Qu'el nostre viures, don em cobeitos,
Sabem qu'es mals, et aquel morir bos.
Etc., etc., etc.—*Ed.*

Let us in thought restore to these words the melody and coloring of their original, of which a translation into prose and into our modern style of language must necessarily deprive them, and it will be admitted that Folquet preached the crusade of Spain at least as well as the other Troubadours could have preached the crusade of Syria.

But it appears that he found none to listen to his appeal but the men who were just then returning from the third crusade, discontented, worn out and decimated, and extremely averse to a fourth, which in fact did not take place this time. At any rate, we do not see anything in the history of Spain at this epoch, to which the name of crusade could with propriety be applied. Moreover, the Almohades continued to be the masters of the Peninsula. The only check which they experienced was the loss of Yacoub Almanzor, the most successful and the greatest of their chiefs, who died in 1199, leaving as his successor his son Mohammed, surnamed El Nassir.

Under the latter the Spaniards recovered their self-confidence; and it was not long before they were again in commotion. Mohammed did not at first seem to pay much attention to their movements. This apparent indifference made them assume a still more menacing attitude; and the monarch of the Almohades, resolved at last to curb them, began to make zealous preparations for a descent on Spain. These preparations were of such a description, that they appeared to be intended not so much for the maintenance of a conquest already made, as for the conquest of entire Europe. Mohammed El Nassir arrived at Seville in 1210, followed by an army which he had distributed into three divisions, the smallest of which is said to have consisted of 160,000 men, infantry and cavalry.

Spain had not waited, to be terrified at the levy of such a prodigious force, to see it on this side of the strait. This force had not yet left Africa, when the Christians were already making extensive preparations on all sides in order to resist it. All the princes of the Peninsula had united their armies under the general command of Alphonso IX.; and Roderick, the bishop of Toledo, was scouring France and Italy, imploring everywhere the assistance of the kings, the nobles and the people. The Troubadours were as prompt on this as on every previous occasion, to meet the wants of the Christian world; they seconded with their martial songs the call of the Spanish clergy against the barbarians of Africa.

The only remaining one of all these songs is that by Gavaudan the Elder, a Troubadour but very little known, but who deserves to be so more generally, were it only for the song in question. It is in fact the most beautiful and the most ener-

getic piece of the kind, the one which is pervaded by the purest inspiration, and the argument of which is managed in its detail with most poetic skill. The only pity is, that it contains one or two very difficult passages, which can only be translated in a somewhat hazardous manner. I subjoin here the whole of it.

"Seigniors, 'tis on account of our sins, that the power of the Saracens is thus increasing. Jerusalem has been taken by Saladin, and it is not yet reconquered; and all at once the king of Morocco now prepares for war against all Christian kings, with his treacherous Andalusians, with his Arabs armed against the faith of Christ."*

"He has assembled all the races of the west, the Mazmudes, the Moors, the Berbers and the Goths. Vigorous or feeble, not one of them has stayed behind; and never did the rain descend more closely than they pass on, encumbering the plains and famishing each other. They feed upon dead bodies, as the sheep on grass, which they devour blade and root."

"They are so proud of their number, that they consider the world as theirs. When they halt upon the meadows, crammed one against the other, Morocco's hordes against the Marabouts, the Marabouts against the Berbers, then they deride us among themselves. Franks, they say, make room for us! Toulouse and Provence are ours; and ours the whole interior of the land, as far as Puy. Was there ever before heard raillery so insolent from the mouth of the false dogs of this lawless race?"

"Hear them, O emperor, and you too, king of France, king of the English, and you, the count of Poitiers! and come to the assistance of the king of Castile. No one had ever such fair opportunity for serving God; with his aid you'll conquer all these pagans, whom Mahomet deluded, these renegades, this refuse of mankind."

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 85. Piece No. II. Entire 1–8.

Senhors, per los nostres peccatz
Creys la forsa dels Sarrasis;
Iherusalem pres Saladis,
Et encaras non es cobratz;
Per que manda'l reys de Maroc
Qu'ab totz los reys de Crestias
Se combatra ab dos trefas
Andolozitz et Arabitz,
Contra la fe de Crist garnitz.

Totz los Alcavis a mandatz,
Masmutz, Maurs, Gotz e Barbaris,
E no y reman gras ni mesquis,
Que totz no'ls ayon ajostatz;
Ane pus menut ayga non ploc
Cum els passon, e prendo'ls plas;
La carannhada dels milas
Geta'ls paysser com a berbitz,
E no y reman brotz ni razitz.

Tant an d'erguelh sels qu'a triatz
Qu'els cuio'l mons lur si'aclis;
Marroquenas, Marrabetis
Pauzon amons per mieg los pratz;
Mest lor gabon: "Franc, faiz nos loc;
Nostr'es Proensa e Tolzas,
Entro al Puey totz los meias."
Anc tan fers gaps no fon auzitz
Dels falses cas, ses ley, marritz.

Emperayre, vos o auiatz,
E'l reys de Fransa, e sos cozis,
E'l reys engles, coms peitavis,
Qu'al rey d'Espanha socorratz.
Etc. etc. etc.—*Ed.*

"Jesus Christ, whose word has called on us to make a happy end, shows us the way to it to-day; he points us to repentance as the means by which the sin committed in Adam shall be forgiven us. He promises, if we will but believe it, that he'll be willing to receive us among the blessed, and to be our guide against these degraded traitors."

"Let not us, who are the firm possessors of the grand law, let us not abandon our heritage to the black dogs from beyond the sea. Let each one meditate how to avert the danger. Let us not wait until they have reached us here. The Portuguese, the Castilians, those of Galicia, of Navarre and Aragon, who erewhile were a barrier in our van, are now defeated and dishonored."

"But, let the noble crusaders come from Germany, from France, from England, from Brittany, from Anjou, from Béarn, from Gascony, and from Provence; let them unite with us into one solid mass, and with the sword in hand, we'll plunge into the herd of infidels, striking and cutting, until we have exterminated all of them; and then we will divide the booty amongst us all."

"Don Gavaudan will be a prophet; that which he says will be accomplished; the dogs will perish, and there, where Mahomet was invoked, God shall be served and honored."

And the Troubadour was really a prophet, as he had boasted himself to be. The Christian forces, having encountered those of the Almohades in the vicinity of Toloza in Andalusia, won, in the month of July, 1212, the famous battle, called the battle of Navas de Toloza, by which the Christians recovered for a time their former preponderance in Spain. Gavaudan appears to have fought there in person, in the midst of sixty thousand auxiliaries, who had flocked together from beyond the Pyrenees; he was thus one of the heroes of the expedition, to which he had been the Tyrtæus.

This piece of Gavaudan's is the last of its kind which we find in the Provençal manuscripts, as the crusade which it celebrates also is the last against the Mussulmans beyond the Pyrenees. Subsequently to the battle of Navas de Toloza, the Andalusian Arabs maintained their ground in the Peninsula for three centuries longer. But from the date of this great battle, the Christian forces of the country were sufficient to restrict them gradually to closer limits, until the fatal day arrived, when the simple decree of the king of Spain could send their miserable remnants to perish in Africa.

I think I may now resume for a moment the consideration of the period of the crusades against the Mussulmans of the Peninsula.

During the whole of this period the condition of the Arabs of Andalusia presented striking analogies to that of the Christians, who assailed them. To them, as well as, nay even more than to the latter, this war was a sacred war, a veritable crusade under another name. It was, as we know, a duty imposed by his religion on every Mussulman, to fight for the extension of Islamism. Every Mussulman who lost his life in the fulfillment of this duty was considered a martyr, and received the appellation and the honors of one.

Thus far the analogy was a vague and a very general one; it was coëxtensive with all the Mussulmans and all the Christians. But between the Arabs of Andalusia and the Christians of the south of France it was more particular and more explicit.

The former, as well as the latter, had their poets, their Troubadours, who likewise preached their sacred war to them, who celebrated their victories over the Infidels, deplored their defeats, who, in a word, gave utterance to all the national or popular emotions excited by the various chances of this war.

It would have given me pleasure to make known some of these poems of the Andalusian Arabs relative to their crusades against the Christians; it would have been curious and interesting for us to institute a comparison between them and the corresponding productions of the Troubadours, and to see in what manner the latter would have sustained the parallel.

To my great regret, however, my time will not admit of such developments; and all that I can do, in order to give some idea of the poetic compositions of the Arabs of Spain on their wars against the Christians, is to quote one of them, which has been published and translated by M. Grangeret de la Grange in an excellent collection of Arabic poetry, which appeared in 1828.

The piece in question is from the pen of a celebrated poet by the name of Aboul-baka-Saleh, from the city of Ronda, in the kingdom of Granada. It is a general lamentation over the reverses and the decline of Islamism in Spain, and more particularly over the loss of the powerful city of Seville, which was taken in 1246 by Ferdinand III., the king of Castile. The piece, as I give it here, is somewhat abridged. Though I have availed myself of the excellent translation of M. Grangeret, I still thought that I might be permitted to modify it with reference to my purpose. It is as follows:

"Whatever has reached its zenith must decrease; therefore, O man! do not permit thyself to be seduced by the blandishments of life!"*

* The piece forms part of an article on the Arabs in Spain by Grangeret de la Grange in the "Journal Asiatique," and is found in vol. iv. of the First Series, p. 367.—*Ed.*

"The world is a perpetual revolution; and if the present brings an enjoyment, the future will bring sorrows."

"Nothing, here below, persists in the same state..."

"Time destroys the cuirass, on which the lances and the swords were blunted."

"There is no sword which time does not lay bare (unsheath) and break, and were it even the sword of Dzou-yazen, were it a sword which had the fortress of Gomdan for its scabbard."

"Where are the powerful monarchs of Yemen? where are their crowns and diadems?"

"The inevitable destiny has seized them."....

"This destiny has made kings, kingdoms, and nations what they are now, something that has resemblance to the phantoms of sleep."

"There are reverses for which one may console himself, but the reverses of Islamism admit of no consolation."

"A remediless disaster has smitten Andalusia, and with Andalusia the whole of Islamism."

"Our cities and provinces are deserted...."

"Ask Valencia what has become of Murcia; where are Jaën and Xativa?"

"Ask where Cordova is now, the abode of knowledge, and what became of all the men of genius who flourished there?"

"And where is now Seville, with its delights, with its grand river of pure sweet water?"

"Cities magnificent and proud, ye were the pillars of the land; must not the country crumble to ruins, when it has lost its pillars?"

"As the lover bewails his lady-love, so Islamism bewails its provinces deserted, or inhabited by Infidels."

"There where the mosques stood, stand now the churches with their bells and crosses."

"Our sanctuaries are nothing but brute stone, and still they weep! Our pulpits are but senseless wood, and yet lament!"

"O thou, who heedest not Fortune's monitions, thou art perhaps asleep, but know that Fortune remains awake!"

"Thou marchest proud of, and enchanted by thy country! But can a man still have a country, after the loss of Seville?"

"Ah! this misfortune makes one forget all those which have preceded; and none other will ever cause us to forget it."

"O ye, who mount swift coursers, flying like eagles between the clashing swords;"

"O ye, who carry trenchant glaives from India, glittering like fires across the eddying night of dust;"

"O all ye, who beyond the sea are living in peace, and finding in your abodes glory and power;"

"And have you then not heard the news from Andalusia? Yet, messengers departed to announce to you our misfortune."

"How many unlucky men have implored your succor! But not one of you has risen to assist them, and they are dead or captives."

"Pray, what does this division signify among you, who all are Mussulmans, all brethren and servants of God?"

"Are there not among you proud souls and generous? And is there no one to defend religion?"

"Oh, how they now are humbled by the Infidels, these Andalusians, erewhile so glorious!"

"Yesterday they were kings in their own homes; to-day they are slaves in the land of unbelievers."

"Ah! hadst thou witnessed how they wept when they were sold, grief would have made thee lose thy reason."

"Ah! who could endure to see them thus distracted, without a guide, without any raiment but the rags of servitude?"

"Who could endure to see mountains between the infant and its mother, like a barrier between soul and body?"

"To see, fair as the sun, when it is rising, all coral and all ruby."

"Young damsels, with tearful eyes, with hearts ready to break, dragged on by the Barbarians to servile labor?"

"Oh! at such sights all hearts would rend with grief, had yet our hearts a vestige of religion left."

Among the pieces of the Troubadours relating to the wars of the crusades, which might be put in comparison with the Arabic piece, I will specify one in particular, of which the reader will doubtless have some recollection. It is that of the Provençal Templar, deploring the disasters of the year 1265. These disasters were probably still greater, still more irreparable to the Christian powers of Syria, than was the taking of Seville to the Arabs of Andalusia. And this circumstance is to be marked, as one which is calculated to render the contrast between the two pieces more salient.

That of the Templar was dictated by spite and anger; it is a bold and animated satire, in which the humiliated pride of chivalry blames God himself for its disappointments and reverses, and is ready to suspect the verity of a creed, the defenders of which are defeated in battle by the adherents of another creed. The Arabic piece, on the other hand, is pervaded by a melancholy sentiment of the nothingness of human things, by a religious faith which its material reverses do not shake, by a profound resignation to the decrees of Necessity, a resignation which still does not go so far as to prevent the effusion of the liveliest sympathy for the affronts and the misfortunes of the country. We

discover in this piece the work of a poet, trained under the influences of a high civilization, while in the piece of the Templar there is something that resembles the relics and reminiscences of barbarity.

With respect to the form, the differences between the two pieces is no less marked and no less characteristic; but here the comparison would perhaps turn out to the advantage of the Provençal piece, the execution of which, though less brilliant, less ingenious, and less refined, is in return much simpler, more lively, and more bold.

From all that I have said on the religious songs of the Provençals relating to the crusades, it will undoubtedly appear that this subject, taken in earnest, was a little above the lyrical genius of the Troubadours—a genius which was enthusiastic, original and graceful, but at the same time infantile, petulant, and rather believing than religious.

There were other wars which these poets sung with more partiality and talent than those of the crusades. These were the wars which daily arose between the feudal powers of the times, both great and petty. The prowess of chivalry, as exhibited in these wars, having nothing to do which required too much calculation, constancy or discipline, could shine in all its splendor, and freely follow its inspirations, nay, its caprices even—always sure of being admired and celebrated, whether it was successful or not so. Such wars were the real theme for the heroic poetry of the Troubadours.

The pieces which we have from them of this description are very numerous, and in producing examples the choice can be the only source of embarrassment. I shall limit myself to giving a few specimens, selected with a view to show the generic shades of difference by which they vary among themselves, and the decided opposition which distinguishes them from all those in which the preaching of the crusades was the theme.

I give here, in the first place, a very short one (it contains but thirty verses), from the pen of Bertrand de Born. It would take up too much of our time to determine its historical motive with adequate precision; but it is sufficient to know that the question turns on the moment when the war between Philip Augustus and Richard Cœur-de-Lion was about to break out, to the latter of whom Alphonso IX., king of Castile, was expected to bring succor. Transported with the hope of a fine, good war, Bertrand de Born gives vent to his joy in the following manner:

"I wish to make a *sirvente* on the two kings: we shall soon see which of them has the most chevaliers. Alphonso, the valiant king of Castile, I hear, comes to assist; and the king

Richard is going to spend gold and silver by bushels and by *setiers;* for he takes pride in spending and in giving, and is more eagerly intent on war, than the hawk is on the partridge."

"If the two kings are valiant and brave, we shall soon see the fields strewed with the wrecks of helmets and of shields, of swords and saddle-bows, of heads and shoulders cloven to the belt. We shall see wandering up and down chargers without their riders, lances projecting from the sides and breast of the wounded; we shall hear laughing and weeping, cries of distress and cries of joy; great will be the losses and immense the gain!"

"Trumpets and drums, standards, banners and ensigns, horses both black and white—this is the company we are going to live in! And a grand time will it be then! Then will the usurers be pillaged; nor will the pack-horse on the road be safe; nor will be seen a commoner, or a merchant coming from France, but what will tremble. Then will be rich whoever dares to take."

"Let but King Richard be triumphant! As for myself, I shall either be alive or cut to pieces. If I shall live, how great the pleasure of having conquered! but if I am in pieces, how charming the deliverance from every care!"

The species of martial frenzy which inspired these verses does not constitute their only merit. They are remarkable for a harmony, a rotundity and a vivacity of expression, which cannot well be felt except in the original. Bertrand de Born himself has written few more beautiful than these.

We have nevertheless pieces from several other Troubadours, which will sustain a comparison with this, and others that are but little inferior to it; and we may add, that, by a singularity which proves how natural this sort of martial dithyramb came to the Tyrtæuses of chivalry, this kind of Provençal poetry is the only one in which we would be embarrassed to instance a

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 176. Piece No. XVIII. 1–4.

Miez airventes vuielh far dels reys amdos,
Qu'en brieu veirem q'aura maia cavailhiera
Del valen rei de Castella 'N Anfos
C'ang dir que ven, e volra sodadiers;
Richartz metra a mueis e a aestiera
Aur et argent, e ten sa benanansa
Metr' e donar, e non vol sa fianaa,
Ana vol guerra mais que cailla esparviers.

S'amdui ll rei aon pros ni corajos,
En brieu veirem camps joncatz de qnartiers,
D'elms e d'escuts e de branz e d'arsoa,
E de fendutz per bustz tro ala braiera,
Et a rage veirem anar deatriera,
E per costatz e per piechz manta lanaa,
E gang e plor e dol et alegransa;
Lo perdr'er granz, e'l gasainhz er aobriera.

Trompas, tabors, aeinheraa e penoa
Et entreseinha e cavala blanca e niera
Verrem en brieu, q'el segles sera boa,
Que hom tolra l'aver als usuriers,
E per camis non anara aaumiera
Jorn afisatz, ni borjea aes duptansa,
Ni mercadiera qui enga dever Fransa,
Ans aera rica qui tolra volontiers.

Mas a'el reia ven, ieu ai en dieu fiansa
Qu'ieu aera vius o aerai per qartiera;
E ai aui vius, er mi gran benanansa,
E ae ieu mueir, er mi grans deliuriers.
—*Ed.*

really bad or insipid composition, abundant as are such instances in all the other kinds.

And it was not only the great feuds between king and king, or the battles fought by powerful armies, that inspired the Provençal poets with such animated songs of war; they sung with the same extravagant enthusiasm the wars between seignior and seignior, between château and château—those petty wars, where one might have counted the blows inflicted by the lance and sword. I have noticed a piece of this kind, which is so much the more curious, as it doubtless represents many others of the same description which have not come down to us. Its author is Blacasset, the son of Blacas, both of whom were Provençal seigniors of great celebrity in the poetic and chivalric traditions of their country.

The piece is none of the clearest, and the only copy we have of it is incomplete and full of errors. Thus much, however, is evident from its contents, that it was addressed to Amic de Curban and to Seignior d'Agoult, two Provençal castellans, who had a quarrel between themselves, which they were preparing to settle by force of arms. The object of the piece is, to exhort the champions to persist nobly in their project of bringing the matter to a warlike crisis, and by all means to guard against resorting to the vulgar methods of accommodation. He eulogizes each of them with equal unction; he naïvely manifests his eagerness to see them fight, and still more naïvely declares his resolution to espouse the cause of one of them, without saying which. The first and the last stanza of this piece will suffice to give us a conception of the whole.

"War's my delight: I like to see it commence! For 'tis by dint of war that brave men rise. War makes the nights pass rapidly; war brings us presents of stately coursers; it makes the miser turn liberal perforce; it obliges the powerful man to give and take away. War is an excellent dispenser of justice; it's my delight—war without end and without armistice!"*

* * * * * * *

"Oh, when shall I see, in some commodious field, our adversaries and ourselves arrayed in battle-line, and serried so closely, that the first fair shock would level with the ground a multitude on either side! Then many a squire would be cut to

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 215. Piece No. XLI. Strophea 1 and 4.

Gerra mi play quan la vey comensar,
Qar per gerra vey loa pros enansar,
E per gerra vey mantz destriers donar;
E per gerra vey l'escas larc tornar,
E per gerra vey tolre e donar
E per gerra vey las nueigz trasnuechar;
Don gerra ea drechuriera, ao m par,
E gerra m play ses jamais entreugar.
. . . . . .

Bel m'es q'ieu veia en un bel camp rengatz
Ela, et ill nos, per tal bruit ajostatz,
Q'al ben ferir n'i aia de versatz,
Aqi veirem manz airventz peceiatz,
Mantz cavala mortz, mantz cavaliers nafratz;
Se nulla non torna ja non serai iratz;
Mas vueilh murir qe viure deaonratz.
—*Ed.*

pieces, many a fair charger slain, and many a knight wounded. And were none destined to return, it matters not; the thought will not distress me: I would rather die than live dishonored."

The wars which the Troubadours sung and celebrated in this manner were not even always positive and determinate wars, petty or great; it was sometimes merely war in the abstract, the idea of war itself. The most exalted of all the war-songs of this kind is, perhaps, a piece attributed to Bernard Arnaud of Mantua, a Knight-troubadour, concerning whom nothing is known, except that he lived in the second half of the twelfth century, and that he was attached to the service of one of the counts of Toulouse. I subjoin here the three best stanzas of this song, which has but five of them.

"Spring never brings such charms to me, as when it comes accompanied by hurly-burly and by war, by trouble and affright, by grand displays of cavalry and booty. Then he who thus far was only wont to give advice and sleep, darts forth courageously, his arm already raised to strike." *

"I like to see the neat-herds and the shepherds wandering through the fields, in such distress that none of them knows where to look for shelter. I like to see rich barons forced to be prodigal of what they had been stingy and avaricious. Then such a one is eager to impart what he had never dreamt of giving. Then such another honors the poor, whom he had been accustomed to despise. War forces every wicked seignior to a kindly disposition toward his own."

"There is not in the world so great a treasure, nor such exalted power, for which I'd give one of my gloves, were the exchange to turn to my disgrace. The coward lives no longer than the brave man: a life without renown is worse to me than death, and basely hoarded riches are beneath my honor."

I have now given specimens enough of the martial poetry of the Troubadours, to enable us to perceive how much more freely and more boldly the Provençal imagination displayed itself in these songs of daily warfare, than in the predications of the crusades.

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 254. Piece No. IV. Strophes 1, 2, 4.

Ancmais tan gen no vi venir pasoor,
Qu'el ve guarnitz de solatz e de chan,
E ve guarnitz de guerra e de mazan,
E ve guarnitz d'esmay e de paor,
E ve guarnitz de gran cavalairia,
E ve guarnitz d'una gran manentia;
Que tals sol pro cosselhar e dormir
Qu'ara vay gent bras levat aculhir.

Belh m'es quan vey que boyer e pastor
Van si marrit q'us no sap vas o s'an,
E belh quan vey que'l ric baro metran
So don eron avar e guillador,
Qu'ara dara tals que cor non avia,
E montara'l pages qu'aunir solia,
Que grans guerra, quant hom no i pot gandir,
Fai mal senhor vas los sieus afranquir.

* * * * *

El mon non a thesaars ni gran ricor
Que si'aunitz, sapchatz qu'ieu prezun gnan
Qu'aitan tost mor, mas non o sabon tan,
Avols cum bos; e vida ses valor
Pretz meyns que mort, a pretz mais tota via
Honor e pretz qu'aunida manentia,
Quar selh es folhs que se fai escarnir,
E selh savis que se fai gen grazir.

—*Ed.*

It remains now to add a few words on the proper use and the special destination of these songs; for there was scarcely any kind of lyric poetry among the Provençals which was not more or less strictly appropriated to some one of the habits of social or of private life.

The itinerant Jongleurs, who made a business of reciting the poetic productions of the Troubadours on their own account, not only frequented the cities, the market-towns and the castles, but they penetrated wherever they were sure of finding assemblages of men—into the fields, to the walls of beleaguered places, among the marching armies, playing on their different instruments, singing, seeking to rivet for a moment the attention of the men-at-arms. It is possible, that they may have sung there, as elsewhere, poems of every description, chansons of love, satiric verses, fragments of epic romances; but there is scarcely any doubt, but that the songs of war were more especially destined to be executed on occasions of this kind. To such a purpose they were admirably and at all times appropriate, but more especially to circumstances, when it was required to inflame the courage of the warriors, as for example at the approach of an assault, of a battle, or of any danger whatsoever. These songs were in fact well calculated to enhance, among those who heard them, the sort of savage impetuosity and of martial ardor, which the simple disposition to listen to them already presupposed. It must, however, be borne in mind, that in the motives which made these men find warfare so attractive and so beautiful, this martial ardor, this chivalric enthusiasm were far from constituting the only ingredients. The poets, the chevaliers, the barons themselves observe, that war obliged the feudal chiefs to treat with particular consideration all those who had it in their power to assist them in making it. They were required to be lavish of their money, their honors and their privileges, or in other words, to divide their power with those, whose services they needed to defend it; so that the society of this stormy period gained at least in liberty and moral dignity, that which it lost in calmness and repose.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LYRICAL POETRY OF THE TROUBADOURS.

II. SATIRE.

MORAL.

In the monuments of Provençal poetry anterior to 1150, one might search in vain for the least vestige of a systematic classification. Any and every lyric composition, whatever might have been its subject or extent, was simply denominated *vers ;* and this term was borrowed from the Latin *versus*, which in the rituals of the Christian churches was used to designate hymns not only rhymed, but constructed with the most elaborate and complicated interlacements of the rhyme and wholly after the manner of the Troubadours.

In the second half of the twelfth century, when the pieces of lyric poetry had multiplied to an incredible extent, it became necessary to establish some distinction among them. They were divided into two principal classes, the *cansos* and the *syrventes.* The first of these denominations comprised the songs of love and of chivalric gallantry, and this was the kind of poetry *par excellence*, from which the poet derived his chief glory and the high society its most fastidious enjoyments.

In regard to the name of the *syrventes*, it is to be remarked, that this was but a vague and we might say a negative term, employed to designate all those pieces which had not love for their subject, or those in which it was not treated with sober earnest. There is but one thing explicitly denoted by this epithet, and that is the moral and poetical inferiority of these pieces, as compared with others, with those which were conventionally and preëminently termed chansons, though both the one and the other were alike destined to be set to music and to be sung.

It thus appears, that this comprehensive name *syrventes* comprised and confounded several widely different species of lyrical compositions, as for example the crusade-songs and war-songs, which I have already detached into a separate group,

and which occupied our attention in the preceding chapter. It now remains for me to detach, in the same manner, the satires in the strict sense of the term.

The sirventes, to which the name of satire properly belongs, are in the first place so numerous and on the other hand so diversified in their character, that it is indispensable to distribute them into several groups, in order to treat of them summarily and with some little method. I shall therefore divide the satirical poetry of the Troubadours into two principal kinds, into the historical and into the ideal or moral satire. I propose to begin with the latter.

The moral satire of the Troubadours may be subdivided into the general and special, the first being directed against the general vices of mankind and tending to enforce the validity of the universally admitted notions of morality; and the second against the vices opposed to the local and particular system of morality, at that time predominant in the South, in other words, to the system of chivalry. This distinction, however, though a real one, will not be found to be either absolute or even clearly determined, and I shall endeavor to profit by its convenience without attaching too much importance to it.

As might be readily presumed, and as we have already had occasion to convince ourselves more than once, the moral ideas of the Troubadours were neither very profound, nor very definite. But the disorders and the vices of the society in which they lived were such, that the most ordinary notions of order and of justice were sufficient to enable one to perceive and to qualify them. They did not so much stand in need of precise and positive enlightenment in order to break their lances in the face of vices so unrestrained, so open and so proud of themselves, as they did of a general instinct of humanity, of a certain degree of moral courage and of social culture. And in these respects the Troubadours were not deficient.

By celebrating the ideas and the sentiments of chivalry, they had imparted to these ideas and to these sentiments a degree of fixity and of authority, to which they probably would never have risen without them. To have thus brought the virtues of chivalry into vogue, was already an important advance in social order. But they did not stop short here: they assailed with energy the injustice and the violence of the feudal power wherever they perceived it. This constituted the dominant theme of their satire, which, under a very general point of view, may perhaps be regarded as the first protestation, made in the Middle Age in favor of human liberty and dignity against the excesses of brutal force. The Troubadours spared no one; under whatever title a power might present itself,

whether under that of pope, or king, they assailed it from the moment when in their opinion it dishonored itself or transgressed its limits. Several of their number became also the victims of the boldness, with which they expressed themselves at the expense of the great personages of their times.

In this moral and social point of view the satirical poetry of the Provençals is a very interesting phenomenon, but one which appertains rather to the history of civilization than to that of literature. In a purely literary connection, it cannot have the same importance. The stiffness and the monotony, which are perceptible more or less in all the forms of Provençal poetry, recur in this too. But here, as elsewhere, these defects are strongly counterbalanced by original beauties, which deserve to be known.

There is a multitude of Troubadours, who have composed satires, more or less vague, more or less general, on the manners and morals of their time; and so far from being able to make them all known, I cannot even speak of the small number of those who merit this honor more particularly, as for example Pierre d'Auvergne. I have selected as the representative of all of them in general, the one whom I regard as the most distinguished, both in regard to character and talent. This is Pierre Cardinal.

Pierre Cardinal was born at Puy, in the ancient province of Velai, and was descended from a very distinguished family of the country. His parents, who designed him for ecclesiastical dignities, had him educated in accordance with this intention. But having arrived at the age of discretion, and feeling himself, says his biographer, handsome, young and gay, Peter gave himself up to the vanities of this world, and turned his attention to inventing (*trobar*) fine arguments and songs; or in other words, he embraced the profession of a Troubadour. But he was one of those Troubadours of high rank, who constituted, as it were, the noblesse, the aristocracy of the order, and who had in their pay Jongleurs, whom they sent about everywhere for the purpose of singing their verses, and who made themselves welcome and respected in all the courts.* Pierre Cardinal frequented more especially those of the kings of Aragon and of

* "Et anava per cortz de reis e de gentils barons, menan ab si son joglar que cantava sos sirventes. E molt fo onratz e grazitz per mon seignor lo bon rei Jacme d'Aragon e per honratz barons." Raynouard, vol. v. p. 302. Of the estimation, in which the sirventes of this poet were held by his contemporaries, as represented by his biographer, the following passage may serve as an example: "En los cals siventes demonstrava molt de bellas razos e de bels excmples, qui ben los enten, quar molt castiava la follia d'aquest mon; e los fals clergues reprendia molt, segon que demonstron li sieu sirventes." Of the historical sirventes of the Provençal poets Raynouard has given us LVII specimens, of those which the author of this work calls *moral*, LX specimens, which the student will find in vol. iv. page 139–393. Remarks upon the character of the sirvente with some specimens are contained in vol. ii. p. 206–221.—*Ed.*

the counts of Toulouse. He died before the close of the thirteenth century, and as his biographer affirms, at the advanced age of nearly a hundred years.

Pierre Cardinal was one of that small number of Provençal poets, who were unacquainted with the charms of love, or who at any rate abstained from singing it. So far was he from doing this, that in a piece of his, which is yet extant, he congratulates himself, with considerable display of piquancy, on being an exception to his poetic contemporaries in this respect. "'Tis now," says he, "that I can be content with love; for now it robs me neither of my appetite nor of my sleep; I experience neither heat nor cold from it; I neither gape nor sigh on its account. . . . . I say not that I love the fairest of the ladies, I do not pay her any homage, and I am not her captive; I, on the contrary, boast of exemption from all servitude."

Pierre Cardinal was a man of a high-minded and generous nature, who could not be a witness to iniquity without being incensed at it, and whose vocation it was to expose and stigmatize it whenever he saw it—a laborious task in an age in which individual forces were, at every instant, outweighing and controlling that of society. He expressed himself nobly in this respect in many a passage of his poems. "On the day when I was born," says he somewhere, "the part allotted to me in life was to love the good, and to hate injustice and all wickedness. I thus endure the penalty for the sins of others, and I'm tormented by their errors."

He also shows himself occasionally preoccupied with the dangers to which his frankness was exposing him. "I suffer," says he in another place, "I suffer more than if I wore haircloth round my body, when I see wrong and violence done to any one, and that because, from fear of the power and the haughtiness of men, I dare not cry out at the violence or wrong."

It is probable that Pierre Cardinal exaggerates here modestly his circumspection in regard to his wicked contemporaries. The satires, which we have of him, no matter whether they are directed against the higher castes of society or against powerful individuals of these castes, exhibit so much boldness and vivacity, that we can scarcely believe him capable of the caution of which he accuses himself.

In order to adhere as strictly as possible to the plan of this survey, I shall choose the specimens, which I can give of the satirical sirventes of Pierre Cardinal, from among those, which treat of the most general subjects. The following is one of considerable originality of detail, though its ground-work is vague and common.

"I have always detested treachery and deceit; I've taken ustice and truth for my guide; and whatever may be the conequences of this my resolution, I shall deem good and be conent with whatever may result from it. I know that there are nen who are ruined for having been upright, and others who rosper for having been treacherous and perverse; but I know lso, that no one ever rises to this prosperity of the wicked, uness, it is to fall again sooner or later."*

"The men in power have the same compassion for others, vhich Cain had for Abel; there are no wolves more ravenous han they; there is no abandoned woman that takes more delight n falsity. If one were to stave them in two or three places, believe not that a single verity could come out of them; nothing but falsehoods would come out; their heart contains spring of it, which bursts forth and inundates, like the surges of a torrent."

"I know many a baron in many a high position, who figures here like glass in a ring; to take such for diamonds would be n error, like that of buying a wolf for a lamb. There is no tandard nor weight, like that of the adulterated currency of Puy—pieces, the face of which exhibits the effigy of the flower nd of the cross, but where you find no silver, when you come o test them."

"I will propose a new agreement to the world, from the rising to the setting sun. To every honest man I'll give a bezan or a nail, which every rogue shall give me. To every courteous personage I'll give a mark of gold, for every copper, Tours urrency, which every discourteous man shall give me. Let every liar give me an egg, and I will give a mountain of gold o every man of veracity."

"It would not require a large piece of parchment, on which to vrite the whole of the law, practised by the masses of mankind. The half of the thumb of my glove would be sufficient or it. A cake would be enough to satisfy the appetite of all honest nen; they are not those who raise the price of living. But if any one were to desire to feast the wicked, all he would have o do would be to cry in every direction, without regard to person: 'Come, come to eat, ye brave men of this world!'"

The following piece, as general in its character as the last, in

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 347. Piece No. XL. Strophes 1–5.

Tos tempa azir falsetat et enjan,
Et ab vertat et ab dreg ni capdelh,
E si per ao vauc atras o avan,
No m'en rancur, ans m' es tot bon e belh,
Qu'els uns dechai lialtatz mantas vetz,
E'ls autres sora enjans e mala fea;
Mas si tant es qu'om per falsetat mon,
D'aquel montar dissen pueya en preon.

Li ric home an pietat tan gran
De paubra gen, com ac Caym d'Abelh;
Que maia volon tolre que lop no fan,
E mais mentir que tozas de bordelh:
Si 'ls crebavatz en doa locx o en trea,
No ua engeasetz que vertatz n'issis gea
Mas messongas, don an al cor tal fon
Que sobrevertz cum aigua de toron.
Etc., etc.—*Ed.*

so far as it likewise relates to a mere abstract collection of individuals, is nevertheless definite and special in the sense of being exclusively directed against a particular vice, against that of falsehood. It is neither less ingenious nor less animated in its details than the preceding, and its diction is perhaps still more elegant and more graceful. Although it must necessarily lose many of its beauties in another costume, I will nevertheless endeavor to translate it.

"I never heard a Breton or Bavarian, a Greek, a Scotchman or a Gaul, who was as difficult to be understood, as is a shameless liar. There is no Latinist at Paris, but who would stand in need of a diviner, to know when such a man speaks what is true and when he lies."*

"How were it possible, indeed, to comprehend a being endowed with speech, whose words are all nonentities, and which we know are false? By its fruits we know the tree, and by its odor we know the rose without even seeing it. Thus falsehood reveals a heart that is treacherous and base."

"I am acquainted with more than thirty, whose purposes and thoughts I am utterly unable to comprehend; for their speech is vanity, their oath is but a snare. No sooner have they sworn that they'll remain, than they make preparations to decamp. May God protect me against their oath!"

"I know a certain man, whose body is replete with falsehoods. He rattles them out three by three, twenty a day, five hundred per month, six thousand by the end of the year. I never saw such an enormous luggage in so small a space, nor such a small space always so full. Each night replenishes the void of every day."

"Ye master artisans of falsehood! the air which ye inspired was pure, and free and fresh, but ye exhale it in lies more fetid than manure. Like forgers of base money, ye coin deceitful words out of your deceitful inclinations, and from your false proceedings you deserve to reap a false reward."

The satirical sirventes of Pierre Cardinal contain three or four pieces under the rubric of sermons—a rubric which they deserve in every respect; for they are moral exhortations which have every appearance of having been intended to be sung in public. One of these pieces is a fiction of great originality, and equally beautiful both in a poetical and in a moral point of

* Raynouard, vol. v. p. 308. (Fragment).

Anc no vi Breto ni Baivier . . .
Que tan mal entendre fezes
Cum fai home lag messorguier;
Qu'a Paris non e latinier,
Si vol entendre ni saber,
Quoraa ment ni quoras ditz ver,
Que devis non l'aia mestier . . .
Al frug conois hom lo fruchier;
Si com hom sent podor de fermorier
Al flairar, ses tot lo vezer.
Aissi fai lo mentir parer
Lo fals coratje torturier.
—*Ed.*

view. I propose to translate it; for this piece, being of a simple and earnest style, can be rendered without losing any thing, except the effect of the versification and of the rhyme, which in this instance is very inconsiderable.

"There was a city once, I know not which, where fell a rain so marvellous, that people who were caught in it, all lost their reason."*

"All but a solitary lucky man without companion; and he escaped, because he slept at home, when the prodigy took place."

"The rain having ceased, and this man being roused from sleep, he went at large, and found the world around him perpetrating follies."

"The one was dressed, the other nude; the one was spitting against heaven, the other hurling stones, the other darts, another tore his clothes."

"This one would strike, that one would push, this other one, imagining himself a king, would hold his sides majestically, and still another one would leap over benches."

"Such a one menaced, such a one cursed another, such a one would talk, not knowing what he said; another eulogized himself."

"Who was amazed, unless it was the man who had remained in his sound senses? He was indeed aware that they were fools; he looked above, he looked below, to see if he could find a man of sober mind, but a man of sober mind could not be found."

"He continued to be amazed at them; but they were still more amazed at him, imagining that *he* had lost his reason."

"Whatever *they* did seemed rational to them; and what the poor sage ventured to do otherwise, they judged insensate."

"They then began to beat him: one struck him on his cheek, another against his neck, half breaking it."

"Some push him forward, and others push him back; he meditates flight from the midst of them; but the one pulls and and the other tears him. He receives blow after blow; he falls, he rises, and he falls again."

"Constantly falling, constantly rising, constantly fleeing, he reaches at last his home; a single bound and he is in! be-

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 366. Piece No. XLIX. (entire).

Una cieutat fo, no sai quals,
On cazet una plueia tals
Que tug l'ome de la cieutat
Que toquet foron dessenat.
Tug dessenero, mas sol us;
Aquel escapet e non plus,
Que era dins una maizo
On dormia, quant aco fo:
Aquel levet, quant ac dormit
E fon se de ploure gequit,
E venc foras entre las gens
On tug feiron dessenamens.
Etc., etc.—*Ed.*

smeared with mire, beaten half dead, and still delighted to have effected his escape."

"This fiction is an image of what passes here below. The unknown city is the world replete with folly. For, to love God, to fear him, and to observe his law, is man's chief excellence and wisdom. But this wisdom is lost in our day: a marvellous rain has fallen; it has caused to spring up a cupidity, a pride, and a wickedness, which have gained the mastery over all mankind. And if God perchance has saved any one from this calamity, he is considered crazy by all the rest; they hoot at and maltreat him, because he is not rational in their sense of the term; the friend of God pronounces them insensate in that they have abandoned the wisdom of God; and they, in their turn, find him insensate for having renounced the wisdom of the world."

Does not this fiction contain something grave and profound which does honor to the imagination of Pierre Cardinal, if, as everything authorizes us to presume, it is really of his invention? Fictions of this character are rare among those of the Troubadours.

Pierre Cardinal composed a large number of other pieces, several of which are not inferior in any respect to the three, which I have just translated. But these ought to suffice to give us some notion of his style and talent. Of all the Troubadours, he is perhaps the one in whom we might find most *esprit*, in a sense approximating the modern acceptation of the term. It seems to me, that the very pieces, which I have given as specimens, exhibit to us more than one trait in proof of this assertion; and among all those, which I have omitted to notice, there is perhaps not one, in which one might not find traits similar to these or even still more piquant. I think I can quote one or two of them. The following, for example, are the first eight verses of a sirvente, of which they constitute the best and most ingenious portion:

"As men lament over a son, a father or a friend, whom death has snatched away, so I lament the living traitors and evil-doers left in the world. . . . I weep o'er every man, however little he may be a debauchee or robber. I weep exceedingly, if he enjoys the advantage of his misdemeanors long; I weep still more, if he's not hung for them."*

A certain profound sentiment, which is rather indicated than

* Raynouard, vol. v. p. 305 (Fragment).

Aissi com hom planh son filh o son paire
Ho son amic, quant mort lo l'a tolgut,
Planc eu los vius que sai son remaznt
Fals, desleials, felons e de mal aire. . . .
Etc., etc., etc.—*Ed.*

expressed, constitutes the principal merit of these pieces. Here is another passage, where on the contrary the singularity of the expression constitutes the only merit of a very common thought. "A traitor is even worse than a ravisher," says the Troubadour, "for as a convert is changed into a shaven monk (*moine tondu*), so a traitor is changed into a wretch suspended (*un pendu*)."

The poetry of Pierre Cardinal would furnish us a multitude of examples and observations of this kind, had we the time to dwell on them. But this is not the case here; and we are obliged to survey from a somewhat more elevated point of view and in larger masses the different divisions of the lyric poetry of the Provençals.

I have, however, not yet quite finished my observations on Pierre Cardinal. Among the compositions yet extant from him, there is one which is too curious to be passed over without a few remarks.

The epoch of Pierre Cardinal was not a philosophical epoch, at least not in the south of France. The grand problem of human destiny, which since his time philosophy has propounded and discussed with so much profundity and eloquence, this grand problem, I say, had not yet been propounded and solved except by the Christian religion, in the age and country in question; and all the world, the poets as well as others, were depending on that solution.

Pierre Cardinal is the only one who seems to have had some intention of proposing and of solving it, in a sirvente, which an intention like this would alone suffice to render an object of curiosity, but which becomes still more so by virtue of its intrinsic excellence. I subjoin here the poem entire and in all its naïveté.*

"I wish to begin a new sirvente, which I shall recite on the day of judgment, in the presence of him, who has created me and drawn me out of nothing, in case he intends to accuse me of anything, or in case he wishes to lodge me among the wicked.

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 364. Piece No. XLVIII. (entire).

(1) Un sirventes novel vuelh comensar
Que retrairai al jorn del jutjamen
A selh que m fetz e m formet de nien;
Si'l me cuia de ren ochaizonar,
E si'l me vol metre en la diablia,
Ieu li dirai: Senher, merce no sia
Qu'el mal segle trebaliey totz mos ans,
E guardatz me, si us plai, dels turmentans.

* * * * *

(5) Ieu no mi vnelh de vos dezesperar,
Ans ai en vos mon bon esperamen;
Per que devetz m'arma e mon cors salvar,
E que m valhatz a mon trespassamen;
E far vos ai una bella partia,
Que m tornetz lai don muec lo premier dia,
O que m siatz de mos tortz perdonans;
Qu'ieu no'ls feira, si no fos natz enans.

(6) S'ieu ai sai mal, et en yfern ardia,
Segon ma fe, tortz e peccatz seria;
Qu'ieu vos puesc be esser recastinans,
Que per un ben ai de mal mil aitans.

—*Ed.*

I'll tell him: No, no, Lord, have compassion! Be pleased to defend me from the executioners of the pit, me, who have passed the years of all my life in tormenting myself in this wicked world, where thou hadst placed me."

"All the celestial court will be amazed on hearing my defence; I'll tell God, that it would be wronging his friends to think of destroying them or plunging them into hell. Whoever loses what he might gain, has no right to complain of poverty; God, therefore should be lenient and save his souls from death."

"He ought not to prohibit them from entering Paradise. Such interdiction would be a great dishonor to Saint Peter, who is its porter. It would be just, that every soul, desirous of an entrance, should enter there with joy. The court, where some are weeping and others laughing, is no longer a well regulated court. And however powerful a monarch God may be, if he does not receive us, the reason of such refusal will be demanded of him."

"He might with great propriety annihilate the devil; he would gain many a soul by it; this act of power would be acceptable to all the world; for my part, I should be most grateful for it; and as for him, he might, we all know, pardon and absolve himself for it. Do, therefore, good Lord God, annihilate our ruthless and importunate enemy."

"I shall not yet despair of thee; no, far from it; in thee I put my confidence; for thou must be my help in the hour of my death, and save my soul and body. If this is to be otherwise, then I'll propose the honest alternative: Restore me to the state, in which I was before my birth, and out of which thou took'st me, or else pardon my faults, which I should never have committed, had I not existed."

"If after having suffered here, I were to burn in hell, this would in my opinion be an injustice; for I can solemnly assure thee, that for one good, which I shall have enjoyed in life, I have endured a thousand ills."

We must not misapprehend the character of this singular piece; we must not see either pleasantry or irony in it. The author did not wish to convey anything of the kind. His language is popular and frequently borders on the burlesque; his idea is a vague and confused, but a grave and serious one. We perceive through the impropriety and the vulgarity of his words, that he imagines the existence of evil to be the consequence of a sort of dualism, but of a dualism which might be called an accidental one, and which God might at his pleasure reduce to unity. The piece may be to some extent a reflection of the heresy of the Albigenses, in the midst of which Pierre

Cardinal lived—a heresy which admitted two principles in the universe. At all events, it was quite natural, that this heresy, fermenting in a multitude of heads, should influence some of them to propose and to solve the grand problem of human destiny in a manner differing from that of Christianity. But I have digressed too far from my subject, and I must now return to it.

The moral satire of the Troubadours, in those cases even, when it is based on the most general ideas of social order and humanity, necessarily contains special allusions to the morality of chivalry. Nevertheless the former, being predominant in the kind of satire in question, determine its character, and ought also to determine its name, if it is to have one.

But among the satirical sirventes of the Troubadours, there are to be found some very remarkable ones, which properly deserve the name of chivalric satires. There are those, in which the censure and the praise have direct reference to the ideas and to the principles of chivalry as such. The most interesting of these pieces are from the last years of the twelfth century. If there was any epoch of the Middle Age, in the south of France, to which the epithet chivalric could be applied with greater propriety than to any other, it was undoubtedly this. It was then, in fact, that the majority of the chiefs of the feudal order flourished, who regarded the principles of chivalry in a serious light, and exerted the utmost of their power to apply these principles to the organization and the government of society. It was then, that the sentiment of love was experienced and celebrated with the greatest enthusiasm, and that the institutions of chivalry were nearest to the point of forming a systematic whole, exercising, as they did, an influence over the manners and the social relations of life, which was peculiar and distinct from every other.

And yet all the poets of this epoch, who endeavor to form an abstract idea, a more or less rigid theory of the system of chivalry, by a singular though easily conceived illusion, speak of it as having already lost some of its pristine splendor, and as continuing to decline rapidly. They would have been very much embarrassed to tell, in what place and at what time it had been in a more flourishing state. It was however true, that in reality it did not completely correspond with the ideal they had formed of it; hence in accordance with the general tradition of mankind, which always dreams of an ideal happiness and good in the past and under the form of a historical fact, the Troubadours assumed a golden age of chivalry already far removed from them, and depicted their own epoch as the iron age of the institution.

This poetic illusion manifests itself every moment and in twenty different ways in the poetry of the Troubadours, sometimes by rapid and isolated coruscations, sometimes by a full and entire effusion; often by melancholy regrets of the past, still oftener in accents of anger and of contempt for the present. It has inspired a great number of the finest verses of Provençal poetry.

Of all the Troubadours Giraud de Borneil is the one who has most freely indulged in this illusion, and who has turned its poetic advantages to the best account. I shall, therefore, borrow from him some examples of the kind of satire to which it has given rise. But I ought in the first place to recall to mind, that of all the Troubadours who deserve translation, Giraud de Borneil is the most difficult to be translated and the one who loses most by it. Here is for example, in the first place, an isolated stanza from one of his pieces, which might serve as an epigraph to many others.

"I gladly would, if I but could, but I cannot, forget (that which afflicts me), how the great seigniors have renounced all noble generous doings. Alas! to what extent a cowardly prudence has gained the mastery over them, which annihilates youth, hunts it down and frightens it away! I could not have believed, that in a thousand years valor and virtue could have fallen so low, as I perceive them now. Chivalry and love are no longer what they were; they have ceased to be the charm of noble souls, from the moment they began to pay attention to their misfortunes or their happiness."

Several of the pieces of Giraud de Borneil are, I repeat it, but a more or less poetic commentary on, the more or less varied development of, this melancholy fancy. The least that I could do, in order to finish my observations on this particular point of Provençal poetry in a suitable manner, will be to translate one of these pieces of Giraud. The following appeared to me to be one of the finest, besides having the merit of containing several allusions of great interest in regard to the general history of the poetic culture of the South.

"For a long time I have tried to wake up *solatz** from its sleep, and to restore exiled prowess to its home. But I've renounced the work, deeming it impracticable, and seeing my force and will more and more subdued by injuries and misfortune."†

* Soulas, i. e. bande, compagnie joyeuse.—*Dict. Acad.*

† Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 290. Piece No. XX. Strophes 1–7.

(1) Per solatz revelhar,
Quar es trop endormitz,
E per pretz qu'es fayditz
Aculhir e tornar,
Mi cuyel trebalhar;
Mas er m'en sui giquitz,
Per so quar sui falhitz,
Quar non es d'acabar;

"This evil will hereafter be difficult to endure. 'Tis I who tell you so, I, who know how courtesy and valor formerly were received. In our day chevaliers ride like villeins, without a lance, without care for adventures."

"Formerly I was wont to see barons in fine armor giving and following tournaments; and one might hear them sometimes discourse of those, where the finest feats had been accomplished. Their honor now consists in stealing cattle, sheep and lands. Oh! shame on every cavalier when he appears before his lady, who with his own hand drives the bleating flocks of sheep, or pillages the churches and the travellers!"

"The Jongleurs, whom once I saw received so graciously, are now discarded. They have lost the guides with whom they travelled formerly. And now that valor has declined, I see the Troubadours, who long marched at the head of numerous companions, in noble gorgeous attire, now solitary and forsaken."

"I have seen infant Jongleurs in elegant apparel, going from court to court, for the sole purpose of singing the praises of the ladies; but now they dare no longer sing, so much has gallantry declined! And instead of hearing the ladies lauded, we hear men speak ill of them. Say it's their own fault, say, that it is the fault of the chevaliers; but I say, it's the fault of all, if there is no longer any faith or glory in love."

"As for myself, who have heretofore been ever ready to celebrate in my songs every gallant and courteous man, I know no longer which side to take, when instead of the accents of joy I hear displeasing cries at all the courts. They now receive at the courts a frivolous tale with equal favor and applause, as they do a noble song on the grand events, on the exploits of past ages."

"Moreover, it serves no purpose now, to recall those ancient noble deeds and exploits long forgotten, in order to reanimate hearts, that are sunk too low. I've formed the resolution to remain silent, and I shall keep it; I shall no longer relapse into the wish, of which I've cured myself, to wake up gallantry and *solatz* from their sleep. Hereafter it will be enough for me, to turn and to revolve, to balance and to test, in every sense, within my mind, whatever transpires in the world, approving or condemning, according to desert."

Cum plus m'en ven voluntatz e talans,
Plus creys de lai lo dampnatges e'l dans.
* * * * *

(7) Mas a cor afrancar,
Que se 's trop endurzitz,
Mon deu hom los oblitz
Ni'ls viels faitz remembrar,
Que mal es a laissar
Afar pus es plevitz,
E'l mal don sui guaritz
No m qual ja mezinar,
Mas so qu'om ve, volv e vir en balans,
E prenda e lais e forss' e dams los pans.
—*Ed.*

Leaving aside the historical illusion, which is the motive of this piece, we cannot help admitting that its melancholy is of a graceful and a poetic caste, and that it presupposes a soul and an imagination of uncommon elevation. The verses are very beautiful, and among those which make us regret that the idiom in which they were written should now be entirely dead.

Now, whatever may be the shades of difference between the several specimens, which I have just given of the moral or ideal satire of the Troubadours, we will still have been able to observe that they are pervaded by a certain identity of style, of taste and sentiment, on the strength of which we may affirm that they all belong to the same school, to the same epoch, to the same country, and that they are the manifestations of one and the same genius. It is however not without importance to remark, that there are other Provençal compositions of the kind, in which the general characteristics of the school and of the epoch disappear almost entirely under the impress of an independent and capricious individual genius, ignoring or disdaining the conventional rules and limits of his art as observed and practised in his time. Such are, for example, several pieces of the same Marcabrus, of whom I have already spoken several times, and of whom I would have to speak again here, had I the time to do so. Such are more particularly those of another Troubadour, whom I have named elsewhere and concerning whom it is now proper to say something further.

This Troubadour was a monk, and is only known under the name of the Monk of Montaudon. He was from the château of Vic, near Aurillac in Auvergne. His father, a nobleman of the country, having undoubtedly other sons besides this one, made him enter the celebrated monastery of Aurillac. This was, however, by no means the vocation of the young man; still he suffered himself to become what his superiors wished, apparently under the consoling conviction, that the habit of the monk would not prevent him from leading the life of pleasure for which he felt himself born.

Soon after having entered the cloister, he was made prior of Montaudon, a monastery in the neighborhood of that of Aurillac, and dependent on it. Being now at liberty to follow his natural bent for poetry, he there began to compose pieces of verse of every description, and particularly sirventes on the events which excited some talk in the country. These pieces, full of animation and of sprightliness, soon made him known in the neighboring castles. The barons and chevaliers of the country rescued him by a sort of violence from his monastery, and vied with each other in feasting him, and in loading him with presents.

The monk preferred pleasure to money; he used his credit only for the good of his priory, which, poor as he had taken it, he soon had made a rich one. Believing that by these services he had acquired a claim to the indulgence of his abbot, he addressed to him what certainly must be regarded as the strangest request that a monk ever made of his superior; he asked his permission to lead in future the kind of life which the king of Aragon was anxious to prescribe for him.

The abbot, who was probably a secular abbot, that is to say, a warrior and chevalier, such as there were many at that time at the head of rich monasteries—the abbot, I say, made no difficulty about complying with his request.

The king of Aragon, who knew the monk, if not personally, at least by reputation, directed him to live in the world, to indulge in good cheer, to compose verses, to sing and to love the ladies. Never was a royal decree better observed than this; the monk of Montaudon followed more freely than ever his worldly and poetic propensities, and was made seignior of the court of Puy. It was a singular office, this seigniorship of the court of Puy; and it is so much the more natural to say something further about it, as the fact to which it relates is at once very little known and extremely curious in regard to the history of Provençal poetry and civilization.

In the twelfth century, and during a part of the thirteenth, Puy, which was then called Puy or Mount St. Mary, was the place where the most chivalric festivals were celebrated periodically. The barons, great and small, the chevaliers, the Troubadours, the Provençal Jongleurs flocked together there from every part of the South, so that for a number of days in succession all the beauty and the gallantry of the country would be united there as at a single court. Besides the martial challenges of the tournaments, there were also poetic challenges on these occasions, or tournaments of the Troubadours, and prizes were awarded to the victors in the latter as well as in the former.

Festivals like these always involved enormous expenses, and thus furnished the seigniors of the South with opportunities for displaying that magnificent liberality, which was at that time reputed one of the highest virtues of chivalry. Among these seigniors there was always to be found one, who was ready to incur the risk of ruining himself by voluntarily assuming the responsibility of defraying all the expenses of the festival, and there was a regularly established ceremony for declaring one's resolution to this effect. In the midst of a hall of vast dimensions, when all the barons who had come to the festival were assembled, there was seated an isolated personage, who was

holding a hawk on his fist. The baron, whom his heart prompted to signalize himself by such an act of magnificent liberality, stepped forward toward the hawk and took it upon his fist; and this was the mode of announcing to those present that he pledged himself to meet the expenses of the fête.

The personage charged with the business of holding and presenting the hawk on the day of the ceremony described, was called the Seignior of the court of Puy, and this was the office conferred upon the monk of Montaudon. The subsequent part of his life is but little known; we are only informed, that he retired to Spain in the end, where he lived for some time in favor among the kings and barons, and where he died toward the middle of the thirteenth century.

We have from him pieces of various kinds; but those of the satirical description are the only ones which deserve our particular attention. Some of them exhibit a singularly original and fantastical turn of imagination. Of this description are, among others, the two or three which he wrote against the usage, common among the ladies of his time, of painting their faces to excess, even, as it appears, when they did not stand in any need of any such adventitious ornament, which they applied simply for the purpose of appearing a little handsomer than nature had made them. I shall endeavor to give an analysis of them.

In one of these pieces, which is the oddest of them all, the monk of Montaudon supposes himself translated into Paradise, not in spirit, but in body and in his friar's frock, and present at the judgment-seat of God, before whom the different creatures, at variance with each other, are pleading their several causes, some as accusers and others as defendants.

After the adjustment of several cases on which I need not dwell here, a party of litigants of a very singular description appear in their turn before the supreme judge. They are the walls and vaulted ceilings of houses. These ceilings and these walls are alive; they speak and they have matters of grave importance to communicate. They come for the purpose of bringing a complaint against the ladies, who by making use of paint to embellish their faces, were no longer leaving any for them. The ladies are present in order to defend themselves, and the monk for the purpose of reporting the debate and the judgment.

This idea, in which we might say that there was something Aristophanic, is incontestably the most characteristic and the most striking feature of the piece. Its execution is harsh, dry and crude, but lively and ingenious. The following are some passages from this extravagant production.

"A litigation has commenced between the ceilings and the ladies; the ceilings speak first and say:

"Ladies, we have been dead and annihilated ever since you've taken away the paint. It is a grave misdemeanor in you to color and varnish yourselves to such excess; and we have never seen at any other time, that it was customary thus to illuminate one's self."

"And the ladies replied, that this privilege was conceded to them more than a hundred years before there ever was any such thing as a ceiling in the world, either great or small."

"There is one lady among the rest, who says to the ceilings: your complaint is an unjust one. Have I not the right to paint the wrinkles below my eyes? When they are well effaced, I still can act the part of haughty dame with many an amorous knight, who takes a fancy to such ornament."

"God then says to the ceilings: Provided you have no objection, I will accord to the ladies the permission to paint themselves for twenty years, after their twenty-fifth."

"But the ceilings demur: We can not consent to this, they say; but simply to oblige you, we will concede them ten years for painting, and we demand security."

Thereupon Saint Peter and Saint Andrew interpose between the parties for the purpose of settling the matter in dispute. The difference in regard to the times, during which the ladies were to have the privilege of applying rouge, is divided by two; and it is agreed that the term shall be fifteen years. Under this condition the agreement is concluded: the ladies and the ceilings pledge themselves by oath that they will observe it, and then both parties withdraw.

But scarcely have they returned to their homes, when the ladies begin again to violate the compact most unscrupulously, by continuing to paint themselves far beyond the term accorded to them. From morning till night they are busily engaged in preparing colors and pastes of various sorts, of which the poet deligently enumeratcs the multitudinous ingredients, the price of all of which is raised by this sudden increase of the demand. The monk would willingly and patiently submit to this enhancement of the price; but he cannot pardon that of saffron, which has become so scarce that it is no longer possible to find any for the kitchen.

The following piece is supposed to form the sequel to the foregoing. It is far more elegant in its execution and much clearer in its details—too clear even to make it possible for me to translate the whole of it. But the portion, which I can translate, is worth the trouble, as it furnishes us an example of the excess to which the unlimited freedom of imagination would sometimes carry the Troubadours.

"The other day, I peradventure was in the parliament of God, where I heard the ceilings lodge a complaint against the

ladies, who by painting their visages had enhanced the price of paints." *

"(I have returned there since) and God told me frankly: Monk, I hear the ceilings are suffering an encroachment on their rights. Go quickly down, for the love you bear me, and in my name command the ladies to desist from painting; I want no more proceedings on the subject; and if they continue to paint in spite of my command, I shall myself go and erase their work."

"Gently! Lord God! I then replied, thou oughtst to have a little more indulgence for the ladies. 'Tis nature that prompts them to adorn their countenances; this ought not to displease thee, and the ceilings ought not to have complained, or quarreled with the ladies on this account, who can no longer endure them."

"Monk, God then replied to me, it is a great folly and a mistake in you to approve, that my creature should adorn herself against my wish. The ladies would be as powerful as I am, if, while I make them grow older every day, they could rejuvenate themselves by painting and by glossing."

"Lord, thou speakest superbly, because thou knowest thyself in the possession of the power. Nevertheless there is but one way of preventing the ladies from painting themselves; it is to allow them to retain their beauty until they die, or else to annihilate all paints and every style of painting, so that hereafter there shall be nothing of the kind left in the world."

The debate is prolonged still further, but it becomes too cynical. I can only say, that the monk persists in his refusal to become the bearer of God's message, who at last resolves to let the ladies do as they please, with the reserve, however, of sending them a certain infirmity, extremely detrimental to their paints.

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 42. Piece No. XX. Strophes 1-5.

Autra vetz fuy a parlamen
El cel, per bon' aventura;
E'l vout fazion rancura
De las domnas que s van penhen;
Qu'ieu los n' auzi a dieu clamar
D'elhas qu'an fag lo tench carzir,
Ab que s fan la cara luzir
Del tench, com lo degran laissar.
Pero m ditz dieus mot francamen:
Monges, ben aug qu' a tortura
Perdon li vont lur dreitura. . . . .
Etc., etc.—*Ed.*

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LYRICAL POETRY OF THE TROUBADOURS.

VII. SATIRE.

HISTORICAL.

From the middle of the twelfth to the end of the thirteenth centuries, there was no lack of historical subjects for the satires of the Troubadours. The manuscripts are full of sirventes, some of which are directed against the men and others against the events of these epochs; so that the species naturally subdivides itself into personal and into general satire.

I do not intend to dwell on the first; I have not the leisure for it. But it is not without some regret that I pass over in silence a certain number of compositions of this class, remarkable for the energetic, though sometimes cynical and scurrilous sentiments by which they were inspired. The satires of William of Bergnadan, a Catalonian knight, are perhaps the most sprightly and the most poetical, but at the same time the most shameless compositions of the kind. He wrote among others two or three against a certain bishop of Urgel, who appears to have been his personal enemy. They are of such a character, that I should not venture to translate them, if I had room for them. I think, however, that I may be permitted to signalize them historically, as an evidence of the excess to which the reciprocal enmity between the feudal order and the clergy was carried during the thirteenth century, and as a specimen of what the poets dared to write against the priests. And it must not be forgotten, that what the poets wrote at that time was not destined to be looked upon in books, which scarcely any one would have read, scarcely any one knowing how to read. These compositions were set to music, and sung in all the castles and even in the cities among the commoners. We therefore scarcely know, which scandal is most to be wondered at, whether that of the vice or that of its revelation and its censure. I pass on to the general or public historical satire of the Troubadours.

The facts, to which they principally relate, are facts of a complex nature, the incidents of which were more or less varied and prolonged. They may be reduced to four principal events:

1st. The wars of the German emperors against the independence and the nationality of the Italians.

2d. The struggle between the kings of France and England for the supremacy in the provinces, at that time dismembered from the French monarchy and subject to English princes.

3d. The crusade against the Albigenses.

4th. The establishment of Charles of Anjou in Provence, which was the signal of a great revolution in the culture and in the social condition of that part of the South.

The Troubadours, who were contemporary with these events, took a more or less passionate interest in all of them. They judged of them after their fashion; they approved of or condemned them according to their ideas of morality, of social order and of humanity, and these ideas were sometimes vague and general, and sometimes special and local, or in other words chivalric. I propose to indicate in a very summary manner the impression which these events produced on them, and what results with reference to Provençal poetry attended the manifestion of these impressions.

And in the first place, with respect to the revolutions in Italy, we need not be surprised to see the Troubadours take a direct and lively interest in them. They were in the habit of frequenting, as we have already seen, the courts and the cities of this country; they had admirers, disciples and rivals there. Several of their number, after having once descended into the rich plains of Lombardy or into the beautiful cities of Tuscany, were so delighted with them, that they were unwilling to quit them again, and spent the remainder of their life there. There was hardly any need of so many reasons to induce men, who were naturally of such an ardent temperament and of so lively an imagination, to espouse the cause of one or the other of the two parties, which were then contesting their respective claims to the supremacy over Italy.

Among all the European nations, with which the Troubadours stood in relation, the Germans, who in the Provençal were denominated *Ties* (an alteration of the word *Teutschen*), were the one with which the Troubadours had the least sympathy. They found them brutal, coarse and discourteous. They had particularly a great prejudice against their language; and if any one perchance had told them, that this very language contained verses perhaps as elegant and as sweet as their own, they could scarcely have believed him. I do not remember now which one

of them, speaking of this idiom, compares it to the barking of dogs, and he is not the only one who treats it with this disdainful repugnance.

This being the case, it is not extraordinary that some of the Troubadours should have sided with the Italians against the Germans and against the emperors. Generally speaking, however, these poets were men of the court and of the castle, whose inclinations had nothing in common with democracy. It was particularly from the emperors whom they came to see in Italy, that they expected the best reception and the richest presents. The cause of the latter was therefore the one, which they were the most eager to embrace, and their victories those which they were fondest of celebrating in their songs. Their defeats were a source of astonishment and sadness to them; it was repugnant to their feelings to see chevaliers, warriors by profession, worsted by the commoners. This did not seem to them to be in order, and if they had been tempted to celebrate these victories of the commoners, the task would have embarrassed them, as a strange and novel one.

I think I may dispense with translating any of the satirical sirventes of the Troubadours relative to the feuds between the emperors of Germany and the Italian powers. These pieces may be of some interest in civil and political history, but I have met few, which were remarkable for any poetical merit, and I experience no very great regret at an omission by which the reader will sustain no loss.

This is not the case with the Provençal pieces relative to the various incidents, which happened during the struggle of Philip Augustus, first against Henry II. and subsequently against Richard the Lion-hearted. The majority of these pieces are by Bertrand de Born, one of the five or six most eminent Troubadours, who by his talent and his character exercised a more extensive influence over the powers and the events of his time than any other member of his profession. The picture of his life and the examination of his works deserve developments which I am unable to bestow on them. I shall content myself with translating the most important items of information which the Provençal traditions furnish us in regard to him; it will then be an easy matter to attach to this account a general idea of the satirical pieces of Bertrand.

"Bertrand de Born," says his ancient biographer, "was a castellan of the bishopric of Périgueux, viscount of Hautefort, a castle with a population of nearly a thousand men. He had a brother by the name of Constantine, who had a great desire to rob and to destroy him, and who would have succeeded in his attempt, had it not been for the king of England (Henry II)."

"Bertrand de Born was perpetually at war with all the seigniors of his vicinity, with the count of Périgueux and the viscount of Limoges, with his brother Constantine and with Richard (Cœur-de-Lion), who at that time was as yet only count of Poitiers. Bertrand was an excellent chevalier, an excellent warrior, an excellent Troubadour, an excellent lover of the ladies, well informed and a good talker, and well versed in the art of governing himself both in prosperity and in adversity."

"He was the master of the king of England, Henry II., and of his three sons, as often as he wished to be so. But he always endeavored to embroil them in wars against each other, the sons against the father and the brothers among themselves. He likewise did all in his power to involve the kings of France and England in quarrels; and during the intervals of peace between these monarchs he composed sirventes, in order to show the dishonor which each of them sustained from the conditions of this peace, and for the purpose of endeavoring to break it. By these means he excited feuds among them, from which he derived great advantages and great misfortunes. He composed only two chansons, but many sirventes. The king of Aragon (Alphonse I.) called the chansons of Girard de Borneil the wives of the sirventes of Bertrand de Born."*

In this notice the old biographer indicates the dominant trait of Bertrand's character very distinctly; it was an unbridled passion for war. He loved it not only as the occasion for exhibiting proofs of valor, for acquiring power, and for winning glory, but also and even more on account of its hazards, on account of the exaltation of courage and of life which it produced, nay even for the sake of the tumult, the disorders, and the evils which are accustomed to follow in its train. Bertrand de Born is the ideal of the undisciplined and adventuresome warrior of the Middle Age, rather than that of the chevalier in the proper sense of the term. The latter engaged in warfare with a moral aim, for social order and for peace, the former solely for the sake of war itself. When Bertrand had arrived at an advanced age he repented of the life which he had led, turned monk, and died in a convent. This pious end did not prevent Dante from assigning to the bellicose Troubadour a very low place in hell, where, as we know, he represents him as carrying his head in his hand after the manner of a lantern, a punish-

* The biographer continues: "Et aquel que contava per el avia nom Papiol. Et era azantz e cortes; e clamava Rassa lo coms de Bretanha; e'l rei d'Englaterra Oc e No; e'l rei jove so filh, Marinier. E metia tot son sen en mesclar guerras: e fes mesclar lo paire e'l filh d'Englaterra, tan qu'el rei jove fo mortz d'un cairel en un castel d'EN Bertran de Born," etc. The notice of his life and writings is extended from p. 76 to p. 97, of vol. v., Raynouard's Choix.—*Ed.*

ment symbolical of the crime of having alienated the chief from the members, that is to say, the father from his children.

The majority of the pieces of Bertrand de Born are a sort of martial dithyrambs, composed for the purpose of rousing to war those nobles over whom he had some influence or ascendant; and satires against his adversaries, against those whom he charged with cowardice when they did not yield to his instigations. We have already been able to form an idea of the former from what I have quoted in treating of the martial poetry of the Provençals; and this is now the place for giving some specimens of the latter; but I must forewarn the reader not to expect too much, as these specimens will necessarily be very inadequate. The argument of all the satirical pieces of Bertrand de Born being based on historical facts, and being even linked, for the most part, to certain curious and very little known particularities of these facts, it is impossible to make them understood or relished without a long commentary. All that I can quote therefore from these pieces will be a few detached passages, and not even those which are the most poetical, but simply those whose motive requires the least explanation.

I give, in the first place, four stanzas of a sirvente, in which the poet portrays in lively colors the habitual agitation of his life; it was composed after one of his returns from the perpetual wars which he was waging against the majority of the seigniors in his vicinity:

"Daily I am obliged to war, to exert and to defend myself, to put myself out of breath; on all sides they burn and pillage my domain, they uproot my trees and they assart my woods; they intermingle my grain with straw; and I have no enemy, coward or brave man, who does not come to assail me."*

"Daily I readjust, reprune, retouch our barons; I preach to them and urge them, I fain would temper their hearts anew. But surely I am a fool for undergoing such fatigue: pretending to reform them is tantamount to hammering the iron of Saint Leonard while it is cold."

"Talleyrand needs neither war-steed nor stallion; he never budges from his lair, nor has he anything to do with arrows or with lances. He lives a sort of Lombard-life, so cowardly and

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 142. Piece No. II. Strophes 4–7.

(4) Tot jorn contendi e m baralh,
M'escrim e m defen e m coralh,
C'om me fond ma terra e la m'art,
E m fai de mos arbres eyssart,
E mescla'l gra ab la palha,
E no i a ardit ni coart
Evemic que no m'assalha.

(5) Tot jorn ressoli e retalh
Los baros, e'ls refon e'ls calh,
E lur cug metre cor auzart,
E sui ben fols, quan, m'en regart,
Qu'ilh son de peior obralha
Que non es lo fers San Launart,
Per qu'es fols qui s'en trebalha.

(6) Talairans non trota ni salh
Ni no s mov de son artenalh. . . . .
Etc., etc.—*Ed.*

so effeminate; and when all others exert their prowess, he wont do anything but stretch himself and yawn."

"Mounted on my Bayard, I will appear at Périgueux, so close up to the wall that I might reach it with a beetle-blow; and if I there encounter some dull-brained Poitevin he'll soon find out how well my sword cuts. I'll make a breach in his head, through which the fragments of his helmet shall mingle with his brain."

I do not see precisely on what occasion Bertrand de Born composed against the barons of Limousin the sirvente commencing with the stanza which I am going to quote; but it was undoubtedly in some conjuncture, when they had but feebly responded to his warlike appeals; and his verses give an admirable picture of his contempt for those seigniors who were more pacific than himself.

"I'll make another sirvente still against our lazy barons; for never will ye hear me praise them. I've broken more than a thousand spurs on them without being able to make a single one of them either trot or canter. They suffer themselves to be plundered without a murmur! Oh, curses on these our barons! And what do they intend to do? There is not one among them but one might shear and shave him like a monk, or shoe him, like a beast, on hand and foot, without the use of trammels."*

The pieces from which these fragments are extracted have only reference to the private quarrels and wars of Bertrand de Born. In order to give now some specimens of greater historical importance, I shall select them from the pieces which he composed on the feuds between Philip Augustus and Richard Cœur-de-Lion. The two sovereigns took the field against each other in the year 1189, and their armies met in the vicinity of Niort, where they were only separated by the river Jaure. They remained fifteen days in the presence of each other, awaiting the moment of the conflict, and thus gave the ecclesiastics of both parties time to interpose and to negotiate a truce. Thus terminated, without a blow, a campaign, which was expected to become a bloody and a decisive one.

An ancient Provençal commentator of Bertrand de Born makes some curious reflections on the consequences of this unexpected peace. "The peace having been concluded," says he, "the two kings became avaricious, and were no longer willing to expend anything on men-at-arms, but only on falcons and

* Raynouard, vol.iv. p. 147. Piece No. V. Strophe 1.

Un sirventes fatz dels malvatz barons,
E jamais d'ela no m'auziretz parlar;
Qu'en lor ai fraiz mais de mil aguliona,
Anc non puoic far un correr ni trotar;
Ana se laissen sea clam deseretar.
Maldiga'ls dieus! e que cuian doncs far
Nostre baron? C'aissi com us confraire
No i es uns no'l poscatz tondr'e raire,
O sea congrenz dels quatre pea ferar.—*Ed.*

hawks, on dogs and on hare-hounds, on the purchase of lands and domains, and they began to harass their barons to such an extent, that these barons, those of France as well as those of king Richard, felt aggrieved and discontented with this peace, during which the two kings had become so parsimonious and mean."

In this state of affairs, Bertrand de Born wrote a piece, of which I can only translate the first two stanzas, the rest being too full of allusions which would require long explanations. But these two stanzas will suffice to show to what extent the Troubadour calculated on the influence of his warlike instigations.

"The barons being dejected and incensed at the peace, which the two kings have made, I will make such a song, that, when it shall be known and spread abroad, all will be eager to recommence the war. I do not like to see a spoliated king make peace before he has reconquered the possession of his rights."*

"The French and the Burgundians have exchanged honor for shame. Oh! cowardice on the part of a king in arms, to come to negotiate and plead upon the battle-field! King Philip would, I vow, have done much better to commence the fight, than thus to litigate, all armed, on the hard ground."

These reproaches of the Troubadour, which were intended for both kings, were not without their effect. Philip was not moved by them; but Richard took the field again, attacking, taking, burning both castles and cities of the domain of France. Bertrand de Born, who wanted to set the two kings to fighting at any hazard, wrote the following piece for the purpose of rousing king Philip to retaliate. It is of a more elevated tone than the preceding, and being moreover very short, I shall venture to translate it entire.

"I must compose a song which will spread rapidly, since the fire is already kindled and blood spilt by King Richard. I love the war which renders avaricious seigniors liberal; I like the kings, when they are menacing and proud; I like to see the construction of palisades and the building of bridges. I like to see them pitching their tents throughout the fields, and chevaliers in clashing conflict by hundreds and by thousands, so

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 170. Piece No. XV. Strophes 1, 2.

Pus li baron son irat e lor peza
D'aquesta patz qu'an faita li duy rey,
Farai chanso tal que, quant e apreza,
A quadaun sera tart que guerrey:
E no m'es bel de rey qu'en patz estey
Dezeretatz, e que perda son drey,
Tro'l demanda que fai aia conqueza.

Ben an camjat honor per avoleza,
Sezon qu'aug dir, Berguonhon e Francey;
A rey armat ho ten hom a flaqueza,
Quant es en camp e vai penre plaidey;
E fora mielhs, par la fe qu'ieu vos dey,
Al rey Felip que mogues lo desrey
Que plaideyar armat sobre la gleza.—*Ed.*

haughtily that men will sing of it when we are gone—they who compose chansons on martial feats."*

"I ought already to have received blows on my shield and to have dyed my white ensign in vermilion; to my sorrow I am constrained to stand aloof, and to wait until king Richard will treat me more generously. I can indeed, my helmet on my head, my shield upon my shoulder, combat in person for those I love. But I have no host at my command, no treasures to go warring at a distance."

"King Philip might have burnt at least one bark before Gisors, or overturned part of its wall. He might have made the attempt to take Rouen, and, beleaguering it from hill and valley, to hem it in so closely, that no messenger could have entered there, except a carrier-pigeon; one would have seen then that he is truly of the race of Charles, the most glorious of his ancestors, who conquered Apulia and Saxony."

"War can bring nothing but shame and dishonor to him who conducts himself effeminately. But since King Richard has already achieved such noble feats, since he has taken Cahors and Cairac, let him be careful not to surrender them. Philip would offer him all his treasures as a ransom. With such a heart as he brings to the war, he'll conquer. Munificient and contemptuous of repose, they all will submit to him, both enemies and friends."

I do not venture to multiply extracts, which can neither answer my design nor satisfy the expectations of my readers; and abstracting from the chronological order of events, I pass on to the satirical sirventes to which the accession of Charles of Anjou to the sovereignty of Provence gave rise.

Charles, a prince of a firm, but of a harsh and despotic character, introduced into Provence manners, ideas, pretensions and views, which were diametrically opposed to those of the men of the country. His government was also at first but a violent struggle against all the local forces, which assumed the attitude of au abrupt opposition to him, but which, acting in an isolated and disconnected manner, were destined to an ine-

† Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 177. Piece No. XIX. Strophes 1 2, 3, 4.

Non estarai mon chantar non esparja,
Pus N Oc e Non a mes foc e trag sanc,
Car gran guerra fai d'escars senhor larc,
Per que m sap bon dels reys, quan vey lur bomba,
Qu'en aion ops pals e cordas e pon,
E n sion trap tendut per fors jazer,
E ns encontrem a milliers e a cens,
Si qu'apres nos en chant hom de la gesta.

Colps n'agra ieu receubutz en ma tarja,
E fag vermelh de mon gonfainon blanc;
Mas per aisso m'en sofrisc e m'en pare,
Qu'EN Oc e No conois q'un datz mi plomba..... Etc., etc., etc.

The words Oc e Non are literally the Provençal for the French *oui* et *non* and the English *yes and no*. Here, however, and in many of his other pieces, Bertrand employs them as a proper name in disguise for Richard Cœur-de-Lion. See Raynouard, vol. ii. p. 213.—*Ed.*

vitable defeat. This struggle is but feebly indicated in history. The poetry of the Provençals, however, contains monuments, which give us a much livelier idea of it, and which besides this merit, are also possessed of that of an ingenious and poetical execution. Such among others is the following sirvente, composed by a Troubadour of the country, by the name of Granet, of whom however the Provençal traditions make no mention. The piece is addressed to Charles of Anjou himself, in the form of a remonstrance, and it portrays with considerable clearness the antagonism at that time existing between the spirit of the Provençals and that of the new chief of the country. The satire is so much the more piquant, as it is indirect and a set-off to the advice which is naïvely and honestly imparted.

"Count Charles," says the poet, "I wish to make you listen to a sirvente, of which the arguments are all verities. My profession is to praise the good, to reprehend, as they deserve, the wicked, and to expose the iniquity of all the world. It is your duty to defend me in my right; and if misfortune should result to me from it, it would be your part to see that justice is done me." *

"I will sing then, since this is my profession, and I will begin to sing of you. You are descended from the noblest lineage of the world, you are valiant, and you would be accomplished in everything, if you were but liberal. But you are not so. You have power and territory; you are fond of gallantry and joy; you are talented, of prepossessing manners and conversation, so long as you are not asked for anything."

"Learn, seignior count, that in this country every great baron suffers disgrace, when he allows himself to be robbed of anything without resentment. The dauphin has deprived you of your domains. Do therefore no longer seek what you've already found. Depart with all your army. Take lodgings along the rivers, across the fields and meadows, until the dauphin has given you satisfaction, or you have paid him in his own coin."

"You seem to me to meditate certain war, in which you will have great need of chevaliers and squires. If you wish, therefore, that the Provençals should serve you loyally, protect them

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 237. Piece No. LII. Strophes 1–5.

(1) Comte Karle, ie us vuelb far entenden
Un sirventes qu'es de vera razos:
Mos mestiers es qu'ieu dey lauzar los pros,
E dei blasmar los croys adreitamen;
E devetz me de mon dreitz mantener,
Quar mos dreitz es que dey blasmar los tortz:
E si d'aisso m'avenia nulh dan,
Vos per aisso en devetz far deman.
* * * * * * *

(5) Ar auran luec pro cavalier valen
E soudadier ardit e coratjos,
Elmes e brans, tendas e papallos
Escutz, ausbercx e bon cavalh corren,
E fortz castelhs desrocar e cazer,
E gaug e plor mesclat ab desconortz,
En batailla cazen, feren, levan
E vuelh o ben, e m play, sol qu'ien no y an.
—*Ed.*

against the violence of your officers, who commit many unnecessary cruelties. They resort to every expedient for extorting money. Besides, all our barons consider themselves as lost. Those to whom formerly was given, are now despoiled, nor do they dare complain of it to you."

"Be just, and you shall have a host of knights, of warriors courageous of adventure and of daring prowess; you shall have helmets and swords, pavilions and tents, shields, hauberks and fleet chargers. Then you can battle, and demolish forts and castles; then you will see fine frays, where some will groan and others shout, where falling, rising, striking, every one will do his best. All this will be delightful; with all this I am pleased, so long as I am out of it."

This piece of Granet contains but a sort of presentiment of the misfortunes and the vexations which were awaiting the Provence under the dominion of Charles of Anjou. The complete expression of the hatred of the Provençals for this dominion must be looked for in other poets. Boniface de Castellane, one of the inferior nobles, and one of the Troubadours of the country, has made this the theme of several sirventes, which, if they are not the most elegant and the most poetical, are at any rate the most violent and the most impassioned. The following are a few characteristic passages from one of them, where the poet expresses nearly as much indignation at the patience of the Provençals, as he does at the oppressive conduct of the French:

"Though the season be not gay, I still intend to make a sirvente of sharp words, against the recreant and the perverse. The French leave neither shirt nor breeches to these impoverished, sorrowful Provençals, to this craven and degenerate race of men." *

"Some they deprive of lands without any compensation. Others, the knights and squires, are sent as prisoners to the tower of Blaie, where they were wont to send the vilest bandits; and if they die there, so much the better for the French, who take possession of their property."

"Cowards and traitors have abandoned me with all their false adherents. But I'm not grieved at it; I shall not be the weaker for it. I shall maintain myself within my fortress with

* Raynouard, vol. v. page 109.

(1) Un sirventes farai ab digz cozens
E cui diray contra totz recrezens
Als Proensals paubres e cossiros
Que non lur laysson braya
Esti Frances a l'avol gen savaya. . . .
* * * *

(3) De trahidors, de fals e de glotos
Si son partitz de mi ab lurs fals gens,
E non o planc, qu'ieu non valray ja mens;
E attendrai, qu'enqner ai fortz maizos
Et ai ma gent veraya,
E'ls trahidors van s'en, dieus los deschaya. . . . .
Etc., etc., etc.
—*Ed.*

my gallant companions; and it matters little that the count is coming against me with his great forces."

"Whoever kills shall die. Thus says the Gospel. The day will therefore come, when the count will suffer for what he now inflicts on others."

"Let them then come to make war on me, and I shall send them back doleful and sorry. I'll bathe my sword in their blood, and I shall wear my lance into a stump upon them."

We perceive from these fragments, as we also know from history, that Boniface de Castellane attempted to resist the aggressions of the count of Anjou. The latter besieged his castle, captured him, and had him suspended from the gibbet. This was a fine subject for some other Troubadour to make another sirvente on!

It only remains now to speak of the satires of the Troubadours relative to the wars against the Albigenses. It will not be expected that I should indulge in any direct considerations on this war. This is a subject of such serious interest, that it is better not to touch it at all, than to rest content with a mere superficial treatment of it. Nevertheless, this history is by so many sides and so closely connected with that of the literature and the civilization of the south of France, that, however limited may be the space left me, I still believe it to be my duty to devote a part of it to a rapid indication of the general connection between these two histories, or, as we might call them, these two parts of the same history.

There is no doubt but that the immediate and principal cause of the crusade against the Albigenses was of a religious nature. A great heresy had invaded the South; it became more and more formidable to Catholicism. It was impossible for the latter not to use all the means then in its power to suppress it, and unhappily these means were means of material force, of armies and of crusades; it was war with all its hazards and all its scourges. But it is no less certain, that this heresy and this war were singularly aggravated by antecedents and by incidents which were altogether of a local character.

This great catastrophe was, in several respects, nothing more than a crisis of the ancient struggle between the feudal order and the clergy. Now, in this struggle, the Troubadours, who were likewise one of the powers of society, must of necessity have taken the part of feudalism—in other words, of chivalry, of knightly gallantry, of all the themes of the poetry of their age. By refusing to embrace the cause of the political chiefs against the clergy, they might be said to have denied their own origin and to have abjured their destination. Such an inconsistency they were very careful to guard against; the ardor and the unani-

mity with which the Provençal poets strove to stigmatize the ecclesiastical power, by the order and in the interest of which this war was carried on, constitute in fact one of the most notable of the phenomena of the war of the Albigenses. There is to my knowledge but one single Troubadour, mentioned in the Provençal traditions as having sided with the crusaders on this occasion; and this exception deserves attention as a solemn confirmation of the fact to which it relates. The Troubadour in question was neither deficient in talent nor in fame. His name was Perdigon, and he was born at Lesperon, a small borough of Gévaudan, and consequently subject to the count of Toulouse. The son of a poor fisherman by birth, he had, by a succession of good adventures, attained to the honors of knighthood; and he figured for a long time with distinction at the court of the dauphin of Auvergne, who had loaded him with riches.

He was probably in Provence or on the banks of the Rhone in 1208, the epoch at which the famous intrigue against the count of Toulouse, Raymond VI., began to be concerted, which may be considered as the first act of the war against the Albigenses. A deputation went to Rome for the purpose of denouncing the count and the heretics to the pope, and obtained permission to preach a crusade against them. This deputation consisted of William de Baux, prince of Orange (who was at the head of it), of Folquet de Marseille who had exchanged the lyre of the Troubadour for the mitre of Toulouse, and of the abbé of Citeaux, every one of them a personal enemy to Raymond VI. Perdigon was attached to the embassy and distinguished himself by the virulence of his zeal against his liege-lord and against the heretics. After his return to the banks of the Rhone, he composed a poem, in which he preached the crusade which had just been resolved upon, and assuming himself the cross, he assisted first at the capture and the massacre of Beziers and afterward at the battle of Muret.

King Pierre of Aragon, who was killed in this battle, had been one of the patrons and benefactors of Perdigon. From this moment, the Troubadour, who had already become odious by reason of all that he had done for the promotion of the crusade, became the object of general execration and his life was henceforward but a succession of bitter experiences. He lost, in a short time, one after the other all of his new protectors to whom he had sacrificed his old ones, William de Baux, the count of Montfort and the other leaders of the crusade. The dauphin of Auvergne deprived him of the lands which he had given him. He no longer dared to make his appearance at any court or in

any fashionable society; he ceased to make verses, which no one would have been willing to sing, had they been known to be by him. Proscribed, dishonored, dying from starvation, he had no other means left to escape the horror which his presence inspired, than to retire to some monastery in some secluded spot, and this even was not easily accomplished. He was forced to have recourse to the compassion of a Provençal seignior, of Lambert de Monteil the son-in-law of William de Baux, who procured him admission into Silvabela, an abbey of the order of Citeaux. There he died, we know not at what precise time, without having obtained the forgiveness or recovered the good will of any one. This melancholy end of the only Troubadour, who had imbrued his hands in the blood of the crusade against the South, will enable us better than anything else to understand, to what extent all the rest were opposed to this expedition, which for having been atrocious and sanguinary was none the less chimerical and disgraceful.

The pieces which the Troubadours composed expressly on this subject, and the incidental allusions which they make to it in their other pieces are very numerous, and nearly all of them directed against the clergy, to whom the disasters of the South were generally imputed. The French are likewise handled with a good deal of animosity; and this was neither to be wondered at nor was it an injustice, since they were the men who composed the nucleus and who furnished the general of the crusade. But it must be admitted, that the poetical merit of these pieces does not correspond with the energy of sentiment which dictated them. It seems even, that this energy, interested and impassioned as it was, was a particular obstacle in the way of art, and one which was destined to modify its object and effect. Against events and against men, which inspired the highest degree of hatred and indignation, every complaint, every censure, every clamor was good, of itself alone and independently of the talent of its author. Thus violence too easily usurped the place of beauty.

Among the multitude of pieces, composed with reference to these melancholy events, there are but few, if we except those by Pierre Cardinal, which are yet pervaded by a certain freedom of imagination, by a certain elegance of execution; and it is from these, that I shall borrow a few passages, for the purpose of giving some idea of the species of poetic action and reaction, which took place in the countries of the Provençal tongue against the furious excesses of the crusade. The following extract from a sirvente relative to this subject contains some very remarkable traits in illustration of it.

"Who wants to hear a sirvente woven of grief, embroidered with anger? He has only to ask me for it; I have already spun it, and I shall know how to warp and weave it well. I can distinguish the good from evil; I love the good and the valiant, and I abhor the treacherous and the perverse."*

"I keep myself aloof from those perfidious clerks, who have amassed for their own benefit the haughtiness, the frauds and the cupidity of all the world. They have created a monopoly of treason, and by dint of their indulgences they have extorted from us what little had been left us. And what they once have got possession of, they guard with jealousy. Nor God nor man can see anything more of it."

"Dream not of being able to correct them: the higher is the rank they hold, the less their faith and the greater their fraud, the fainter their love, the more flagrant their cruelty."

"Well might we bury all the chevaliers, so that there would be no more talk of them. Henceforth they will be so much detested, that their life will be worse than death to them. They suffer themselves to be trampled on by the priests, to be plundered by the kings, and at the rate they now proceed with them, they cannot have much longer to endure."

"By pillaging the churches, and by invading all the rest, by lying and deceiving, the godless clerks have become the masters of the world and trodden under foot those who should govern them. Charles Martel understood the way to curb them; but they now see that the kings of our day are stupid kings. They let them do whatever they desire, they suffer them to honor whatsoever should be branded with disgrace."

The following piece gives us a somewhat more general and more complete idea of the condition of the South at an epoch when the results of the crusade were as yet undetermined, thanks to the activity and the energy with which Raymond VII. had striven to restore what had been lost by the weaknesses and the impolitic conduct of his father:

"Iniquity and perfidy have declared war against truth and integrity, and have already been victorious. Avarice and treason conspire against munificence and loyalty. Cruelty

* Lexique Roman, vol. i. p. 446. This piece is by Pierre Cardinal.

Qoi volra sirventes auzir,
Tescut d'enueitz, d'antas mesclat,
A mi'l deman, qu'ien l'ai filat,
E sai lo teisser et ordir;
E sai be los savais chauzir,
E conoisser lor malvestat;
E plazo mi'l pro e'lh prezat,
E'ls fals e'ls messongiers azir.

Dels deslials clergnes me mir
Que an tot l'erguelh amassat
E l'engan e la cobeitat,
Que hom mais elhs no sap trahir;
E fan soven perdos venir,
Per aver so que ns es restat,
Et aquo lor es ben gardat,
Que hom ni Dieus non pot jauzir, etc., etc.
—*Ed.*

triumphs over love and baseness over honor. Crime is in pursuit of sanctity, and artifice of innocence."*

"Is there a man who denies God, and whose only care is his own belly? He is the one that prospers. Whoever loves justice and feels indignant at the workings of iniquity, will often be maltreated. Whoever has undertaken to lead a holy life, will be sorely persecuted. But every deceiver will succeed in his designs."

"It's but a little while, since many a new usage has come to us from France:—to honor none but those, who have an abundance of good eatables and drinkables, and to despise all those, who may be poor, though courteous—to be rich and powerful and to give nothing—to make a magistrate of a dealer in trumpery—to elevate traitors and to humiliate the good."

"The priests claim our obedience; they exact faith, but on condition that no good work shall be comprised in it. Be not solicitous to watch the moments, when they sin; they do it every day and every night. Beyond this, they do not hate any one; they commit no simony; they love to give and they take nothing but what is just."

"Count Raymond, duke of Narbonne, marquis of Provence, your gallantry has now reached such an eminence, that it embellishes the world. Were it not for you, a false and felonious race would insolently rule from the sea of Bayonne to Valencia. It is you that commands and governs with no more fear of this inebriate set of Frenchmen than a hawk has of a partridge."

I will cite one more passage from another sirvente, in which the ambition of the clergy is the special object of attack.

"I see the priests working with might and main to get possession of the world; and they will gain possession of it, no matter who may fare the worse for it. They'll have it (in some way or another), be it by dint of taking or by dint of giving, by their indulgences or their hypocrisies, by force of absolutions or by force of eating and of drinking, by preaching or by issuing

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 338. Piece No. XXXVI. (entire).

(1) Falsedatz e desmezura
An batalha empreza
Ab vertat et ab dreytura,
E vens la falseza;
E deslialtatz si jura
Contra lialeza;
Et avaretatz s'atura
Encontra largueza:
Feunia vens amor
E malvestatz honor,
E peccatz cassa sanctor
E baratz simpleza.
* * * *

(3) Aras es vengut de Fransa
Que hom non somona
Mas selhs que an aondansa
De vin e d'anona,
E qu'om non aia coindansa
Ab paubra persona,
E aia mais de bobansa
Aquelh que meyns dona,
E qu'om fassa maior
D'un gran trafeguador,
E qu'om leve la trachor,
E'l just dezapona . . etc., etc., etc.
—*Ed.*

prayers, through the agency of God or through the agency of the devil."*

In the same poem, from which I have derived this fragment, I find the following striking verse, likewise directed against the priests:

"That which they dare to do, I should not dare to utter."†

The exposition of the full import of this sally in all its bearings and to the whole of its extent would make it necessary for me to adduce certain pieces of Pierre Cardinal, in which he vents his contempt and hatred toward the clergy with still greater freedom than is done in the preceding verses. The reader would then be as much embarrassed as I am to conceive of anything he might have said in addition. But if he really knew things about the priests which he did not venture to utter, it is nevertheless certain, that he, as well as many another poet, wrote about them, and there is more than one passage of the kind which I do not venture to translate.

I conclude here the survey which I intended to make of the principal kinds of lyric poetry among the Provençals, and my course of this year. Space was wanting to me to render this course as complete, as I could have wished it. I was obliged to glide somewhat rapidly over several points of my subject which would have required more extended developments; there are others, at which I had not even time to arrive and concerning which it is now necessary for me to make a few explanations.

I have not spoken of the technical part of Provençal poetry, of what might properly be termed the poetics of the Troubadours. But this is not a matter of any very grave importance except in regard to one point, on which depend several questions of more or less general interest. This point has reference to the syllabic rhyme and accent, considered as the principles of metre in modern poetry. The Provençal verse was undoubtedly not the type, after which the different nations of Europe constructed their own, and it is precisely on this account that it would be desirable to have some definite information concerning the origin of this Provençal verse, and concerning its relation to those which might have served as its model. The

* Raynouard, vol. iv. p. 337. Piece No. XXXV. Strophe 4.

Ab totas mas vey clergues assajar
Que totz lo mons er lurs, cuy que mal sia;
Quar els l'auran ab tolre o ab dar,
O ab perdon, o ab ypocrizia,
O ab asout, o ab beur', o ab manjar,
O ab prezicx, o ab peiras lausar,
O els ab dieu, o els ab diablia.—*Ed.*

† Non aus dire so qu'elhs auzou far.—*Ed.*

question is a new one still, in spite of the many researches and attempts that have been made to solve it.

The organization of the Troubadours and Jongleurs into a poetic corporation constitutes another question, still more novel than the preceding and of greater importance. There is always to be observed an intimate and curious connection between any system of poetry and the material means by which this poetry attains its end, and by which it operates upon the society to which it is addressed. Now the connection in question is a very remarkable one in the Provençal system, and the organization of the different poetical orders or professions which this system implies, is one of the most interesting facts of the kind. Nowhere do we find anything to compare with it, except among the ancient Greeks and among the Arabs. This is a fact to which I had intended to invite attention, while concentrating the whole of mine on its exposition.

I had, finally, also thought of a comparison or summary parallel between the lyric poetry of the Troubadours and that the Trouvères of the north of France. In drawing the parallel I wished to prove, that the latter, both in respect to its form and to its matter, was nothing more than a direct imitation, a sort of counterfeit copy of the former. I proposed to show, that the language of the Trouvères also was but a slight modification of that of the Troubadours, without which it never would have become what it was.

These points appeared to me to be sufficiently interesting, to prevent me from abandoning too readily the hope of resuming them for a few moments hereafter. Their discussion will be as much in place after I shall have said what I propose to say concerning the epopee of the Troubadours, as it would have been here at the close of my remarks on their lyrical poetry.

However that may be, the history of the Provençal epopee in its connection with that of the Middle Age in general will be the theme, with which it is my purpose to continue the subject of this course of lectures. I have not endeavored to conceal the peculiar importance I attach to this branch of my subject. I have alluded to it more than once, and always with so much earnestness, as to excite the attention and the curiosity of the reader; and in doing so I have imposed upon myself an additional obligation to treat it with all the diligence and care which it deserves.

THE END.